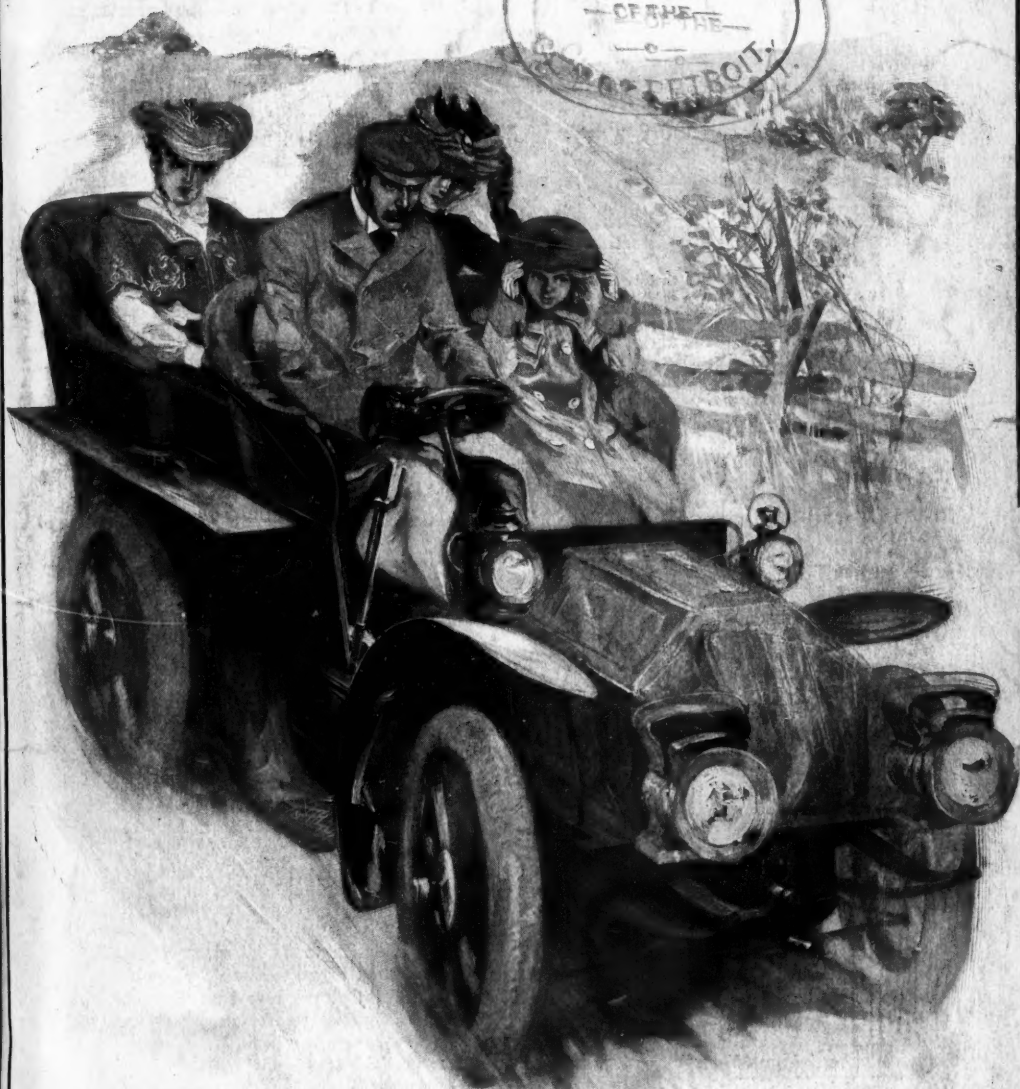


THE MUNSEY



F. A. MUNSEY

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Munsey's Magazine

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CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1903.

The Automobile and Automobiling —illustrated	GEORGE E. LATHAM	161
Automobiles and Good Roads —illustrated	COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE	167
The Future of the Automobile —illustrated	JAMES P. HOLLAND	171
The Low-Priced Automobile	WINTHROP E. SCARRITT	178
The Wood Road, A Poem	SENNETT STEPHENS	180
Impressions by the Way	FRANK A. MUNSEY	181
A Daughterly Chaperon, A Short Story	MRS. CHARLES TERRY COLLINS	184
Senate Bill No. 22, A Short Story —illustrated	AGNES LOUISE PROVOST	188
The Greatest Parish in the World —illustrated	S. DEXTER HAMILTON	195
In the Public Eye —illustrated		202
Washington's Monument to Grant—The Liner of the Future—The Return of Senator Gorman—The New Director of Opera—A Mormon Senator.		
The True Love of Aaron Burr	LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE	210
A Serial Story, Chapters VII-IX.		
After the First Day's Battle, A Poem	FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK	219
Bibles Old and New	ANTHONY HARRISON	220
Love and Song, A Poem	FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN	223
The Forty-Sixth State —illustrated	WILLIAM R. DRAPER	224
Queen Alexandra's Early Life —illustrated	J. H. TWELLS	229
The Confessions of an Advance Agent —illustrated	FRANK S. ARNETT	235
The Choice, A Poem	CLINTON SCOLLARD	243
The Robbery at Oldport, A Short Story	ANNE O'HAGAN	244
Dramatic Criticism	JAMES L. FORD	249
Etchings		254
The Woman in Politics —illustrated	DOUGLAS STORY	256
Storiettes —illustrated		
The Discipline of Boaz	MARY STOCKBRIDGE	264
A Chapter of Chances	ANNE O'HAGAN	266
The Strike of the John Kelly Local	JAMES GARDNER SANDERSON	269
Wilderness Station	ELIA W. PEATTIE	272
Woven of Many Threads	MARIAN WEST	275
Her Victory.	LYNN ROBY MEEKINS	276
Park Row	WALTER L. HAWLEY	278
Literary Chat		281
Mandy's Raid, A Short Story —illustrated	GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE	287
Redwood Boughs, A Poem	CLARENCE URMY	292
Multiplying on the Fingers —illustrated	C. FRANCIS JENKINS	293
A Prayer, A Poem	THEODOSIA, GARRISON	296
The Stage —illustrated		297
A Bit of the Sod, A Short Story	KATHRYN JARBOE	307
Barbe of Grand Bayou, A Serial Story, Chaps. XIX-XXIV	JOHN OXENHAM	310

IMPORTANT

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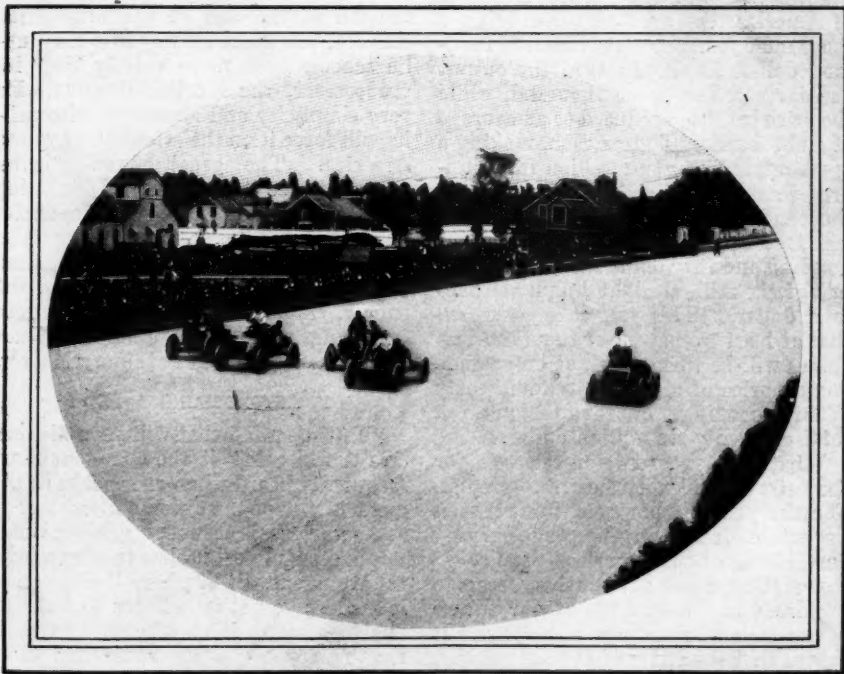
No. 2.

The Automobile and Automobiling.

BY GEORGE E. LATHAM.

THE INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE OF THE MOTOR CARRIAGE NOT MERELY AS A MEANS OF SPORT BUT AS A MACHINE OF VAST PRACTICAL UTILITY AND AS THE BASIS OF A GREAT INDUSTRY IN WHICH THIS COUNTRY IS DESTINED TO SURPASS ALL OTHERS.

THE daily newspapers recently stated that one of the principal American colleges had decided to include, in its curriculum of technical science, the study of the automobile. The item was cabled across the ocean, translated into almost every European language, and heralded as another instance of



AUTOMOBILE RACING, THE NEW SPORT OF THE DAY—THIS SHOWS A RACE HELD AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, LAST YEAR. IT WAS A FIVE MILE RACE FOR GASOLINE MACHINES WEIGHING LESS THAN TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, AND WAS WON BY HARRY S. HARKNESS; BUT MR. HARKNESS' CAR WAS FOUND TO WEIGH MORE THAN THE LIMIT, AND THE RACE WAS GIVEN TO SHANKS.

From a photograph by Van Deyen, Cleveland.

Yankee enterprise. I have clipped out the original paragraph, together with some of the foreign comments upon it, and pasted them away among a collection of curiosities which I know will grow more interesting with age. It may not be in the next five years, nor even in the next ten years, but before the new century is out of its teens that little paragraph will look like ancient history, and whoever stumbles across it will wonder whether it was intended seriously or as a joke.

SOME SIGNIFICANT STATISTICS.

Five years ago one might have counted the automobiles in the United States on one's fingers. In 1903 more of the machines will be made here than in any other country in the world. And the industry is yet in its infancy. E. E. Schwarzkopf, than whom there is no better authority on the subject, has compiled statistics that show its growth during the past three years. In 1900 there were about eight hundred machines built in America, the average price being a thousand dollars, or eight hundred thousand dollars in all. In 1901 the output had increased to three thousand, while the price had been reduced to an average of eight hundred dollars each, making a gross valuation of two million four hundred thousand dollars. Last year eight thousand machines were made in American factories, at an average cost of eight hundred and fifty dollars, or a total output of six million eight hundred thousand dollars. This year it is estimated that at least twenty-eight thousand machines will be turned out, at an average buying price of nine hundred and forty dollars—making, in round figures, a total of twenty-six million dollars.

What this progress foreshadows for the future I will not venture to predict. For the present, however, it means an important factor in the wage-earning possibilities of the American people. It means the opening of lucrative careers to hundreds and thousands of our future young men who are now schoolboys. It means that the study of the automobile, which is now regarded as such a wonderfully progressive step when undertaken by a single college, will become as important and as thoroughly recognized as

the study of the steam-engine is now. It means that the farmer's boy who drives a team to-day will need to know how to drive an automobile to-morrow.

HOSTILITY TO THE AUTOMOBILE.

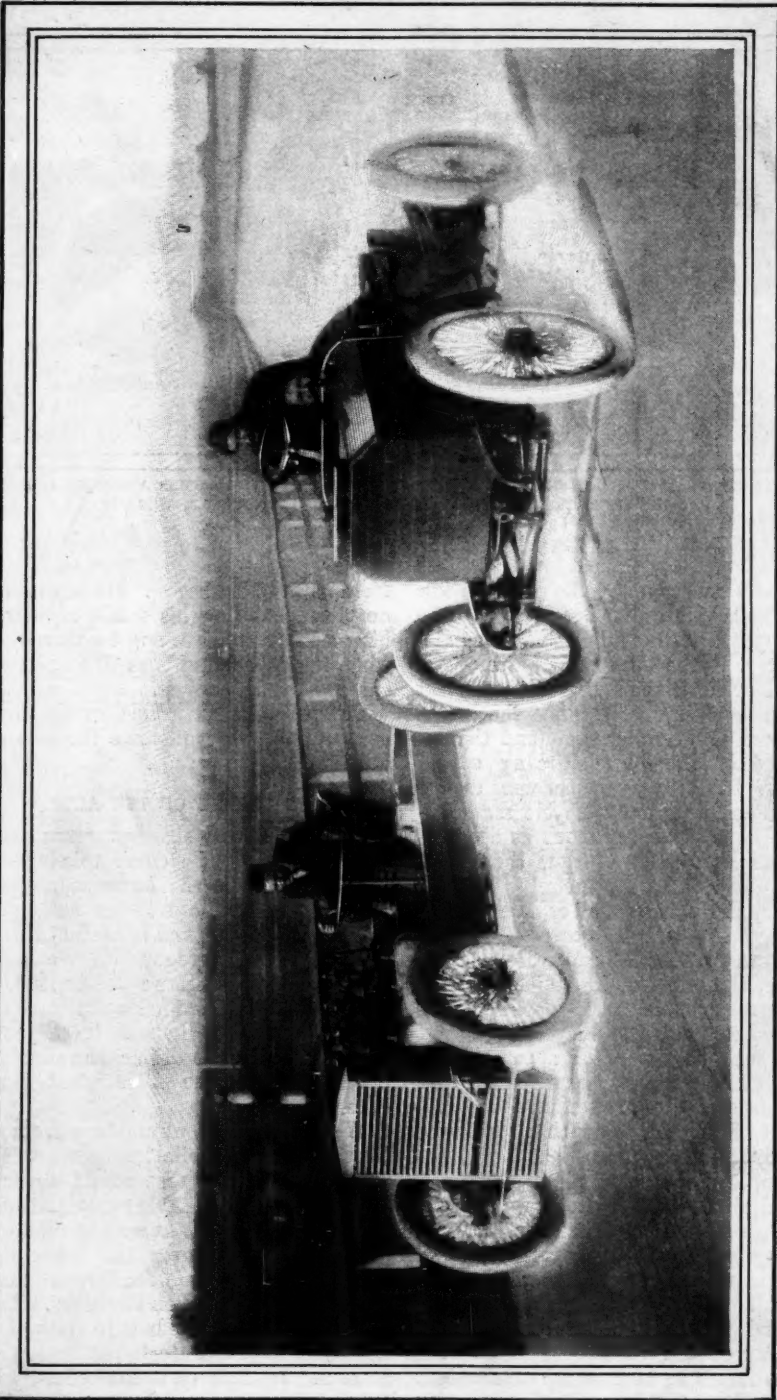
Automobilists are almost without exception enthusiasts. They are apt to be impatient with those who have not passed through the exhilarating experience which comes with the successful handling of a steering-wheel for the first time. They chafe under the imputation of being considered dangerous citizens, and look upon the promoters of anti-speed legislation as unmitigated cranks. They should have patience. The present generation is no more hostile to the automobile than its great-grandfathers were, less than a century ago, to the railway engine.

Politicians who to-day make cheap capital out of their avowed hostility to the motor car will know better to-morrow. Their boys will teach them. The little gasoline engine, the crowning invention of the end of the nineteenth century, will make its way into the public schools even more readily than its predecessor, the electric dynamo. Its very simplicity and almost infinite utility will force it on the attention of young America. The great manufacturing States will see the necessity of educating their rising generation to the wonderful possibilities of the gasoline motor. The demand for expert mechanics and chauffeurs, already far in excess of the supply, cannot fail to attract hundreds of young men whose ambition leads them above the rôle of ordinary laborer.

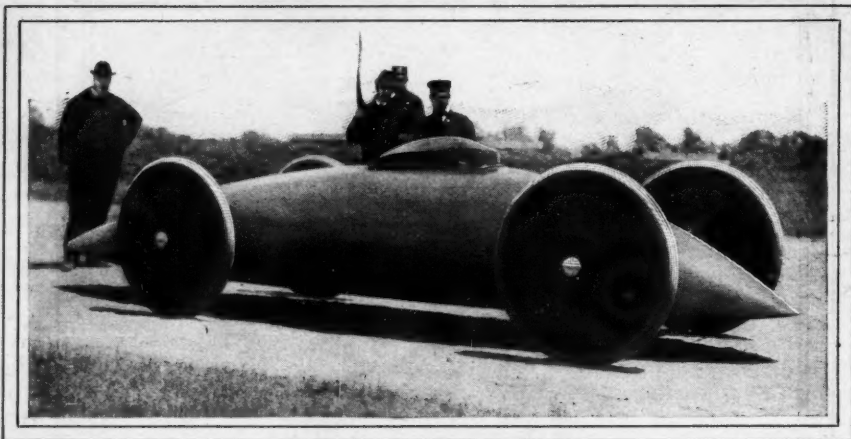
IS AUTOMOBILING A FAD?

"But it's a fad that will soon die out, like the bicycle," is the comment most frequently heard when one speaks of the great future of the automobile.

Against such a sweeping assertion it would seem almost useless to offer a logical argument. Still, where the assertion is made on what is believed to be reasonable ground, it may be well to show the falsity of such reasoning. The bicycle craze, or fad, as one may wish to call it, followed almost on the heels of another of its kind, the roller-skating mania. In both the essence of the craze



AT FULL SPEED—A TRIAL BRUSH BETWEEN MESSRS. FORD (ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE) AND HARKNESS (ON THE RIGHT).
From a photograph by Hays, Detroit.



A FREAK RACING AUTOMOBILE—THE BAKER ELECTRIC "TORPEDO," WHICH CAUSED A SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT THE SPEED TRIALS HELD ON STATEN ISLAND LAST SUMMER, WHEN IT RAN AMUCK AMONG THE SPECTATORS.

From a photograph by O'Neil & Langley, New York.

was the same, namely, the gratification of a desire for swift locomotion. The little wheel of the roller-skate was the precursor to the solid rubber tire of the early bicycle. Expert skaters developed into expert bicyclists. Since the disappearance of the roller-skate and the decadence of the bicycle, many expert cyclists have in turn become expert chauffeurs, and some bicycle manufacturers have become famous as automobile builders. Hence, argue those who predict a short life for the self-propelled vehicle, the third craze or fad will go the way of its predecessors.

Fortunately for the cause of the automobile, the one feature which was primarily responsible for the decline of the roller-skate and the bicycle does not enter into the sport of automobiling. That is hard muscular exertion. Grant, for the purpose of argument, that there is a possibility of comparison, however absurd, between the roller-skate, the bicycle, and the automobile—all being classed alike as fads. Let us carry out the comparison to a plain issue. Call it a six day go-as-you-please contest, on a track, or wherever such a contest might be held. At the end of a few hours, at most a day, the roller-skater is down and out. A second day finds the bicyclist, if he has lasted so long, a nervous wreck. But at the end of the week the automobilist is for all practical purposes as

fresh as when he began. He has missed no sleep, has had his meals regularly; his machine hums along as merrily as when it started, and is as fit as ever for another week's contest.

Compare the endurance of the three contestants, and you have the relative duration of the "fads."

THE UTILITY OF THE AUTO.

There is a still stronger reason why the automobile has come to stay—its utility. We call the horse man's best friend, because he relieves us of the trouble of walking and is useful in bearing our heavy burdens. We eulogize "horse sense" because of the facility with which the animal's instinct can be subjugated to human intelligence. Yet whatever the horse can do, the automobile can do a hundred times better.

Where the horse would drop from fatigue, the automobile knows no weariness. Where the horse would slip and flounder over impassable roads, the automobile will carry its human burden safe and dry-shod. Where the horse may "eat its head off" in fodder, the automobile only feeds when it works. Where the horse may shy or bolt in spite of its horse sense, the automobile knows no terrors. Its fidelity is limited only by the intelligence of the man who guides it. It is the horse's best friend as well

as man's. It relieves the horse of its burdens.

THE COST OF AUTOMOBILES.

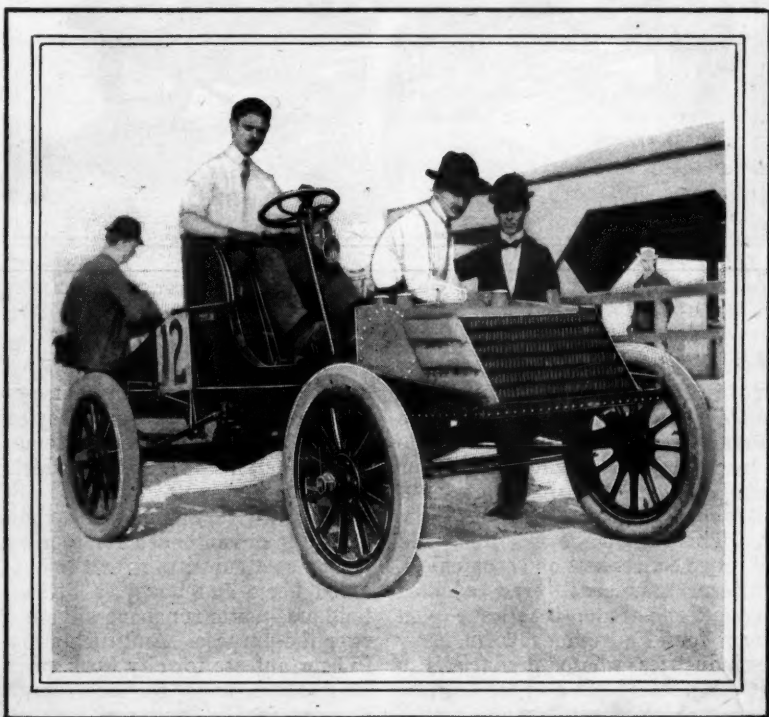
"But why should automobiles cost so much?" I have often been asked. This applies especially to the high-priced foreign machines, which cost sums that seem to make automobiling almost impossible except for the very rich.

There is a story of a rich merchant who offered to give a poor man the cloth to make a coat. The poor fellow was grateful, but seemed dubious about the gift, gently hinting that a coat would need lining. The merchant readily promised the lining, too, but still the other did not appear satisfied; he had no trimmings. The merchant promised trimmings as well. Alas, his protégé had no buttons! When the merchant asked what the poor fellow did have, the answer was: "I have the buttonholes, at any rate."

Now, if that man had been a manu-

facturer of fancy-priced automobiles, he would have had a big capital to start upon. For the difference between a machine of twenty horse-power, costing, say, six thousand dollars, and one of forty horse-power, costing twice as much, is no more than the poor fellow possessed. It is merely a question of a smaller and a larger buttonhole. A machine of twenty horse-power has a cylinder of a certain bore. The width of the bore means the capacity of the cylinder itself, and the amount of gas and air that explodes in it determines the machine's rating of horse-power. Increase the bore, so as to allow a larger intake of gas and air, and there comes a bigger explosion, with a corresponding increase of power, and—but this is previously—a bigger check to draw when you pay for the machine.

Yet it would not be fair to bring against the automobile manufacturers in general any sweeping accusation on the ground of the charges they make

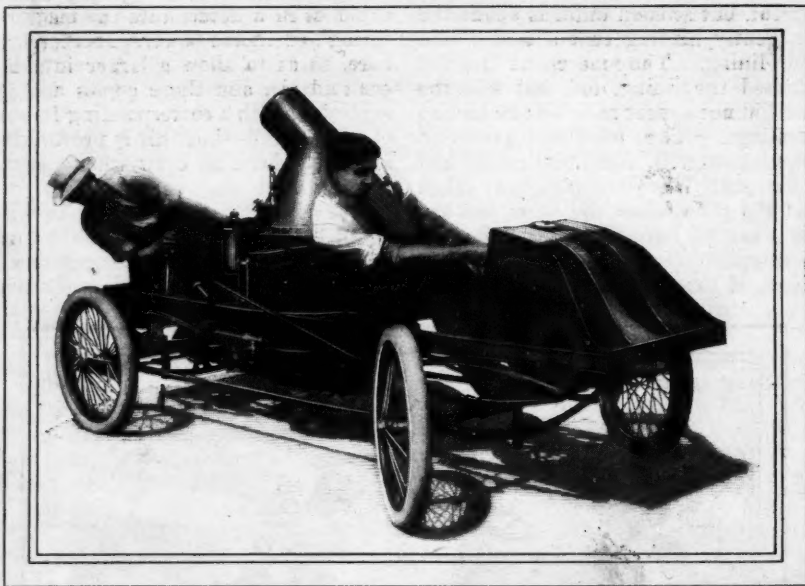


PERCY OWEN AND HIS GASOLENE RACING CAR, WEIGHING NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS, WITH WHICH HE DID FIVE MILES IN SIX MINUTES AND FORTY-TWO SECONDS AT BRIGHTON BEACH ON THE 23D OF AUGUST LAST.

for their goods. There are fancy-priced machines, but taking the business as a whole it is emphatically asserted that even with the demand outrunning the supply, as is the case just now, the net return is not a fair profit upon the capital invested. The remedy is not likely to be found in a general increase of prices to the customer, but rather in the cheapening of production by methods similar to those that are already in vogue with older industries.

four horse-power is all that any man requires for touring. With such a car he can go as far as he likes over ordinary roads, carrying a supply of gasoline that should last him for two days at least. Where the roads are clear, he may spin along as fast as the average man cares to travel, and certainly as fast as is consistent with the admiration of the scenery.

Of course there are many enthusiastic automobilists who delight in possessing



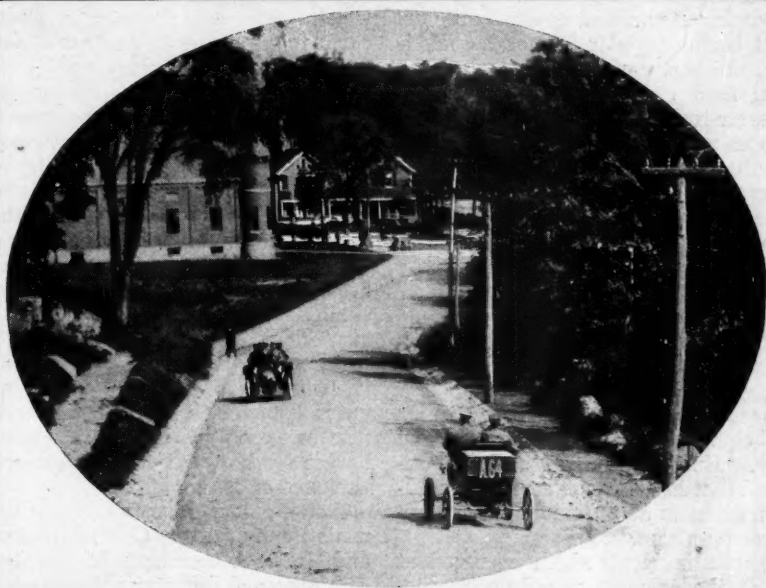
THE STEAM AUTOMOBILE BUILT BY GEORGE CANNON, A HARVARD STUDENT, WHICH HOLDS THE SPEED RECORD FOR STEAM CARRIAGES, HAVING DONE A MILE IN SIXTY-SEVEN SECONDS AND THREE-FIFTHS—IT WAS BARRED FROM THE BRIGHTON BEACH RACES OF AUGUST LAST BECAUSE IT REQUIRES TWO MEN TO OPERATE IT.

For instance, the construction of automobile mechanism might be more thoroughly specialized, certain parts now made by each manufacturer for himself being produced in factories devoted to one particular branch of the work. This would be possible, and would prove convenient and economical, if uniform standards were adopted throughout the trade. The same plan has been found advantageous in many other industries whose product is a highly complicated piece of mechanism, from the making of watches to the building of locomotives.

A machine of from sixteen to twenty-

cars of forty or even sixty horse-power. That is their privilege, and they can afford to pay for it, just as some men choose to own fast horses for which they pay enormous sums.

On the other hand, where the automobile is not intended for touring, but rather as a substitute for the old-fashioned horse and buggy, a little six to ten horse-power runabout will amply answer the purpose. And such a machine in constant use for city work, or in making short trips to the country, is cheaper in the long run even than a horse and buggy. Such an automobile is no fad.



AUTOMOBILES ON ARMORY HILL, SOUTH NORWALK, CONNECTICUT, DURING THE "RELIABILITY RUN" BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON IN OCTOBER LAST.

Automobiles and Good Roads.

BY COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE.

ONE OF OUR AMERICAN CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY WRITES OF THE INCREASING PUBLIC INTEREST IN A MOVEMENT OF WHICH HE HAS LONG BEEN A LEADER—OUR HIGHWAYS ARE NOT ALWAYS TO REMAIN A REPROACH TO OUR CIVILIZATION.

WHEN the bicycle was in the hey-day of its popularity, a practical test of its utility was made by sending a despatch from the general in command at Chicago to the general in command at New York. The performance attracted notice both to the bicycle as a means of military communication, and more especially to the woful condition of the public highways in this country.

It is significant of the popularity of the automobile to-day that the good roads agitation is now on a footing such as it never had in the past. Every State in the Union is grappling with the prob-

lem, and Congress has before it a bill looking to the same object. For this, no doubt, much credit should be given to the various automobile clubs and associations scattered throughout the country. It was none the less creditable to these bodies that their share in the movement has been so unobtrusive that now, for the first time, the demand for better highways may be said to be in every sense a popular one.

In building up such an industry as the automobile represents in America, an enormous capital must necessarily be sunk before the business can be regarded

as on a substantial basis. Few people outside the trade realize the amount already invested. Two or three millions might be the popular idea of the maximum, but this would fall far below the actual figure. Twenty millions would be nearer the mark. This immense sum has been sunk in plant and experiment, with the result that the automobile industry is to-day one of the most promising in the country.

To build automobiles is one thing, to sell them is another. There are plenty of buyers in the market, as was abundantly proved at New York and Chicago during the recent shows. But the American who buys an automobile finds himself confronted with this great difficulty. He has nowhere to use it. He must pick and choose between bad roads and worse. He finds his route so circumscribed that he can never realize the definition given to an automobile as "a go-where-you-please."

A little incident which occurred at one of the agencies for French automobiles in New York will illustrate how this works. A gentleman who is prominent in automobiling, and who is noted for his enthusiasm for everything American, was purchasing a French machine, or rather paying a deposit to have the machine delivered to him when he went to Paris.

"I am only sorry," he said, "that I can't take one of the machines you have here in stock and drive home in it. But the roads won't let me. I already have two French machines at my house, and I have been obliged to discard them for light American runabouts."

While it is no doubt creditable to the ingenuity of the American maker that he has constructed an automobile which will travel fairly well over the make-shift roads we have, it is none the less true that he has been seriously hampered, as compared with his foreign competitors, by this difficulty. If the automobile is ever to become popular, in the wide sense of the term, it must first be provided with decent highways on which to run. Why should so many of our foremost automobilists go to Europe every year to enjoy the pleasure of a tour? This country is big enough, and possesses sufficient variety of scenery,

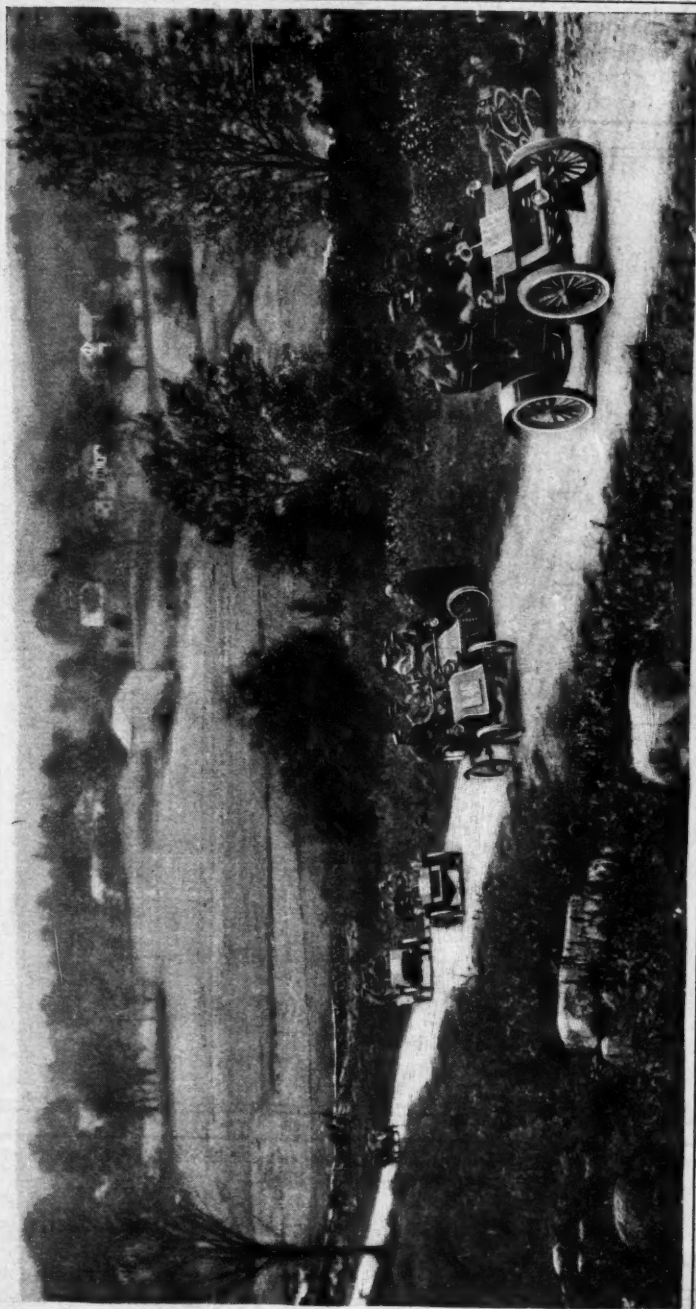
to make ideal touring. With good highways there is not a State in the Union which could not provide an itinerary equal to those which American visitors travel in Europe.

It is well, however, that the representatives of automobiling have been content to take a secondary place in the agitation. To demand better roads simply for the accommodation of speedy autos would be to defeat the reform indefinitely. There is no use in disguising the facts, or in overlooking the existing prejudice against the automobile. While legislators in many States are busy devising means to hamper and penalize it under the mistaken idea that it is only a rich man's toy, or the horse's natural enemy, it would be sheer madness to ask them to support a measure having for its object the comfort or convenience of automobilists.

A trip from New York to Chicago made by my friends Colonel Dickenson and Mr. L. C. Boardman in the interests of a proposed highway between the two cities gave abundant proof of this. Seeking the best means of transportation, they naturally made the journey by automobile, stopping at each point on their route to explain their scheme. After making clear the advantages that would accrue to the places through which the road passed, they were frequently met with the question, "Is this an automobile proposition?" They found the query a very difficult one to meet with any argument whatsoever. I have known instances where the indorsement of a local good roads project by an automobile club has been the strongest objection which its other supporters have had to overcome.

Automobilists complain, and justly, too, that in the speed laws passed by State Legislatures and local municipalities they are made the object of invidious class restrictions. They demand to be treated as ordinary citizens, subject to the same laws in traveling as the man in a buggy or the pedestrian on the sidewalk. The fact that they are not so treated is, of course, evidence of the existence of a prejudice which only time and education can overcome.

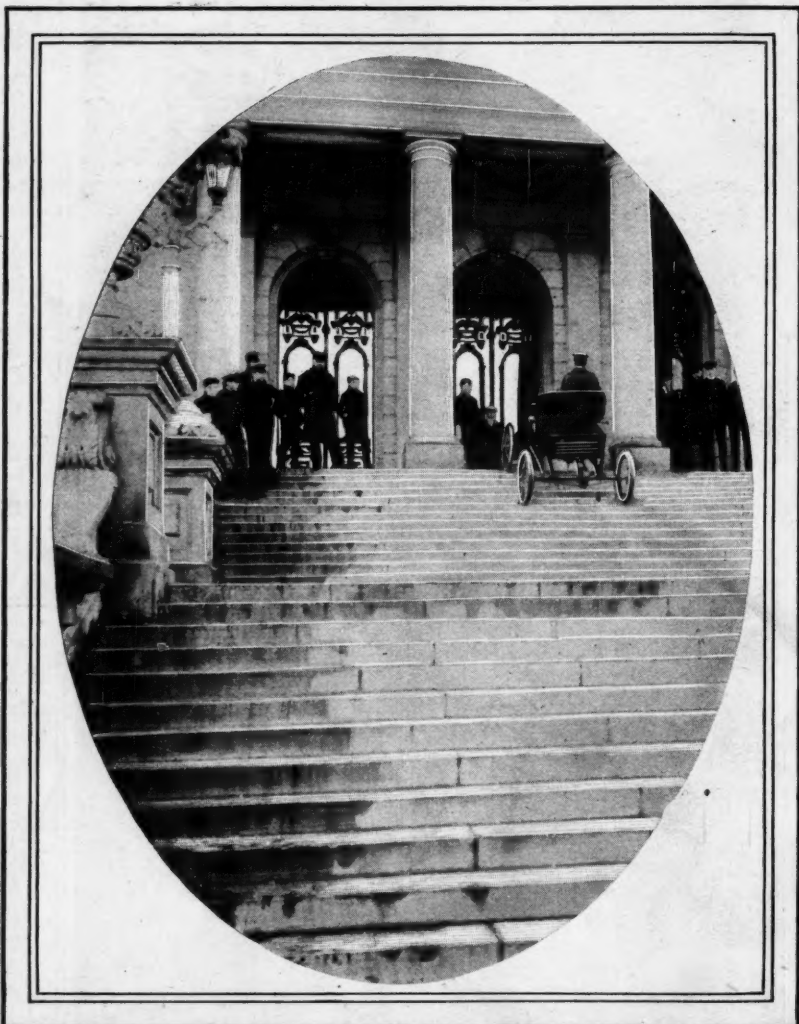
The railroad train had to meet just such opposition in its early days, and the



ON A TYPICAL COUNTRY ROAD IN CONNECTICUT—A SCENE NEAR NEW HAVEN DURING THE "RELIABILITY RUN" BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON IN OCTOBER LAST.
From a photograph by the Pictorial News Company, New York.

bicycle was the target for no end of similar abuse. But where these two modern improvements overcame prejudice by the sudden popularity they

automobilist is necessarily a man of some means and importance. They will be wise to use that influence for what it is worth individually, and not to at-



THE AUTOMOBILE AS A CLIMBER—AN AMERICAN-BUILT MACHINE RUNNING UP THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL AT LANSING, MICHIGAN.

gained as means of transit, the automobile cannot hope to do the same. For the present, therefore, it is as well that automobile enthusiasts for good roads should hide their identity under a bushel. As ordinary citizens, their influence will be incalculable, for every

tempt any agitation collectively as an organization.

Sooner or later, their cause will triumph. The luxury of to-day becomes the necessity of to-morrow, and so it will be both with the automobile and with the good road.



GEORGE GOULD AND HIS SONS WITH THEIR ROAD CAR AT SARATOGA—THE CHAUFFEUR IS FIXING THE VALVES BEFORE STARTING THE MACHINE.

The Future of the Automobile.

BY JAMES P. HOLLAND,

EDITOR OF "AUTOMOBILE TOPICS."

THE SELF-PROPELLED VEHICLE IS THE GREAT MECHANICAL AND INDUSTRIAL MARVEL OF THE DAY, AND HAS BEFORE IT A FUTURE OF STILL MORE INTERESTING POSSIBILITIES.

"WHAT a place New York will be fifty years from now! If one could only live to see it!"

A young New Yorker recently had an opportunity to realize such a wish, to a certain extent. Arrested on circumstantial evidence for a grievous crime, he was cut off from his fellow men for nearly four years. While in prison he was allowed to read the papers, and kept himself informed as to the changes taking place in the outer world. Then came the day when the doors were thrown open and he was a free man again.

Naturally curious, he spent the first day of his new-found liberty inspecting the sights of the great city. Skyscrapers

had multiplied on every hand; the street-car system had been changed from the cable to electricity; the construction of the subway had converted the streets of New York into a good imitation of a mining camp; landmarks of Revolutionary days had disappeared; more changes had occurred in the rapid American metropolis than an old world city would be likely to show in fifty years.

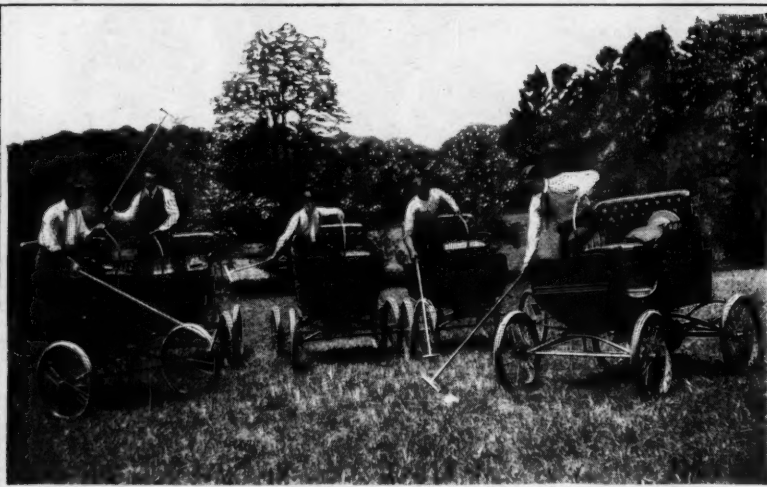
"What was the most remarkable thing you saw?" he was asked at the end of his first day's tour of sightseeing.

"An automobile," was his reply.

This little incident tells the story of the automobile in a nutshell. It seems hard to believe that a young man living in New York should scarce have heard

of an automobile four years ago, but it is none the less true. Seeing the machine for the first time on the public streets, a thing of life and beauty, moving smoothly and swiftly, of its own power, among the lumbering vehicles of a century ago, it is not strange that he should marvel at it. Accustomed from his infancy to rapid changes and novel methods with every recurring year, he was nevertheless unprepared for so wholly

automobile shows held in New York and Chicago in January and February opened the public's eyes. From being the butt of hostile legislators, the legitimate spoil of village constable and rural *Dogberry*, the gibe of the paragraphist, and the jeer of the ready-made joker, the automobile has suddenly loomed into prominence as representing one of the greatest industries of the country—the greatest by far, in propor-



A POLO CONTEST IN WHICH AUTOMOBILES WERE USED INSTEAD OF PONIES—AN EXCITING MOMENT WHERE EVERY PLAYER IS READY TO SPEED AHEAD OR REVERSE ON THE INSTANT.

new a thing as this. The automobile was the greatest wonder of New York.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

The American public is to-day much in the same position as that young man when he left the prison. It has been blind to the great revolution in progress before its eyes. Self-propelled vehicles have passed along the streets scarce attracting attention. Even as the prisoner must have seen many pictures of automobiles in the periodicals and passed them by as of no consequence, so the public has until recently regarded the motor car as at best an expensive toy for the wealthy, or at worst a menace to pedestrians and traffic in the streets.

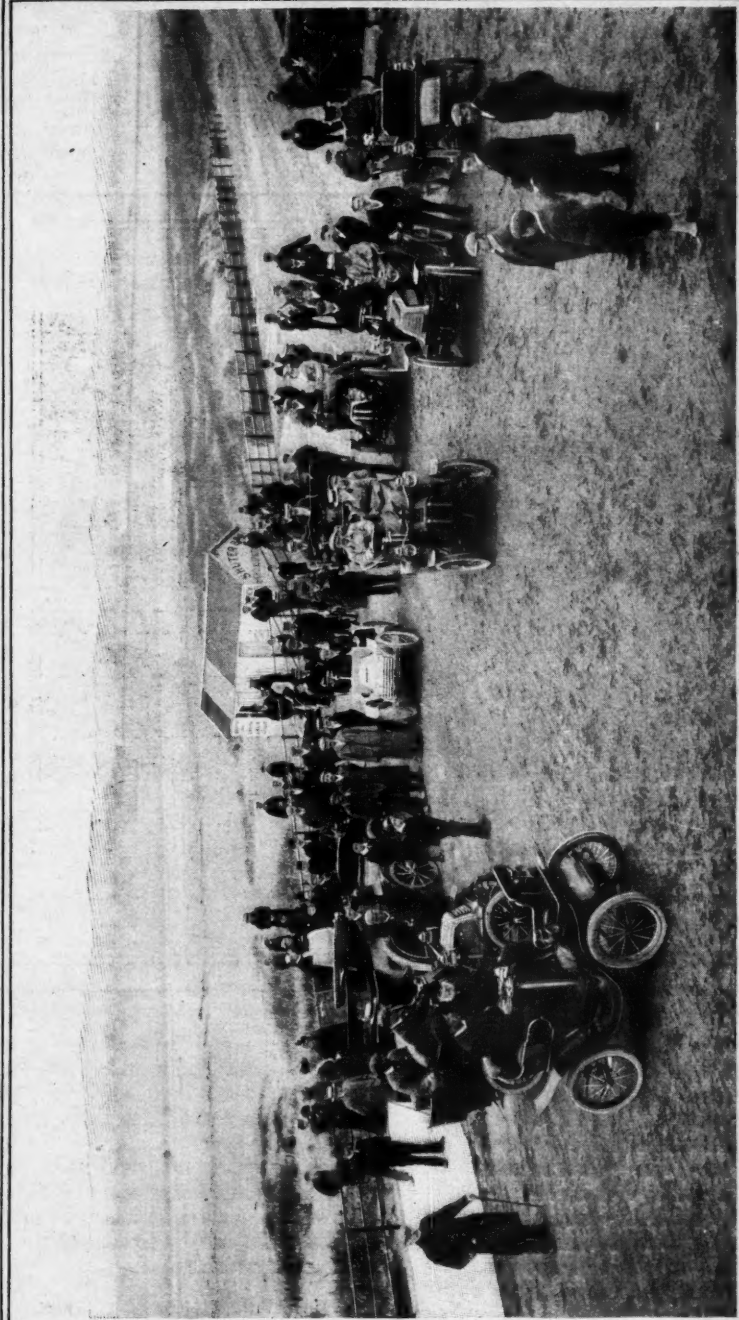
Within the past few months there has been a tremendous awakening. The

tion to its age, and judging by the value of its output.

Last to enter the field of automobile manufacture, the United States has already outstripped all competitors in the race. The total value of our product this year will exceed thirty million dollars, and at the present ratio of progress this great sum will look insignificant a few years hence. What will be the future of the industry it is impossible to predict. Conservative business men, not day-dreamers, place it alongside the railroad itself.

THE LOCOMOTIVE OF THE ROAD.

A century ago George Stephenson revolutionized vehicular traffic by combining a self-propelled vehicle with an iron roadway. Since Stephenson's days the iron roadway has encircled the

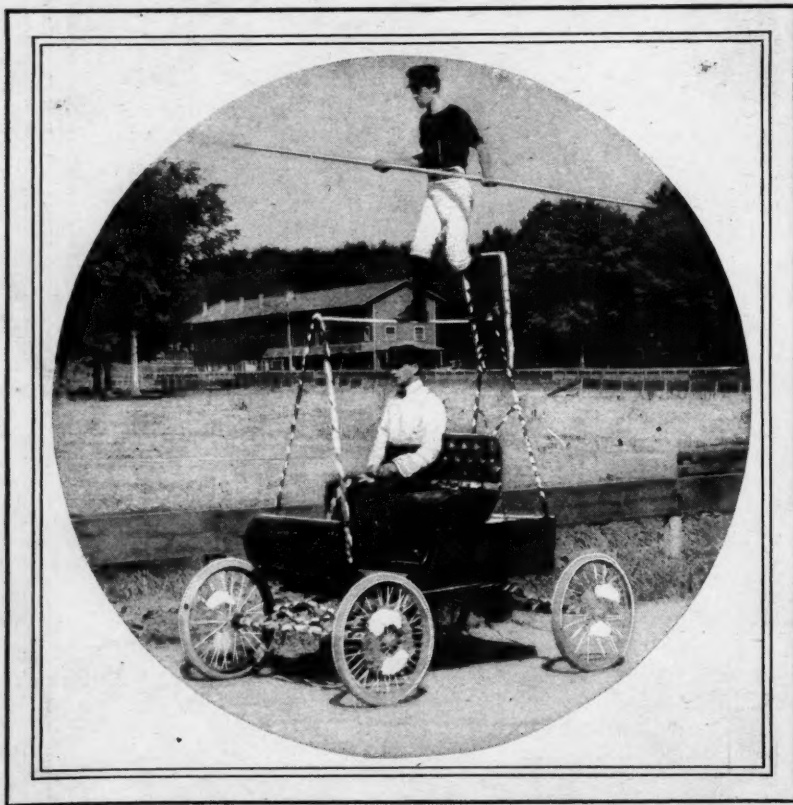


AN ENGLISH AUTOMOBILE CLUB AT SKEGNESS, IN LINCOLNSHIRE—THE LEVEL ROADS OF THE SANDY EAST COAST OF ENGLAND AFFORD A MAGNIFICENT SPEEDWAY FOR DEVOTEES OF THE SPORT.

From a photograph by Smyth, Skegness.

earth; but all developments and improvements of the railroad have left untouched the combination which he invented. Steel may have replaced iron, the modern locomotive the old Puffing Billy, the Pullman car the ramshackle coach, but the basic principle has re-

the comparison stops. Where the locomotive is hard bound to the narrow gage of a carefully laid and expensive road, the automobile is free to come and go by highways and byways, up hill and down dale, over stubble field or through morass, unhampered, free, and trust-



A TIGHT-ROPE EQUILIBRIST BALANCING ABOVE AN AMERICAN-MADE RUNABOUT—A CURIOUS TEST TO PROVE THE ABSENCE OF VIBRATION IN THE MACHINE.

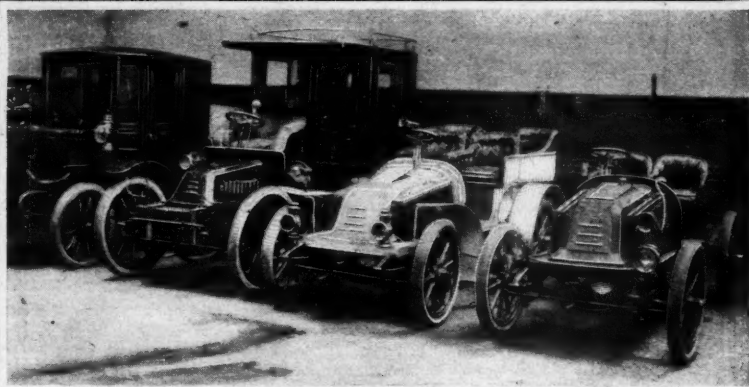
mained as Stephenson left it. To get swiftly from place to place a firm road-bed was an essential. Off the rails the ponderous locomotive is a useless hulk of scrap iron, the Pullman car an immovable mass.

With the advent of the automobile comes the first radical departure from the bondage of the iron roadway. Mechanical propulsion remains, but with it we get a freedom impossible in railroad travel. Fast as a locomotive may go, an automobile may go faster. Distance to each is of little moment. But there

worthy as a faithful hound. Time tables and beaten paths are not for it. Obedient to man's will as never was horse or dog, it will bear its master through difficulties which no quadruped could surmount; and withal it never murmurs, never wearies, and scarce requires the attention given to an equine or canine companion.

THE THREE MOTIVE POWERS.

Whether the automobile of the future will be propelled by steam, electricity, or gasoline, the future alone may decide.



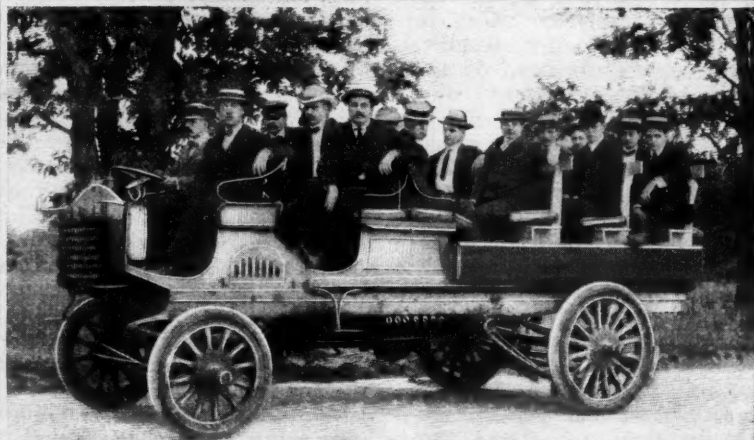
A VANDERBILT AUTOMOBILE STABLE — MACHINES OWNED BY WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, SR., AND WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR.

From a photograph by Lazarnick, New York.

Each of the three powers has its adherents who predict for it eventual supremacy. It is, however, a significant fact that while there have been makers of steam and electric cars who have gone into the business of making gasoline cars, manufacturers of gasoline cars have not branched out into either of the other lines. The automobile of today is practically a gasoline vehicle, and

from present indications it is likely to remain so for years to come.

It is a curious fact that great discoveries in the realm of nature and great inventions in the world of science have been coincident. Thus the invention of the steam engine brought with it the discovery of apparently inexhaustible coal mines. Railroad and ocean travel involving an extension of com-



A PRESS OBSERVATION CAR USED DURING THE AUTOMOBILE TRIALS AT PHILADELPHIA—THIS HIGH POWERED TRUCK WAS ABLE TO FOLLOW THE CONTESTING VEHICLES.



AN AUTOMOBILE USED BY KING EDWARD VII, WHOSE COLLECTION OF AUTOMOBILES IS THE LARGEST IN ENGLAND.

From a photograph by Curzon Robey & Co., London.

merce undreamed of a century ago has been followed by a yield of gold within the past half century surpassing anything in the history of mankind. So far the great discoveries of oil fields have not been attended with any equally important invention for utilizing the product of the wells. Will the gasolene engine fill that requirement? When the end of the coal supply is reached—a thing which many declare to be nearer than it is pleasant to contemplate—what then? Can gasolene be trusted to do the work of coal? The gasolene automobile may partly answer the question.

THE AUTOMOBILE IN COMMERCE.

Disregarding the automobile as a pleasure vehicle, and considering it solely as a medium of commercial transportation, its progress during the past few months has been sufficiently remarkable. The substitution of mechanically propelled for horse-drawn vehicles

in the shape of delivery wagons, hansom cabs, and similar conveyances for city use is after all but of minor importance. It is only the second step in the process of evolution following the adoption of the pleasure automobile instead of the ordinary carriage, or the cable or trolley-car in place of the old horse-car. But an advance of far greater moment has been made. This looks to the substitution of the automobile where steam has hitherto been regarded as indispensable.

In France, an automobile train has been put into service on a line heretofore equipped with ordinary locomotives. In Italy, an automobile service between cities has been organized to carry the government mails. In Russia, the government has formally approved of intra-urban automobiles for the carriage of material and troops. In Australia, the Commonwealth parliament has given official sanction to the use of automobiles in opening up the inte-

rior of the continent. In Chicago, a line of automobiles has secured a franchise for a street-car service. In Japan, the automobile omnibus has appeared as a competitor of the ancient jinrikisha. In England, the Northeastern Railway has adopted automobile freight wagons to haul coal from the collieries; and in Ireland, the various county boards are petitioning the Board of Agriculture for power to install lines of automobiles in opposition to the railways.

Such an awakening to the utility of the automobile cannot by any process of argument be passed over as unimportant. The gasolene engine, of which the automobile is the most practical exponent, must in the course of the next few decades enormously facilitate travel.

The voyage of the battleship Oregon from the Pacific to the Atlantic is still spoken of as the most wonderful feat ever performed by a modern war vessel. Yet when she arrived in West Indian waters she was practically helpless. Her guns and ammunition were powerful as ever, but she was paralyzed by her lack of coal. The fleets of Europe would hardly be in better condition should they attempt operations on this side of the Atlantic. Let their coal bunkers be empty, with the opportunity of refilling them no nearer than Bristol, and they would become little more than helpless floating magazines. But should the time come, as come it certainly will, when dependence on coal is a thing of the past, when the huge boilers and coal bunkers which now occupy so much space in a war-ship's interior shall have been cleared out, when powerful gasolene motors constitute the vessel's life—then it would be another story. A battleship could easily carry fuel for a year's voyage, using gasolene for its motive power. The greed for coaling stations, so prolific of international disputes, would be forgotten.

THE WORKING OF A GASOLENE AUTO.

There is something fascinating in the operation of a gasolene machine which nothing else in the world of mechanical science can equal. One sees an automobile on the street, "chug-chugging" away, occasionally leaving an odorous trail behind. It is commonplace, or per-

haps a nuisance. The "chug-chug" is only a variation of the puff-puff of the steam engine or the less noisy whirr of the electric motor. And the smell—well, we are glad that that, too, fades in the distance.

But what the average man has failed to realize is this: With every "chug-chug" the odorous machine has automatically performed an operation combining the labors of an electric generator, of a gas-producing retort, of a fireman, of an engineer, and, in a small way, of a creator. The liquid gasolene stored in a tank has trickled down a pipe to the carbureter. Here comes the act of creation. Meeting the cool air as it trickles drop by drop, the liquid disappears or becomes transformed into gas. Sucked up through the inlet valve, the mixture is forced into a cylinder, the valve automatically closing when a sufficient supply has been taken in.

Then comes the head of the piston-shaft back to the cylinder-head, compressing the volatile mixture almost to the point of explosion. A flash from the sparking plug buried in the cylinder-head sets fire to the inflammable gas, forcing the piston-rod outward as if shot from a gun. Deftly the force of the blow is caught by the evenly balanced mechanism. The automobile moves; but quicker than the wheels can carry the vehicle along, the piston-shaft has returned to the cylinder-head, first scouring out every particle of exploded gas, and again sucking in a fresh mixture for another explosion.

All this has occurred while the passer-by has heard the monotonous "chug-chug." No matter whether the machine be crawling along at a snail's pace—which it resents by the offensive odor—or be annihilating distance at a sixty-mile gait, every throb of the machine means a repetition of this process.

Granted that the man at the wheel will exercise ordinary common sense in the management of the steering gear, that his ear be attuned to note the least variation in the pulsation of his machine, and that the supply of gasolene be sufficient, his automobile will carry him further than the horse can trot or the sea-gull can fly. Its possibilities are limitless.

The Low-Priced Automobile.

BY WINTHROP E. SCARRITT,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION.

A QUESTION THAT INTERESTS TENS OF THOUSANDS AT THE PRESENT DAY—IS THE POSSESSION OF AN AUTOMOBILE A POSSIBILITY FOR THE MAN OF AVERAGE MEANS, AND EVEN FOR THE WORKINGMAN?

SOME weeks ago I was busy trying to conquer a balky automobile. My twelve year old son was an interested spectator, and for a while a silent one. The problem before me was one of those simple yet vexatious little difficulties which occasionally puzzle even expert mechanics. I was so intent on finding a solution that I scarcely noticed the little fellow by my side until, to my surprise, he quietly offered a suggestion which solved the riddle at once. Thinking that it was probably no more than a lucky guess on the boy's part, I questioned him carefully to ascertain how much he really knew about the subject. His answers were still more surprising. I found that he had a practical knowledge both of the mechanical operation of a gasoline motor and of its scientific principles.

THE AUTOMOBILISTS OF THE FUTURE.

I mention this fact not by way of claiming any special degree of intelligence for the boy, for he is just an ordinary bright young American who keeps his eyes and ears open. The moral of the incident goes further than this. The knowledge which he has been able to pick up is shared by hundreds of his contemporaries who have had opportunity to become familiar with the automobile. Just as the boys of five or ten years ago learned to take their bicycles to pieces, clean them, and put them together again, so it will soon be part of a boy's education to understand all the intricacies of an automobile, even to the fine points of its necessarily elaborate mechanism. The young American of a few years hence will have his opinion

upon disputed questions of compression, ignition, mixture, and the relative merits of horizontal or vertical cylinders and automatic or mechanical inlet valves.

Nor will this knowledge be confined to the sons of men who are able to afford an automobile. Youth is democratic. *Tom Sawyers* and *Huck Finns* will always be fast friends, whether they live on the banks of the Mississippi or the Hudson. Public school education is not confined to the lessons taught in school hours, nor is the best of it to be learned from books. Many a bright lad who is going to school to-day, the son of parents to whom the possession of an automobile seems as remote as the moon, will grow to manhood imbued with knowledge of the machine's value and determined to possess one for himself. And I predict that he will be able to realize his ambition.

This means that we shall develop lower-priced automobiles.

AUTOMOBILES FOR THE MILLION.

Foreign observers have remarked that things which are considered luxuries abroad seem here to be commonplace possessions, almost necessities. The American pace is rapid. The prairie settlement of yesterday demands and secures all the latest improvements of a modern city to-day. Indeed, our villages and country towns are sometimes in advance of large cities in adopting the newest inventions. Especially is this true in regard to the automobile, which has already obtained a foothold—or, more properly, a wheel-hold—as a means of public transport in some smaller communities, while New York,

Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston are still wrestling with the problem of curtailing its speed, on the theory that it is a public peril.

The advent of the lower-priced automobile—I will not say the cheap automobile—will be in consequence of such a demand as I have outlined. The man of moderate means who finds living in the city a detriment to health and comfort will seek in the automobile a better mode of travel between home and office than he can obtain under present conditions. Why should men be compelled to live within a stone's throw of a railroad or street-car line? Why should some of the most beautiful and healthful sections of the country be practically uninhabited, or at best occupied only by summer visitors, while the flat lands where railroad building is easy are swarming with residents? Within sixty minutes' ride of every large city may be found most delightful locations for small dwellings, which at present are inaccessible on account of lack of transportation facilities. But with the coming of the good, low-priced automobile you will find these places building up with homes, each in its ample plot of ground, and inhabited by a family for whom the cost of living will be reduced to a minimum, and the pleasure of existence enhanced immeasurably.

THE GREAT DEMAND FOR MACHINES.

How soon will the era of the low-priced automobile arrive? That is a more difficult problem. We have scarcely more than begun to build automobiles. We have not entirely left the experimental stage. With the present capacity for manufacturing, even allowing for the ordinary rate of increase which follows the popularizing of an industry in America, it will be years to come before the supply will equal the demand. The enormous sales recorded at the several shows held this spring were very suggestive of what the future has in store. While purchasers are willing to pay high premiums for early deliveries of well-known makes, the prospect of an oversupply must be a long way off. With the machines now selling for the lowest prices, the demand is even further out of range with the supply.

Where individuals are outbidding each other for single machines of high price, dealers are clamoring for the more popular makes in wholesale quantities.

There is another phase of this question which must not be overlooked when we try to figure out the prospect for lower-priced automobiles. This is the foreign demand. The consular reports show that American machines have already found a market all over the world. Compare the number of foreign agencies in America with the number of American agencies abroad. This country is still the best customer for high-priced foreign-built cars, but I think it no exaggeration to say that we are selling ten machines in Europe to one sent over here. Nor does this take into account the cars shipped direct to Japan, China, Australia, South America, India, and elsewhere.

The foreign demand, too, is likely to increase rather than decrease. No matter how keen the competition from European makers—and they have lately begun to give more attention to these low-priced vehicles—the product of American machinery and methods will still retain the ascendancy. This country is destined to be a leader in the automobile-building industry. Here is the largest number of people able to afford the possession of a car; here is the very best of inventive genius and mechanical skill; nor do we lack enterprise in pushing the sale of our goods. I venture the prophecy that the day is not far distant when we shall make the best cars in the world, and sell them in the streets of Canstatt and Paris.

THE BOTTOM PRICE FOR AUTOMOBILES.

To name a figure at which an automobile may be called low-priced is somewhat hazardous. The present minimum is, I believe, around six hundred dollars. How far this may be reduced is yet to be determined. Some people who talk about "cheap" automobiles expect manufacturers to sell a machine at about the price of a good bicycle, perhaps a hundred dollars. This, of course, is absurd. With the poorest sort of material an automobile should cost, for frame and gear alone, four times as much as a bicycle, and to this there must

be added the cost of the motor. This would mean that the present low-priced automobile would be turned out as economically as bicycles were after the first reduction in price had begun—which was made possible only by standardizing the parts and making them interchangeable. The business is growing by tremendous strides. Where factories are now producing tens, they will turn out hundreds and where hundreds, thousands. Already one factory in this country is making more machines than any five in Europe. I do not wish to mention names, but the facts are well known to everybody familiar with the automobile business. Recently this concern enlarged its plant to make no less than a thousand machines a month, or twelve thousand a year. Its business is equal to the whole export trade from France. And yet, as I have stated, we are still in the infancy of the automobile industry.

If I were to hazard a guess at what may eventually be the bottom price for a little runabout machine, I should put the figure somewhere about three hundred or three hundred and fifty dollars. This will mean that an automobile will never be a boy's plaything, although it may yet become the subject of purchases on the instalment plan. Even at the figure quoted, the workingman who desires to buy an automobile will have to economize, or at least to save his money, in order to get it. When he has bought it, he will think enough of his purchase to take care of it, and he will not be disgusted because there is another model of the same name, but with the

next year's date. He will prize his machine for what it is worth.

A WARNING TO THE INCOMPETENT.

It may be said for an automobile, as for hardly anything else, that half its worth to the owner depends on the man who uses it. I have seen big foreign machines which cost into the tens of thousands of dollars, but which for practical purposes were not worth half as much as little American runabouts bought for a few hundreds. The difference was in the man behind the steering wheel. An incompetent driving a costly Panhard, Mors, or Mercedes does not obtain half the value for his investment that a man of common sense can get out of his comparatively inexpensive American machine. And there is no royal road to a mastery of the chauffeur's art and science. It must be gained in the school of experience, by study and practice, and a measure of real work.

Before buying an automobile, a man should take off his coat and go into the machine shop to get a practical knowledge of the machine itself. He should learn how to be ready for any emergency. He should not be afraid of grease. He should practise lying on his back, monkey wrench in hand, adjusting intricate parts of the machinery. When he has acquired this knowledge he will be fit to run a motor car. Then he will be in position to distinguish between a low-priced and a cheap machine; and he will never buy a cheap one at any price, for the "cheaper" it is the dearer it will prove in the end.

THE WOOD ROAD.

Look down the wood road, lo, a dip and bend of it!
 Gaze as you will, you may not see the end of it;
 Boughs over-arching, silvery and shimmery,
 Where the sun falls aslant, glamorous and glimmery;
 Reeds here half a-bow, reeds there arrow-like;
 Low notes from the copse, wren-like or sparrow-like;
 Lush vines spiraling, tremulously, tenderly;
 Frail flowers peering up, timorously, slenderly;
 Breeze—just a waft of it—stealing caressingly,
 Touching the little leaves lovingly, blessingly;
 And just you and I there, breathing the balm of it.
 Gipsying on through the music and the calm of it;
 Gipsying on through the dreamy retreat of it;
 Just you and I there—ah, but the sweet of it!

Sennett Stephens.

Impressions by the Way

FRANK A. MUNSEY

WE are giving a good deal of space this month to the automobile. I had intended to write something in the nature of a formal article to go with the other papers on the subject. I didn't get around to it in time, but I should like to say a few words in an informal way. I shall speak from the point of view of both the citizen and the man who knows something of the automobile from the inside of the car.

THE CRITICS OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

There are perhaps thirty or forty millions of adults in America who know the automobile from the outside of the car only, and they know it much better than the three or four thousand men who know it from the inside as well as the outside.

I have never known a case where the view-points differed so radically as they do from the inside and the outside of an automobile. The man who knows it from the outside only despises it and damns it on general principles. There is nothing too uncomplimentary to say of it and of the one driving it. It is an invention of the devil, as he sees it, and it has no place or rights in a civilized community. It frightens horses, usurps the place of horses, and endangers the public. This is his view, mildly and briefly stated, as he sees it from the outside; but once inside of a really first-rate automobile, a marvelous change of heart comes over him.

THE AUTOMOBILE-HATER'S CONVERSION.

This other view-point is a revelation. He finds himself lost in admiration and wonder. The motion, the feeling of strength and power, the speed, and the obedience to the driver, thrill and delight him. He is an easy convert. Every one is. I have never known a case, however bitter and unreasoning the prejudice, where one didn't change squarely

about on the very first ride in a good car.

I am not speaking of racing, but of rational automobiling. The fact is that the automobile when "let out" on a smooth road gives one precisely the delightful sensation of coasting, and it beats coasting out of sight, as with the automobile one doesn't have to walk up the hill. It is just one long down-hill all the while—one delicious sweep through the air, with never a hill to climb.

THE AUTOMOBILE AS A HILL-CLIMBER.

And speaking about hills, I want to tell you that the best part of automobiling—that part that gets you harder than anything else—is the way an automobile sweeps up-hill. It doesn't know a hill when it comes to it. A wheelbarrow can run down-hill—any old thing can get down-hill fast enough, if let go. There is no trick in this. Gravitation does it all. The automobile, however, going down-hill can make old gravitation dizzy, drunk, even, with delight; and then with equal ease it will shoot up-hill in a way to make gravitation tear its hair with frenzy and slink away crestfallen, conquered.

But to climb hills in that way requires a heavy power machine, and this will be the machine of the future. A few years ago—four or five only—the racing machines were of about seven or eight horse-power. To-day they are of a hundred horse-power. Last year they measured up to from forty to eighty. The year before forty was the largest made, and was used only for racing.

THE HIGH-POWER AUTOMOBILE.

The most popular size that has ever been made for general use is the twelve horse machine. But the twelve is now out of date. The seven and eight horse, used for short work, have been ad-

vanced to ten, and the twelve has been advanced to fifteen and eighteen. I have a twelve horse automobile that I bought last summer. This year I have bought a sixty horse machine. The twelve horse machine is an extremely good one, but is not sufficiently powerful for the hills. It has abundant speed for level work, but it lacks the necessary reserve power for satisfactory hill-climbing.

A sixty horse machine, on the other hand, I am satisfied, is much more powerful than is necessary. The carriage, or tonneau, is no larger in the one machine than in the other. It is all a question of engine power. My own judgment is that a twenty-five or thirty horse-power machine is the ideal automobile for general work and touring. I bought a sixty simply because I could get it, and couldn't get what I would have preferred in the latest model.

THE GREAT DEMAND FOR MACHINES.

All the advantages are in favor of the larger power machines. They cost no more to run—burn no more fuel than the small ones. The cost of the machine itself, though, just now, is much greater, but there is little excuse for this. The cost of making a sixty horse machine and that of making a ten horse cannot vary more than a few hundred dollars at most, whereas the price of the larger machine is five or six times as great.

This difference will be properly adjusted when once the supply of automobiles catches up with the demand. From present indications, a man would be taking large chances as a prophet to venture a guess as to when this will be. It is my understanding that the product of all automobile manufacturers, both here and abroad, is sold for months and months ahead, and that of some houses is sold for a year or more ahead. Our manufacturers are all enlarging their works, and new concerns are springing up everywhere, but the demand for next year will be ten times as great as for this year—twenty times, maybe. The world is just beginning to awaken to the merits of the automobile as a means of transportation and a pleasure vehicle. It is certain to supplant the horse for

general road use, and the sooner we accept it, and the more gracefully we accept it, the better.

THE QUESTION OF SAFETY.

The automobile is not the dangerous thing that it is thought to be. Whenever an accident happens to an automobile, or by reason of it, the fact is published in big letters all over the country. A thousand accidents may occur from horse-drawn carriages, and little is thought of it. One may get run down or run over by horses, and the general feeling is that he ought to keep his eyes about him. But if he were injured by an automobile, though the mishap may be due solely to his own carelessness, such is the prejudice against this innovation that the public would have no sense of justice or fairness to the automobile driver. But this prejudice will all wear away before very long, even as it has worn away with the railway train and the bicycle.

SPEED LAWS FOR AUTOMOBILES.

Now a word about the speed and the speed limit of automobiles. It is not fair for men who know nothing of an automobile from the inside to undertake to say just how fast it shall go. It is not fair for the reason that they know nothing about its capabilities—how readily it responds to the will of the driver. It is marvelously obedient. The way it can turn to the right or the left, shoot forward or backward, or come to a dead stop, awakens the admiration of every one, and shows that it should not be held down to impossible rules and laws. An automobile going at the rate of thirty miles an hour can stop in one half of the distance it would require for a horse to stop when going ten miles an hour. And traveling at the same speed as the horse, it can be stopped in half its length. These are facts that should have a bearing on the regulation of automobiling.

I believe as firmly as any one in the rational and careful handling of an automobile. And I believe in surrounding the public with every proper safeguard. On the other hand, the automobile is here. It has come to stay. Its manufacture is certain to prove a great

national industry, and the automobile itself a great blessing to man. Good friend as the horse has been to man, the automobile will be a better one.

THE DUTY OF THE AUTOMOBILIST.

The true theory of driving an automobile is always to have stopping distance in view. It is the automobilist's duty to look out for the public, and to take no chance on what pedestrians or other drivers may do. He should be ready for every emergency—always able to check his machine. With proper regulations, the public is in much less danger from automobiles than from horse-drawn vehicles.

Let us, then, accept this new invention for what it is; and let us be fair with it and the men who drive it. Let us make laws suited to automobiling—wise, strong laws that can be maintained and will be maintained. And let these laws be elastic enough to develop honest citizens, instead of making law-breakers of them as the present laws make of automobile drivers.

I don't believe in hard and fast speed laws. I believe, instead, in the strictest kind of responsibility—responsibility for all accidents and injuries caused by recklessness or lack of skill on the part of the driver. I would make

this the test, instead of impossible speed limits. And I would advocate penalties so large, so severe, that they would have a sobering effect on all automobile drivers. Moreover, I would allow no one to run a machine except he be proved capable and have a license for so doing. The machines themselves should be numbered in large, black figures so plain that they could be identified with ease and certainty. With some such law as this a better and a fairer regulation of automobiling would come into force.

THE MOST HEALTH-GIVING OF SPORTS.

I might say much more about automobiling, but not this time. You may fancy that the automobile is in great favor with me. If you come to this conclusion, you will not need to guess again. In a word, I consider automobiling with a good car and on a good road the finest sport in the world. But it has another side than that of pleasure. It is the greatest health-giving invention of a thousand years. The cubic feet of fresh air that are literally forced into one while automobiling rehabilitate worn-out nerves and drive out worry, insomnia, and indigestion. It will renew the life and youth of the overworked man or woman, and will make the thin fat and the fat—but I forbear.

THE HOME CRY.

It's weary waiting for the day when I'll win back again—

Oh, the little white-roofed city in the curved arm of the sea!

There's gold of sun and glow of moon and filmy mist o' rain

On the long road, the white road, that knew the feet of me;

There's a whisper in the palm trees—across the miles I hear it;

There's sun flash on the coral reef that beckons all in vain;

Only in the dreams of me my eager eyes may near it—

It's weary waiting for the day when I'll win back again!

The little white-roofed city in the curved arm of the sea—

I'm hungry for the sound of it, I'm fasting for the sight;

And oh, the wave-touched cliff that knew the lazy form of me,

The still noon, the warm noon and golden flood o' light!

There's an empty sail that flutters where the light-foot wind is springing;

I see the shifting shadow through the distances that be,

And the ripple of the turquoise waves where foam-light gulls are swinging—

The little white-roofed city in the curved arm of the sea!

It's weary waiting for the day when I'll win back again—

Oh, sea and cliff and long white road that knew the joy of me!

It's I will come unto my own where all my life is fain—

The little white-roofed city in the curved arm of the sea!

There's a color on the highway where a red-coat soldier's faring,

There's a path above the harbor where the anchored fleet is lain;

Oh, heart, to take the open way unfettered and uncaring—

It's weary waiting for the day when I'll win back again!

Theodosia Garrison.

A Daughterly Chaperon.

THE STORY OF A DOUBLE CASE OF WELL-MEANT BUT WASTED SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TERRY COLLINS.

MY mother is distressingly near-sighted—so much so that when she walks abroad she sometimes bows courteously to gate-posts and trees, and frequently fails to recognize her own flesh and blood.

Her sons make much loving sport of her infirmity. Upon a certain occasion one of them, seeing her coming toward him upon the street, held out his hat, in beggar fashion, with a whine. Tradition has it that she dropped a coin into it, and would have passed on, but the beggar threw his arm about her waist and gave her a resounding salute upon the cheek. I give publicity to this disgraceful family incident merely to make credible what I am about to relate of her treatment of a high-church rector whom we met at a little inn in a remote Swiss village.

We had just arrived when my mother, opening the door of our room to go out into the corridor, saw the rector passing. Mistaking him for the waiter by reason of his black and white, she ordered him to call her at eight, and to bring hot water at a quarter past.

I wish I could describe my feelings as I listened to her, but I cannot. All that saved the situation was the graceful courtesy and the boyish, bubbling amusement of the rector. On his journey from London, he told us, he had all but been mistaken for an escaped convict to whom, it would seem, he bore a close resemblance. Now he was mistaken for a Swiss waiter. His personal appearance must be deteriorating. We had nothing whatever with which to reproach ourselves.

The next we saw of the rector was at the service that he held in the tiny chapel of the inn the next morning. It was a very rainy Sabbath, and none of the people from the villas in the neighborhood, who went far to make up the usual handful of worshippers, was pres-

ent. My mother and I were the audience all by ourselves, there being, by a rare chance, no other English-speaking guests in the house.

The rector went through the service, however, as punctiliously as if we had been a thousand, calling us at every turn his "dearly beloved brethren"—to which we made answer as politely as we knew how.

"A collection for the expenses of this diocese will now be taken up," was what he said when the time for the offertory came, and mother and I, hoping the diocese was neither large nor needy, put in all the money that we had brought with us, a franc apiece.

The next thing that brought us into contact with the rector was my mother's accident.

It has never seemed to me that, humanly speaking, Providence is quite chivalrous to elderly women. They are always doing something to themselves, the poor dears, stumbling over their lap-dogs or hurtling down-stairs, and Providence never so much as lifts a finger to interfere. What my mother did was to slip on the sinfully polished floor of the inn and bruise her hip quite seriously. It was a mercy she did not break it, every one said. But it seemed to me that, if mercies were in order, it would have been a more satisfactory one if she had not fallen at all.

When the doctor came, he ordered that I should soak my mother all over for fifteen minutes in a bath of arnica and hot water. Now, mother was on one floor, and the only bath-tub of the primitive establishment was on another, and she could not put her foot to the ground. I was debating which of the men servants I would rather have carry her down—one of the anemic waiters, who would in all probability drop her on the way, or the beery porter or the odorous hostler, when the curate came to me.

In the most helpful, heart-warming fashion he told me that he had heard of my difficulty, and assured me that it would give him great pleasure if I would let him perform the service for me.

There are people with whom kindness amounts to a dissipation. The rector was one of these. Not that he was aggressively or officiously kind—far from it; but he reveled in it as other people revel in sin.

My mother's gratitude to him ate into her, subsequently, like remorse. Gratitude always does eat into my mother like that. As an opening wedge toward what she meant to do for his summer mission work in the little hamlet, as a thank-offering, she invited him to afternoon tea. It was the beginning of the end.

I was used to having young men find my mother, with her silver hair, her sweet face, her keen mind, and her bubbling humor, most attractive, but I was unprepared for such devotion as the rector's. It took my breath away. After that first afternoon, when she was so rash as to invite him in, he fairly lived and moved and had his being by my mother's couch in our sitting-room. When she was able to leave her room, he followed her to the porch, and with his steamer-chair drawn up as close as he could get it to the one in which she reclined, he talked to her all day long, and she to him. I never heard such a continuous flow of conversation from any other human beings. They were like the old lady who, though she talked and talked, never got any real or permanent relief.

He was in affliction, in the first place, and people who are in affliction are, I notice, never done talking to my mother. He had lost a very dear uncle, a missionary in Africa. This uncle had been bitten by a poisonous tropical fly, and had swelled up and died in consequence. It was a very sad case, and the rector's grief was augmented by the first real struggle that he had ever had to keep his faith in an all-wise Beneficence. It was very hard just at first for him to see why, when a good missionary and a bad fly were pitted against each other, the Creator of them both should seem to side with the fly.

With mother's help, however, he struggled through the quagmire of his doubt and planted his feet upon solid ground. He was a long time doing it, though. As I listened to them talking, talking, talking, day after day, about the inscrutable inscrutability of the ways of Providence, going over the ground again and again; as I saw how the rector almost jumped down mother's throat in his eagerness not to lose a word that she said; how his clean-shaven cheeks flushed with pleasure at her kindness, and his eyes sparkled over the flashes of wit that escaped from my mother, in spite of herself, over even the most serious of subjects; as I saw also the sweet womanliness of her face, which was still young under its wealth of snowy hair, a cold fear, I might almost say a clammy fear, laid hold upon me.

Was it within the bounds of the wildest, maddest possibility that that rector was forgetting the great gulf of years that lay between him and my delightful mother? Was he thinking to put intellectual companionship before every other consideration, as many a better man has done before him? A dozen well-known instances flitted through my mind of such unnatural, deplorable alliances. I was even haunted, in the extremity of my distress, by the quite irrelevant one of a young man in the humbler walks of life, the son of our gardener, aged twenty, who had married an old lady of seventy who ran a chicken farm. Mother had no chicken farm, to be sure, but she had so much else to make her attractive!

If only I could take her and run away with her from him to the ends of the earth! But she could not run; her hip was still very troublesome.

What would have happened, I do not know—perhaps I should have cabled to my brothers—if I had not come down, just at this juncture, with what in anyone else would be hay-fever, but with me must be something else, because the worst attack I ever had came from the straw in a barrel of china that I unpacked in February, and the next worst was given me at Lausanne in December, by that cold Swiss wind, the *bise*. What gave it to me in this little mountain village, I do not know. Suffice to say that

I was so wretched that I took to my bed, forgetting for the time being all about mother and the rector. She might have embraced the opportunity to accept a dozen young divines and I would not have cared.

When I began to get a little better, however, I realized, with a great throb of exultation, that my illness was separating them entirely. Mother had had her steamer-chair brought up from the porch and placed by the open window of my room. She could not nurse me—a Catholic sister nursed us both—but there she sat, the embodiment of loving sympathy, the long, bright days through, and there her meals were served to her. I had her under my eye.

The rector could be heard sometimes pacing the corridor outside. Occasionally we sent the sister out to talk to him, but that was all. Providence had delivered him and the situation into my hands, and what I had to do, it was clear, was to keep them there.

Turning the matter over and over in my mind, I resolved not to get well, not even to get out of my bed, but to stay there, with mother chained to me, until it was time for the rector to go back to his charge in London. He was going in November—he had told me so—and it was only the beginning of July. Four months—four long months! I never had stayed in bed four months at a time before, but I knew that I could do it if I tried. And I can assure you that I tried conscientiously.

I had to give some excuse for it, of course. I had to have something, or, more properly speaking, pretend to have something, the matter with me beyond the hay-fever, which was fast disappearing. Something mild, painless, and lingering was what the occasion called for; something that would last the four months out, but for which they would not poultice, nor plaster, nor bandage me, nor afflict me seriously in any other way. Nervous prostration seemed the most feasible thing to affect.

When mother asked me, as she did in time, if I would not like to get up for a little—bed was so weakening—I replied wearily in the negative and turned my face to the wall. The next day, and the next, she asked me the same ques-

tion, and still I turned my face to the wall.

Then she grew anxious and urged me, as they urged poor *Mrs. Dombey* in her last moments, to make an effort. The sister, reinforcing her persuasions, pleaded with me to get up and stand upon my feet, if only for an instant. I acquiesced, but when she had me there—I blush to tell it—I fell over upon her, purposely. She gasped and staggered. I am a large, tall girl, and I aimed straight at her midst. No sooner had she recovered her breath and balance and put me back to bed than—I blush even more painfully to tell it—I simulated a "sinking turn," and did it so well that I sent the whole household scurrying hither and thither for restoratives.

It is only morally that I blush for that sinking turn; from a histrionic standpoint I am burstingly proud of it. It so terrified mother that, far from urging me to get up again, she spoke darkly of heart-failure and other dreadful things that lie in wait for convalescents, and begged me, for all our sakes, to stay where I was.

The only thing that I had not taken into account, in my determination to be bed-ridden, was the astuteness of the doctor. I could see him watching me out of the corner of his eye. When I had been in bed a month—only one month of the four that I had determined upon—he told mother in a most brusque, flat-footed fashion that it was "paralysis of the intentions" that ailed me, nothing more nor less. One fine morning he evidently thought it was time to take decided action; so he had me lifted bodily out of bed and carried to the couch in our sitting-room.

Afternoon tea on the day of my eviction was a festal occasion. Mother was so happy at having dislodged me at last that she made it so. She brought out a dainty, deep-fringed linen cover that she had embroidered herself, and bits of quaint silver and china that we had picked up in our travels. The whole room was sweet with a bunch of wild narcissus, which the peasants had brought in from the mountains that morning with the dew still heavy upon them.

There came a knock upon the door just as the pleasant preparations for our little feast were finished. It was delightful old Mme. de l'Espris, who lived in a medieval château, all her own, five miles from the inn. We had known her for many years, and she had been most kind and neighborly in our recent affliction. She floated in, in her high-bred fashion, the perfume of her dainty old laces preceding her.

Another knock at the door. It was the rector. Mother had invited, so it would seem, a select little company in honor of my resurrection, and had not told me, lest the joy of anticipation should be too great for me. Poor, deluded little mother!

My first glance at the rector took my breath quite away—not for joy, as mother had feared, but by reason of his ailing appearance. He looked white and haggard and half-starved.

"Is it so bad as all that?" I said to myself as I looked at him. "Oh dear! What shall I do?"

If only mother could walk, I thought, we would leave the very next day. There flashed into my mind, in my distress, the case of a person injured like mother, only worse, far worse, quite broken to pieces, in fact, who had been carried the whole length of Europe under the auspices of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. I would put myself into communication with the followers of St. John of Jerusalem at once, and see what could be done.

In the mean time we drank our tea, Mother and Mme. de l'Espris and the rector chatting most brilliantly. Then *madame* carried mother off for a drive in her deep-cushioned, rubber-tired landau, the rector and the sister assisting her down. The rector was left behind to keep me company, the sister superintending us from the adjoining room.

We sat a long time in silence. I had nothing to say to him, so I said it. I wished he would go. I wondered his pride let him stay on.

The pretty, peaceful room was all lit up with the soft light that comes at sunset over the mountains. The little tea-table might have supported the Holy Grail, it was so bathed and illuminated

in the gold. The outlook from the windows was all but unearthly, in the mild restfulness of its beauty. I wanted to be alone.

Suddenly the rector turned upon me. Worms will turn.

"Not even a criminal is condemned unheard, is he?" he asked.

I was so surprised that I answered unhesitatingly, "No."

"Will you treat me as decently as a criminal?" he went on to ask. "Will you tell me why you dislike me as you do?"

Again I was startled into the bare unpremeditated truth.

"Because you wish to marry my mother," I answered. "And it is not suitable, it is not even decent."

I stopped aghast, for under my very eyes the man turned green, a brilliant green, then yellow, then magenta, then a ghastly white, as if every particle of blood in his body had suddenly dropped out of it. And such a look as he gave me! It went through my eyes' way down to the soles of my boots.

And then—and then—I do not exactly know what did happen. And if I did I would not tell.

It was that evening that mother put her arms about me, as mothers do about daughters who are looking out for the first time, with half-frightened eyes, over the great sea of love.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she said, crooning over me in her joy. "I thought I never should hold out till you came to your senses. I have talked, and I have talked, and I have talked to that dear good man until I never want to talk again. Oh, that dead missionary! Oh, that fly!" and she began to laugh hysterically. "Put me to bed, my dear, put me to bed!" she gasped, between laughing and crying. "And pull the clothes up over my head and don't let anybody speak a word to me for at least a month!"

If mother ever found out what my anxieties had been concerning her, gentle as she is, I should shrivel up in her scorn like an autumn leaf in a bonfire.

I am so afraid of her finding out that sometimes I think I shall have to tell her.

Senate Bill No. 22.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF A MYSTERIOUS LEGISLATIVE FAILURE.

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

I.

THE vice-president of the Speeders' Automobile Club drummed fretfully on the arm of his chair and relieved his mind of some accumulated irritation.

"I never was up against such a picayune business in all my life! Never saw such a fool bill! So many miles an hour around this corner, so many around that curve, this speed for a city, this for a borough, that for a town, and another for a straight township road! If you see some jay country horse in the distance, get out and give him a nerve tonic before you pass him! Waugh! Let the blamed old geegees get used to automobiles! And you must plaster your machine from end to end with numbers, tags, initials, licenses, bells, whistles, horns, burglar and fire alarms, seventy-nine different varieties of lights, and the Lord knows what else! Who wants to look like a confounded Christmas tree?"

"It does seem pretty complicated," admitted Fielding warily. He was a new member of the S. A. C., the youngest in the club, but the fact that he was short on years did not by any means deter him from being long on experience. "I shouldn't let the bill itself worry me, though. It's the committee that needs all the nursing."

"The committee be——"

The vice-president stopped helplessly. His vocabulary was not limited, but to adequately describe that obstinate committee required more than he was equal to.

The vice-president and Fielding, accompanied by no less a personage than John Hammersmith, who held controlling interests in so many arrogant corporations that no man knew the limit or extent thereof, had been the selected representatives of the S. A. P. that afternoon at the committee hearing

given to the State Automobiling Association on Senate No. 22, commonly known as the Automobile Bill.

This bill, introduced early in the session, as its number would indicate, had been for some time in the hands of the committee on municipal corporations. It was now whispered that they intended to report it favorably, in defiance of the lobby which had rolled up against it like a tidal wave. From one end of the State to another, and from adjoining States whose automobiling citizens had been wont to use it as a fine highway for swift travel, a howl of protest had arisen from the owners of motor vehicles. It was dastardly, it was outrageous, it was a piece of spite work, it was a barefaced bid for wholesale bribery, it was everything that an evil-minded bill might be and a respectable statute might not.

All afternoon the representatives of the State Automobiling Association had labored faithfully with the Senate committee on municipal corporations, arguing, cajoling, rising to the heights of eloquence, and stopping with gritted teeth on the verge of unlimited vilification. And the committee had been unmoved. It was an excellent measure, the interests of the State demanded it, the protection of life and property cried out for it; the bill should become a law.

"What's the use in owning an automobile if you have to get out and push it every time you come to a corner?" the vice-president snapped irritably.

Then the Hammersmith oracle opened its mouth and spake.

"No use in banging your head against a stone wall, Beldon. That is a hard committee to handle, and we might as well own that we're up against it. Personally, I don't believe much in the incorruptibility of the noble voter, whether he votes in the Senate or at a township election, but it is plain that

the committee on municipal corporations has taken Senate No. 22 to be honest on. It's their show bill. They're a mean crowd, Beldon, and obstinate as pigs."

"Idiots!" snorted the vice-president. "They are a lot of jays. It's the agricultural counties that are pushing this. You know how the sight of a red devil ruffles up a countryman's nerves, and they've been laying for us this long while. If that bill is reported favorably, it will simply go through with bells on."

"It mustn't be reported at all."

It was Fielding who spoke, as peacefully as if he referred to the weather. The vice-president drummed vigorously on his chair again.

"Fielding, you don't look like a fool, but you are. The committee is *dead* determined to put that bill through. They won't be bought, they can't be reasoned with."

"Every man has his tender spot," observed Fielding indifferently, and after this sage generality he lapsed into silence again.

"Much good that does you, if you can't find it. Now, look here, Fielding, here is the complexion of that committee. One of them is on the fence, but he is the minority man. Another is elected largely by a rural vote, and he is making a big gallery play to his constituents by putting a stern stop on the reckless and immoral manner in which the wealthy automobilist dashes through the country and mows down old ladies and small children just for the fun of it. The third is mad on horses, and hates an auto on principle. I like fast horses myself, but that doesn't prejudice me against riding on a railroad train. Madden's just bought a new horse, with a record and a pedigree a good deal longer than his own, and every day that he is home he's out in the country speeding that animal. Oh, he's plumb crazy! You couldn't drag him into an automobile."

Fielding's eyes gleamed as if his thoughts were entertaining.

"Madden is the chairman, isn't he?" he asked innocently.

"He is, confound him!"

Fielding thought a while longer.

"Well," he announced finally, "I like automobiling pretty much myself, but if I must shatter my delicate nerves by

keeping half a dozen varieties of assorted speeds in my head, and limiting myself to fifteen miles maximum along a straight road, I'll sell my machine and buy a mule. On the whole, I think I'll have to take a turn at Madden."

Hammersmith pulled at his shaggy gray mustache, and regarded the confident young man with speculative eye.

"Fielding, I'll make you a proposition. If you can get that bill smothered in committee, I will give you any auto on the market that you pick out."

"Then you'd better begin to save up right away," retorted the youngest member flippantly, "for that is exactly what I mean to do!"

II.

GEORGE MADDEN, chairman of the Senate committee on municipal corporations, climbed into his light runabout and drove out of town by the shortest route. Mr. Madden was in an extremely placid frame of mind: The Senate had adjourned for the week, his legislative cares were over—barring some intermittent correspondence—until the following Monday night, and he was free to attend to his own business and to speed Mercury up and down the very excellent macadam roads of his native county.

He surveyed his trotter's sleek black sides and nervously pricked ears with complacent pride. There wasn't a thing on four legs in that county which could match him. He hadn't been passed on the road yet, no, sir, and he never would!

As they got well out into the open country he let Mercury out a little, and gloried in the arrogant toss of the black's head, the easy swing of those long legs, and the tugging pull on the reins. The sporting blood in Madden's veins tingled as he whizzed lightly by a high-stepping team going in the same direction as himself.

It was an early March afternoon, one of those saving days when the amiable lamb peeps out from behind the formidable lion, and the air was just spring-like enough to make the heart of man exultant. Open fields stretched out on both sides, town was six miles in the rear, and Mercury was so fresh and impatient,

after four days in his stall, that he pulled impatiently and jerked his handsome head in scorn when Mr. Madden, impelled only by caution, slowed him down and finally turned about for home.

Mr. Madden sniffed the good spring air and looked half disappointed as he started down the road by which he had come. He wanted to see somebody worth his while to have a brush with. What owner of a decent animal could resist bringing him out on such a day? Verily, men were made of sodden clay to ignore such golden opportunities.

The only rig he saw was a carriage and high-stepping team coming toward him. As they came nearer he recognized the horses as those he had whizzed past twenty minutes ago. He smiled a little, and looked at Mercury's inquiringly pointed ears with infinite content as he remembered the way the black had covered the distance since that moment.

"By George, those horses are running a little wild!"

Mr. Madden pulled Mercury a little further to the right as the high-steppers came nearer. They did indeed seem to be running wild. Laying their strong bodies low with the ground, they swept toward him with an irresistible momentum. There was only the driver in the carriage, and he was leaning forward with intent eyes glued to his horses' heads. Whether he were drunk or sober, a fleeting glance might not determine.

"Look out, you——"

The rest of the sentence was forever lost. A sudden lunge to the left on the part of the team, a clatter of hoofs, a whirl of dust, a ripping sound, a light crash, and the flying team was gone.

Madden, who was not injured, jumped free of the wreck of the runabout and made a flying lunge after Mercury, who was executing several highly excited side steps, preparatory to bolting.

"There, there, old boy, there! Oh, if I could get hold of that vicious fool!"

Madden let go of Mercury's head long enough to shake a wrathful fist after the disappearing blot which had dashed into him. Then he devoted himself once more to soothing the horse, and stared in gloomy disgust at the remains of the runabout. One wheel had been shorn off as neatly as if by mathe-

matical calculation; another was twisted about and doubled under, while the body inclined from the other two at a pathetically intoxicated angle, a complete, hopeless, beautifully finished wreck.

From out a woodsy side road, in the same direction in which the team had gone, a big automobile with a beautiful wine-colored body glided swiftly around the curve and came whizzing down the macadam road toward Mr. Madden. Mercury turned his head and pricked his ears suspiciously.

"Hello, you seem to be in trouble. What's happened?"

The occupant of the big automobile came to a stop, amiably considerate of Mercury's nerves.

"Idiot with a team just took off a couple of wheels for me," Mr. Madden snapped shortly, taking a firmer hold on Mercury. "Left me wrecked six miles from home, with a frightened horse and a smashed rig. If I could get hold of him, I'd make him dance!"

"Why, the reckless fool, he ought to be jailed! I shouldn't wonder if it were the fellow I met a moment ago. I slowed down because I didn't want to frighten his horses, but I'm sorry now that I didn't run into him."

The voice from the auto sounded quite indignant. After a survey of the wreck, the stranger spoke again.

"Can't I help you, though? I tell you, there's a little farmhouse about a mile down the road. I'll speed back there and get somebody to take your horse and rig back to town, and then I'll take you in myself. Oh, no, no, don't mention it! It's no trouble whatever."

The friendly stranger gave Madden no time for protest. The red automobile switched around in an easy curve and shot down the road like a rocket, leaving the chairman of the Senate committee on municipal corporations to his own emotions as he stood by Mercury's head and stared glumly at the remains of the runabout.

It was in an amazingly short space of time that the big red automobile returned, bringing a farm hand, who clambered out and stared with a slow grin at the flying machine which had brought him. Madden gave his instructions with careful minuteness, watched

the man lead Mercury off, and turned reluctantly toward the obliging stranger. He hated automobiles, especially these big ones. Cumbersome, ungraceful brutes, a peril to those who ran them and a standing menace to everybody where they ran! No true sportsman would own a thing like that. Might as well have a pet locomotive.

"Jump in," invited the stranger amiably. He was a young man, and from under the visor of his leather cap his eyes looked out with a friendly twinkle. "Oh—why, upon my word, isn't this Mr. Madden? Of course I do not expect you to recognize me, you busy Senators have to see so many people, but my name is Fielding. I was down before your committee last Tuesday, when you gave the hearing on Senate No. 22. Oh, no thanks, you are not putting me to any trouble at all! I enjoy company."

They started down the macadam at a conservative rate. Madden, feeling himself in an equivocal position, lapsed into silence and stared with reluctant interest at the steering gear before him. He had always sternly refused to have anything to do with the things, and in spite of himself the newness of the sensation was rather tickling.

Then the soft spring air fanned his cheek more swiftly. Fielding was putting on speed. He really seemed to be a very decent sort of fellow.

"Suppose we take a little run down the Harrowtown road?" Fielding suggested, and turned into it without further ado, taking the corner with a neatness of finish which moved his guest to reluctant admiration. "It's even better here than on the road we just left. You certainly know how to make good roads down here! Oh, yes, we have lots of time. This old girl can make the Empire State Express look like a lame duck—that is, if I were to give her a chance."

The chairman of the committee on municipal corporations looked enigmatic and said nothing. He was not going to be inveigled into talking automobile bill. That bill was going to be reported next Monday night, and reported favorably.

There was a long straight stretch ahead of them. The big machine quiv-

ered and shot forward, and Madden caught his breath and closed his mouth suddenly against the strong wind beating at his face. The fences on both sides of the road began to fly past with lightning speed. The powerful motor whirled and throbbed like a great heart. It seemed to rise over space and annihilate it.

Madden felt very much as if he were riding on the tail of a comet. They flashed by a wondering horse, who snorted his dismay and galloped back across the field in which he was roaming; and somehow Madden felt no compunction that they should have scared the poor beast into nervous prostration. He merely straightened up, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and held on.

There was a scarcely perceptible twitch to the off side of Fielding's mouth as he slowed down again and gave his guest a chance to recover his breath and eyesight.

"Daisy road!" was all he said, devoting himself with affectionate concern to his cumbersome pet. "That was about forty miles an hour we went for a few minutes, and we never had a jar."

He seemed quite oblivious of the fact that he was scorching in Madden's own county, with the chairman of the committee which was going to report in favor of reducing speed to fifteen miles an hour; and the chairman did not remind him. In fact, for the last few moments he had forgotten it himself. Nor did he find it in his heart to call Fielding's attention to the fact that they were going in the direction directly opposite from home. As the young man had said, the roads in his county were excellent.

"Toot-toot! Toot!"

With one accord they peered over their shoulders at the machine coming up behind them. It was larger than their own, cream white in its beginnings, but splashed with mud from a long journey. It was not built quite so low to the ground, either. Madden did not realize that he was staring at the newcomer with critical eye to compare it with the one in which he was riding, but he did know that he felt a certain resentment at the impudent manner in which the white machine was overhauling them.

"There's a fellow with more conceit than any seven men I know," murmured Fielding confidentially. "He comes from up my way. He thinks he has the only machine on earth, and the way he brags about it would make you want to run over him."

"Is it a faster machine than this?" Madden asked curiously, and the young man thrust out his under lip in a brief sound of contempt.

"I don't believe it's as fast. He has been after me to race him this long time."

The big white car was just behind them, and a voice hailed them jauntily.

"Get that tortoise of yours out of the road, Fielding! I have sixty miles between me and home, and I don't purpose going by slow freight. I'll tell 'em you're on the way."

"Oh, don't be in a hurry!"

The white car had pushed its blunt nose beside them, but it got no farther after Fielding's serenely drawled reply. Madden felt the genuine sportsman's quiver of excitement in his muscles as he looked at the young man's intent face and felt the strong response of the motor to that slight movement of his hand. The machine shot forward, and almost in the same instant the white car accelerated to the same speed.

The fences began to flash by again, the wind beat hard against their faces. Madden blinked the dust and tears from his smarting eyes. He shot a swift look at his companion, but Fielding's mouth was drawn into a tense pucker, and Fielding's eyes saw nothing but his machine and the straight stretch of road ahead.

They drew ahead an inch, two inches. A strip of woods flashed by them as one dark blur, and Madden looked back at the white car. It had fallen back a little more. Madden hung on dizzily and breathed hard. He knew nothing but the thudding of the motor beneath them and the white car just over his shoulder.

Then it began to creep up on them.

Little by little, inch by inch, it came abreast. They gained on a curve; then the white car made it up more rapidly. Fielding looked up, laughed a little as if philosophically accepting defeat, and for one desperate moment Madden

thought he was slowing down. The man in the white car sent a taunting laugh over his shoulder as he pulled a few inches ahead.

"Oh, you idiot, let 'er out, let 'er out! You can beat him! Let 'er out, I say!"

Madden yelled it out wildly, and Fielding grinned. He gave a swift wink at the man in the white car. Then his own machine quivered and shook and sped forward.

One inch—two—three—they were even—they were pulling ahead!

"Yah! Yah! Yah! Beat the life out of you! Who's a tortoise now, eh? Ya-a-a-ah! Go sell that thing for scrap iron!"

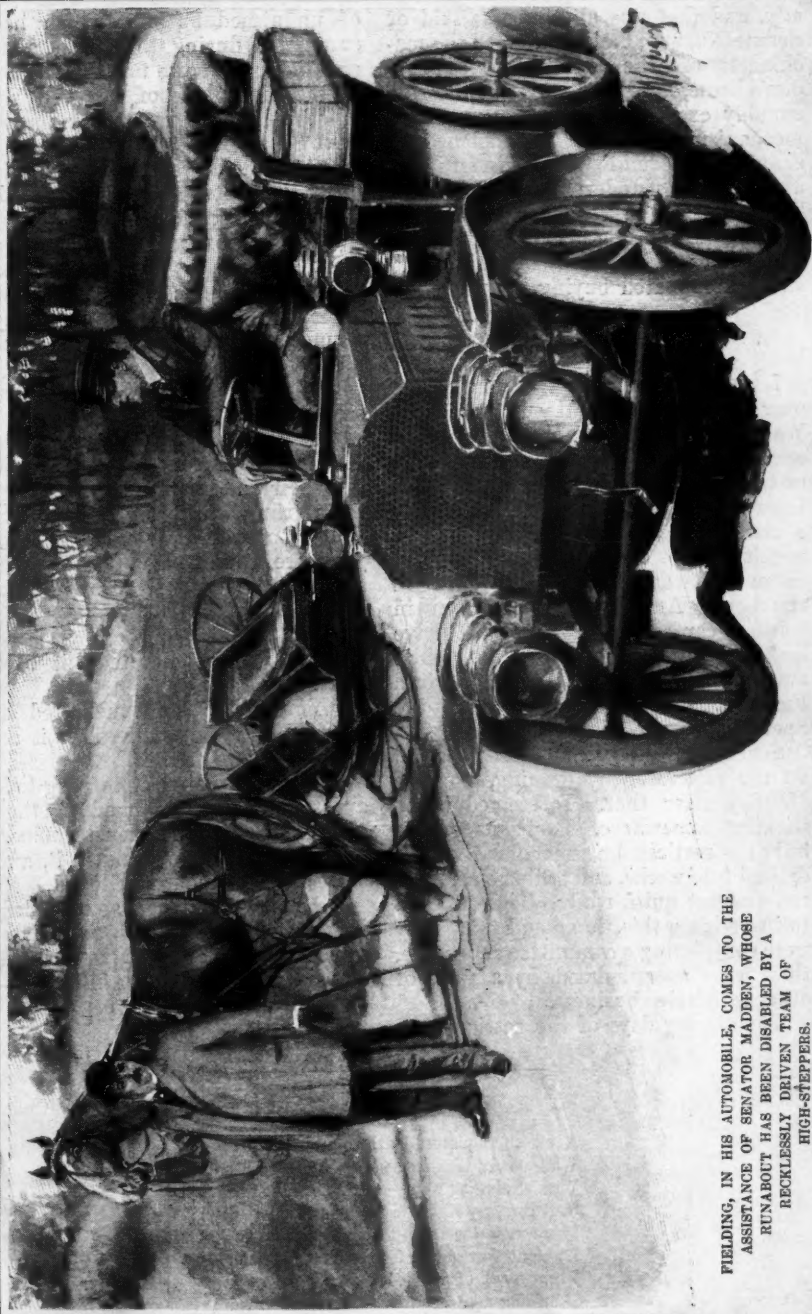
The chairman of the Senate committee on municipal corporations was leaning far over the back of his seat, waving his hat madly, shrieking gleeful revilement at the white car and its owner, utterly beside himself with excitement.

The white car slowed down and switched abruptly into a side road, and suddenly Madden remembered. He subsided limply into his seat, feeling indescribably foolish, and flashed a suspicious look at Fielding. The other was grinning his satisfaction in the most natural way in the world, with no apparent thought that the chairman had been betrayed into a gross inconsistency of conduct.

"Didn't I tell you?" he asked with modest pride. "That was the finest beat you ever saw. I slowed down that time to play with him, and beat him out at that."

They were once more going at a respectable rate of speed, and as they sent forth their warning "toot-toot!" and passed a team of farm horses, Madden was guiltily conscious of a feeling of irritation that the horses should dance so. Idiots, nobody was going to hurt them!

"That was a frightful speed we took on for a few minutes," Fielding volunteered casually. "It is not comfortable for steady going, but I am gathering roses while I may. When Senate No. 22 passes we shall have to crawl. Not that it worries me much. I shall move out of the State if it becomes a law. I've fixed my business interests so that I can transfer them on fairly short notice."



FIELDING, IN HIS AUTOMOBILE, COMES TO THE ASSISTANCE OF SENATOR MADDEN, WHOSE RUNABOUT HAS BEEN DISABLED BY A RECKLESSLY DRIVEN TEAM OF HIGH-STEPPERS.

"H'm," said Mr. Madden enigmatically, and that was all that was said of Senate No. 22. Fielding turned the machine toward the town which was Madden's home, and for the rest of the ride amiably exerted himself to explain its mechanism and working to a silent passenger. He even let Madden run it for a mile or two under his watchful eye. The chairman took hold and glued his eyes to the steering gear and the road, and felt as if he owned all this world and contemplated buying the next.

III.

LATE that evening, three men met over a jovial midnight supper at the Waldorf-Astoria, and more than one person looked over with a sympathetic smile at the smothered outbursts of laughter from that table. One of the men bore a striking resemblance to the careless imbecile who earlier in the day had taken two wheels off George Madden's runabout. Another, had he been in leather cap and jacket, might have looked very like the owner of the white automobile. The third was Wilfred Fielding, youngest member of the Speeders' Automobile Club.

Senate Bill No. 22 was not reported on the next Monday evening, nor the Monday after that. It seemed to be sticking somewhere. Partizans of the bill grew restless, but somehow the days drifted into weeks, and still the committee was not quite ready. They wanted to investigate this, to amend that, they were considering a committee substitute, they were overwhelmed by a rush of other legislative business.

The closing days of the session were

crowded and packed high with the jam of unfinished business which had accumulated during the delays and procrastinations of the first half, and deep in the pigeonhole of somebody's desk, unlocated, half forgotten by the public, slept Senate Bill No. 22.

It was the day after *sine die* adjournment that young Fielding strolled into the New York office of John Hammersmith, as unconcernedly as if every moment of the great man's time were not measured by gold.

"I have ordered that auto," he announced calmly. "It's the prettiest piece of work you ever looked at, and when you get the bill you'll have a stroke."

"You are a cool young rascal!" Mr. Hammersmith leaned back in his revolving chair and surveyed his visitor with some grim admiration. "I admit that you are a trifle smarter than I thought you were when I made that offer, but it stands. What have you done with the old one?"

"Sold it."

The financier elevated his brows a little.

"You'll do," he vouchsafed dryly. "And who is buying it, if it is any of my business to ask?"

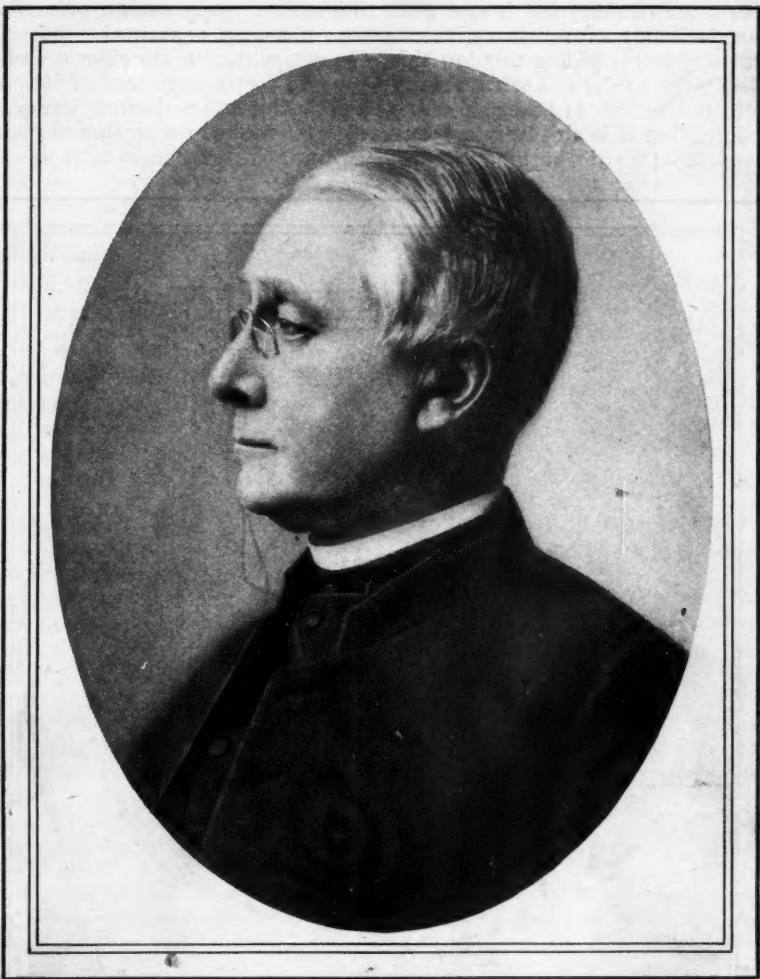
Fielding was already turning to leave, and stood with one hand on the half opened door of the private office. His eye had an unholy gleam in it, and the corners of his mouth twitched.

"Senator Madden!" he chuckled suddenly, and was gone, leaving Hammersmith to stare at the blankness of the closed door, slow wonder in his eyes, and on his lips the sardonic beginnings of a smile.

A SUMMONS.

A PENCILLED picture by the crowded street;
White flocks that feed where sky and hilltop meet
With shadowing elms—dear home-hills far away,
Shut from my sight this many an aimless day!
There wade the sheep through pastures flecked with gold;
At night they gather in the sheltering fold.
I hear a call of mingled joy and pain,
Bidding my wayward feet no longer roam;
Where wend the gray doves o'er the dear old plain,
There is my father's house, and there is home!

Cora A. Matson Dolson.



THE REV. MORGAN DIX, D.D., FORTY-ONE YEARS RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

The Greatest Parish in the World.

BY S. DEXTER HAMILTON.

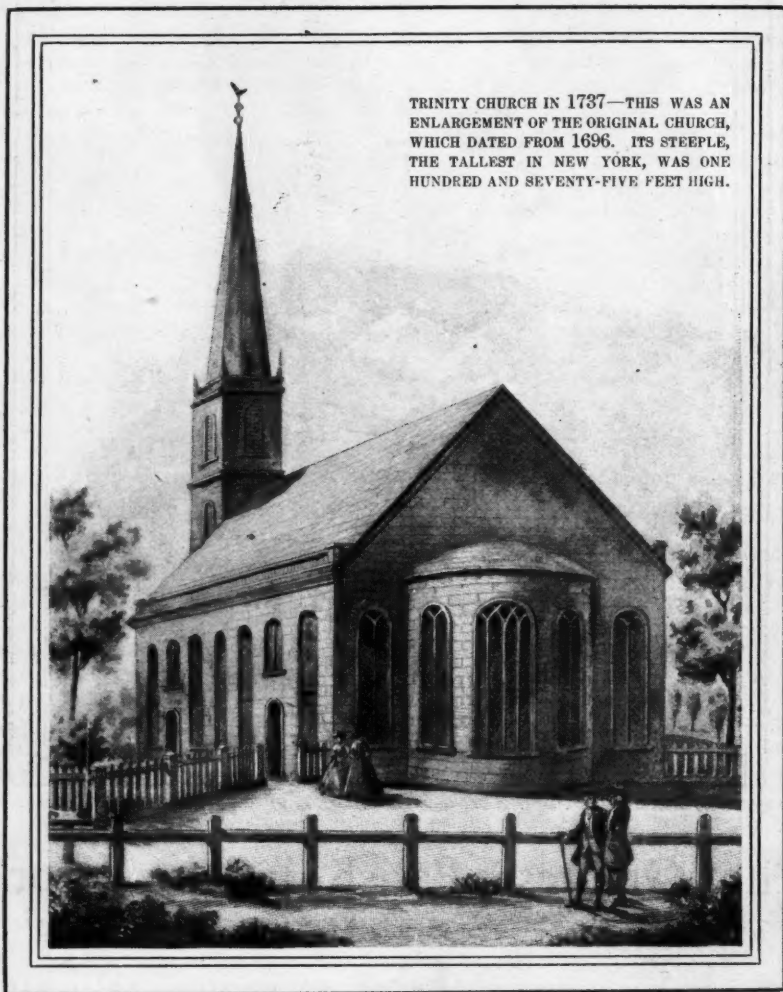
TRINITY, THE MOTHER CHURCH OF NEW YORK EPISCOPALIANISM—ITS HISTORICAL PRESTIGE, ITS GREAT LANDED ESTATE, ITS AMPLE REVENUES, ITS NINE CHURCHES, AND ITS MULTIPLICITY OF GENEROUS BENEFACTIONS AND GOOD WORKS.

WHEN the history of any institution becomes more important than its present activities, it is safe to say that its work in the world is done. As long as the two mutually support and grace each other, the past lending a venerable dignity to the present and the present continuing the distinctions of

the past, the combination is one that commands the highest reverence.

Not every one is willing to allow this blended glory to New York's Trinity Church. Some affect to believe, perhaps do believe, that it is chiefly interesting as a landmark; that its burning in 1776,

ing masterly suits against pretenders to its riches; an organization not always too scrupulous, in the view of such persons, in the management of its properties, having the real estate owner's passion for income rather than the zealot's enthusiasm for charity. It is among



TRINITY CHURCH IN 1737—THIS WAS AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE ORIGINAL CHURCH, WHICH DATED FROM 1696. ITS STEEPLE, THE TALLEST IN NEW YORK, WAS ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE FEET HIGH.

and the fact that Washington retired to its chapel of St. Paul for prayers after his inauguration ceremony, are among its most modern claims to renown. To others, Trinity Church means Trinity Corporation, a rich and powerful organization owning lands and long leases of lands; renting out tenements; conduct-

such as these that are found those credulous souls who seize upon and spread, perhaps even originate, reports to the effect that the Easter flowers at Trinity cost twenty thousand dollars.

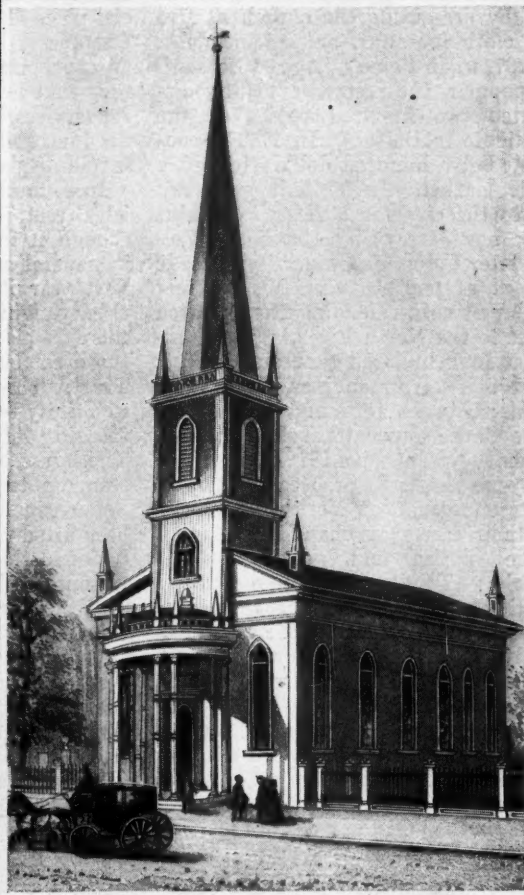
Again, there are those so bound up in the present work of the famous church that the perspective of its past is lost

upon them. These are those who teach in its sewing schools, who visit the sick in its hospitals, its poor in their homes, who drill boys in its gymnasiums or instruct them in the arts of carpentry and iron-work, who rescue sailors from the water-side perils that beset Jack ashore, who teach English to foreigners, who save the poverty-stricken dead from nameless graves, who brighten poor homes with flowers—those who busy themselves, in short, with all the complex and manifold missions which charity includes in a great city.

There is something to be said in favor of each of these views. Trinity is the preëminent church of the Protestant Episcopal faith in the New World. Its history is the most dignified and interesting. Its holdings are the most valuable, and as a business corporation it is conducted with the greatest executive ability. It is a wide-reaching philanthropic center. Historically it is not less interesting, though the tales of it are less grim, than any of the old Congregational churches of New England, where "the shortest way with dissenters" and with witches was once a topic of great religious importance.

TRINITY, MOTHER OF CHURCHES.

It is the mother of churches. Up and down New York and throughout the State steeples rise and bells ring that would have had no existence but for



TRINITY CHURCH AS REBUILT AFTER THE REVOLUTION, THE OLD CHURCH HAVING BEEN DESTROYED IN THE GREAT FIRE OF 1776.

the early munificence of this old foundation. From the days when cage, pillory, and whipping-post stood before the City Hall, and the first square little church edifice was planned, the days when the Bishop of London, Dr. Henry Compton, was made its nominal rector by King William III, through the line of be-wigged and powdered clergymen, Tories and Whigs, down to the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Trinity has been not only the richest church of its denomination in the American metropolis, but the most generous.

Its early gifts read quaintly enough now. It began its career as a giver in 1745 by presenting the church at Rye with cloth for altar, pulpit, and desk. In 1797, when Paine's "Age of Reason" was popular, the vestry of Trinity distributed two hundred copies of the "Antidote to Deism." In 1771 it contributed five hundred dollars toward a public market. In 1765 it gave two lots to the city for a ferry to Paulus Hook, now Jersey City. To King's College, later Columbia University, it made a grant of land between Murray and Barclay Streets, extending from Church Street to the North River, a grant valued at four hundred thousand dollars. In 1798 it gave money and lots to St. Mark's; between 1804 and 1811 it put Grace Church upon its feet with a gift of twenty-five lots. In 1812 it presented thirty-three lots to St. George's. Both of these famous New York churches began their careers as chapels of Trinity.

The parish now contains nine churches—Trinity itself, the dignified building set in seeming incongruity at the head of the busiest, the most material and worldly street on earth; St. Paul's, a little farther up Broadway; St. John's, on Varick Street, surrounded by warehouses and tenements; Trinity Chapel, on Twenty-Fifth Street near Broadway; St. Chrysostom's Chapel, at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-Ninth Street, in the midst of a colored district; St. Augustine's Chapel, on Houston Street, between the Bowery and Second Avenue, commanding the work of the densely crowded lower East Side; St. Cornelius' Chapel, on Governor's Island, the most ideally situated of all the churches; the imposing St. Agnes', on Ninety-Second Street, near Columbus Avenue; and St. Luke's Chapel, on Hudson Street.

THE WORK OF THE GREAT PARISH.

The activities of these chapels are varied. All of them have the regulation pursuits, the mothers' meetings, the district visitors, the kindergartens, the sewing classes, and the like. In addition, each of them has its own particular work in the world. St. Paul's devotes a good deal of attention to seamen, in spite of the fact that Trinity Parish is

one of the large donors to the Seamen's Mission. The old chapel is also the official place of worship for the New York Chapter of the Sons of the Revolution, an appropriate choice when one remembers that here Washington often came for services, that here a pew was reserved for him, and that here his coat of arms is still displayed.

In connection with St. John's, in Varick Street, Trinity Hospital is run, although it is an activity of the parish in general and not of the chapel itself. Last year it treated two hundred and twenty-eight patients. At St. John's there is also a cooking school, one of those established under the Eggleston Trust. This bequest, by the way, made to Trinity two years ago, has greatly increased its practical philanthropies. The house of Professor Thomas Eggleston, on the west side of Washington Square, included in the inheritance, has been fitted up for the work for which he designed the fund. Here are a manual training school in which carpentry, sloyd, joinery, and kindred subjects, are taught. Here are a school for work in iron and leather, a drawing school, and a school of stenography. Here, too, are cooking and laundry classes. At St. Augustine's Chapel, cooking, laundry, and general domestic work classes have all been established under the terms of Professor Eggleston's will.

TWO CENTURIES OF TRINITY'S HISTORY.

In Trinity Chapel hang the portraits of all the rectors from the Rev. Compton to the Rev. Dr. Dix. To Dr. Vesey, who was the rector for nearly fifty years—from 1697 to 1746—the early prosperity of the church is largely due. His salary was one hundred pounds a year. Under him the congregation grew rapidly, and in 1720 the church was enlarged. A description of it written in 1737 describes it thus:

It stands very pleasantly on the banks of Hudson's River, and has a large cemetery on the east side. Before it a long walk is railed off from the Broad Way, the pleasantest street of any in the town.

It was during Dr. Vesey's rule that Trinity received the grant that was the source of its great wealth. In 1705 a tract of land known as the Queen's Farm was made over to the church corpora-



CHILDREN OF THE PARISH SCHOOLS COMING THROUGH THE CHURCHYARD OF ST. PAUL'S FROM SERVICE IN THE HISTORIC CHAPEL—IN THE BACKGROUND ARE SOME OF THE TALLEST OF NEW YORK'S TALL BUILDINGS.

From a photograph by Underhill, New York.

tion. It extended from St. Paul's Chapel to Skinner Row, now more pompously known as Christopher Street. It was considered of no great value, and was described as "a wild marshy spot of no inconsiderable extent, surrounded with bushes and bulrushes, which in winter is a favorite place for skaters, and at certain seasons for gunners."

For a long time this property yielded no income whatever. The first mention of it as a source of revenue was in 1750, when it was rented to one Adam Vandenberg for two hundred dollars a year, he promising to cut no timber or wood off the farm, and to leave on it one thousand one hundred and ninety panels of sufficient fence.

As the growth of the city made the immense value of the tract apparent, Trinity was not ungenerous with it. Most of it has been given away. Colum-

bia, Trinity School, St. George's Church, St. Mark's, and Grace Church all received considerable slices of it. Even some of the Presbyterian churches had gifts.

For eighteen years after Dr. Vesey's death Dr. Barclay was the rector of Trinity. He was followed by the Rev. Samuel Auchmuty, a man of Scotch parentage, born in Boston and graduated from Harvard.

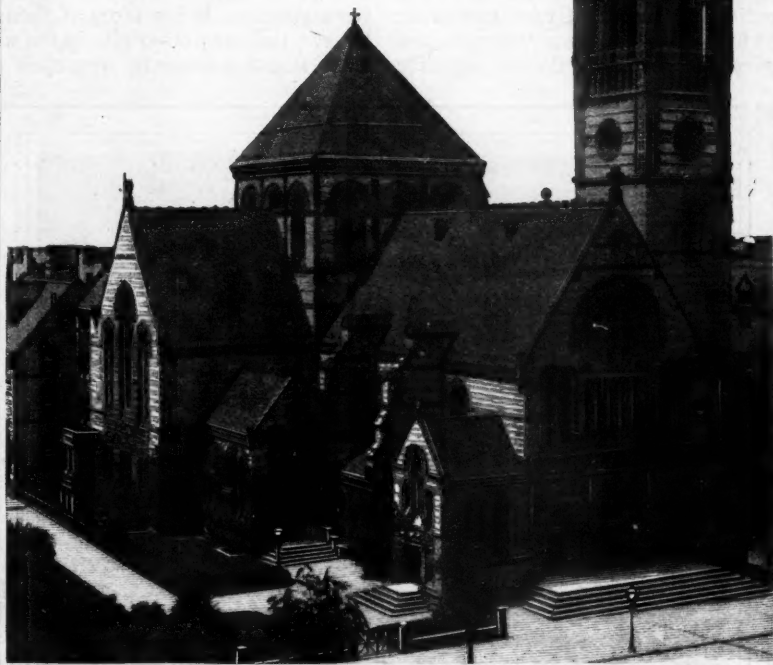
During the Revolution, Trinity was not popular with good citizens. Its connection with England was too intimate; and the sympathies of its clergymen were too widely known to be Tory. During the occupation of New York by the Revolutionary troops the church was closed, but when the British captured the city it opened again, the Rev. Mr. Inglis, one of Dr. Auchmuty's assistants, conducting services.



THE TRINITY CHURCH OF TO-DAY—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR, LOOKING TOWARD THE CHANCEL.

After the Revolution, in 1784, the Rev. Samuel Provoost was elected the first rector under the new régime. Dr. Moore succeeded Dr. Provoost in 1800, and was followed in 1816 by the Rev. John Henry Hobart. He remained rector until 1830, when the Rev. William Berrian followed him. Since Dr. Berrian's death, in 1862, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix has been at the head of Trinity.

No history of Trinity is complete without the



ST. AGNES' CHAPEL, ON WEST NINETY-SECOND STREET, THE FINEST OF THE NINE AUXILIARY CHURCHES OF TRINITY PARISH.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

story of Anneke Jans. She was a Dutch-woman who died in 1663. To her and her husband, one Bogardus, the Dutch colonial government gave a tract of land west of Broadway. When Anneke died, the Dutch governor resumed possession of the grant, although there were heirs. Later, under British rule, thirty acres of the land went to Trinity.

There have sprung up from time to time persons who claim to be the de-

scendants of Anneke Jans. As such, they also claim, with a lofty disregard for the statute of limitations, the possession of the thirty acres which Trinity has held for so long a time. A suit brought more than half a century ago definitely disposed of the claim in favor of the church, but this has not prevented heirs from appearing in the most unexpected places, with the most unexpected names and the most unexpected lawyers.

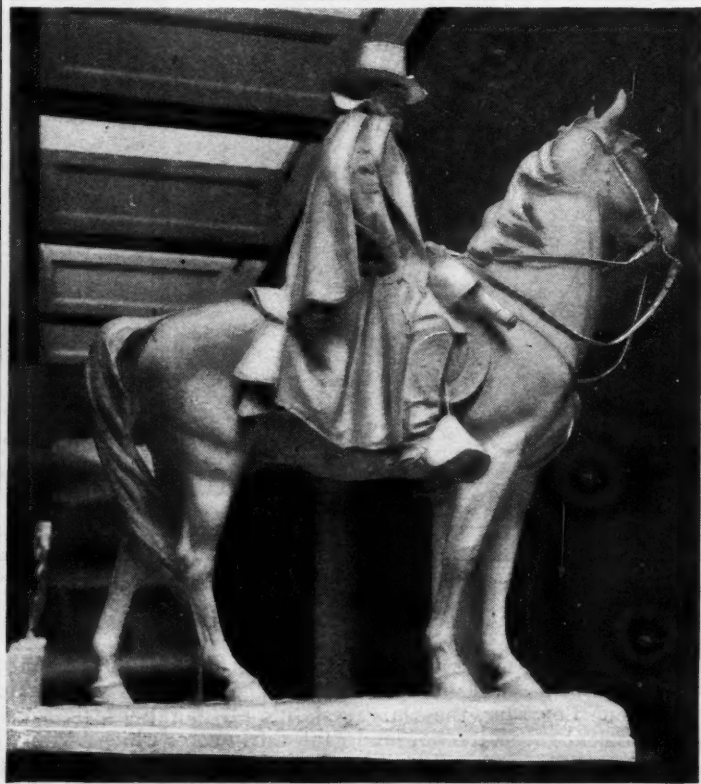
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Washington's Monument to Grant.

Washington is a city of monuments and statues, some of them artistic and noble, some of them pretentious and ineffective. A notable addition to the collection will be the Grant memorial, for which Congress has appropriated a quarter of a million dollars, and for

which Henry Merwin Shrady has completed the preliminary designs.

The central figure is a mounted statue of the great soldier, a model of which is shown in the engraving on this page. Washington runs to equestrian statues. It has more of them, we believe, than any other city in the world. This is not commonly regarded as a



THE MODEL FOR THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL GRANT, WHICH IS TO FORM THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE ELABORATE GRANT MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED IN WASHINGTON—THE SCULPTOR IS HENRY MERWIN SHRADY.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

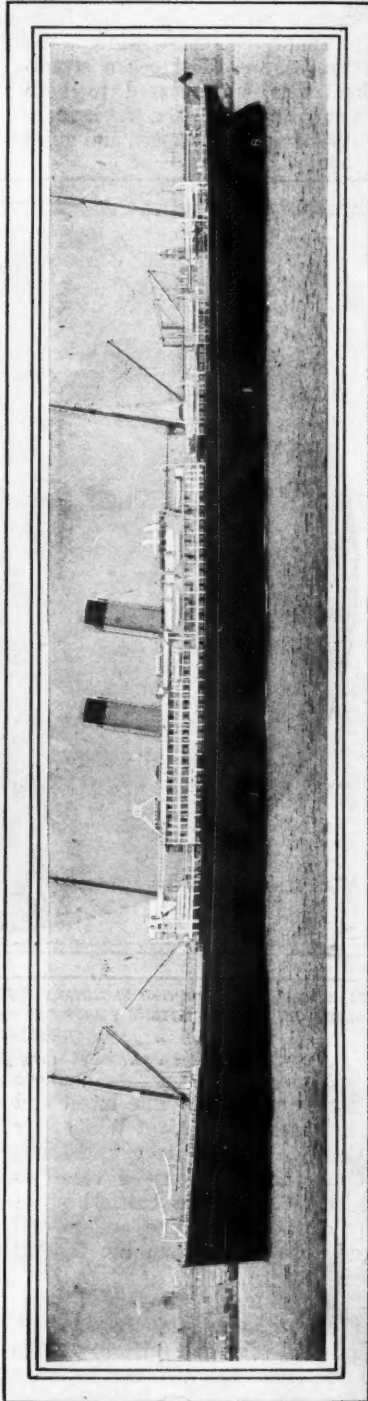
land in which the favorite popular hero is the "man on horseback," but some of our earlier sculptors seem to have delighted in posing their subjects on prancing steeds. A typical instance is the Jackson monument, representing the militant Tennessean balanced on a horse whose up-lifted hoofs perennially paw the breezes of Lafayette Square. When Thackeray, sight-seeing in Washington, was asked to admire this portentous production, he ventured to inquire: "But where are the rockers?"

It could hardly be doubted, however, that the soldier who finished the Civil War should be portrayed on horseback, and Mr. Shrady's design is in excellent taste, besides being a very faithful and characteristic portrait of Grant. It was accepted by the commission in charge of the work after a most exacting competition had been held, with more than twenty of the leading American sculptors as contestants. Mr. Shrady's thoroughly well-earned success was made doubly remarkable by the fact that he is a very young man, self-taught in his art, and employed in a match factory until about three years ago. He is a son of the well-known New York physician, Dr. George F. Shrady—who, by a curious coincidence, was General Grant's doctor and close personal friend.

The Liner of the Future.

It was a dozen years ago, and more, that the record between New York and Queenstown was first brought down within six days by the Inman liner City of Paris—which is still doing good service as the Philadelphia, of the American Line—but there are scarcely a dozen twenty-knot steamships now afloat on the Atlantic. The "greyhounds," whose exploits make so much noise, are relatively few in number. For every record breaker several steady-going liners are now built, and the reason for this is the plain, hard commercial one that it is the steady-going liners that earn the dividends.

Until the Cunard Line was virtu-



THE GIANT NEW WHITE STAR LINER CEDRIC, THE LARGEST VESSEL NOW AFLOAT—HER LENGTH IS SEVEN HUNDRED FEET, HER BEAM SEVENTY-FIVE FEET; SHE MEASURES TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND TONS; SHE WILL CARRY TWO THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED PASSENGERS AND SIXTEEN THOUSAND TONS OF FREIGHT, BESIDES A CREW OF THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY MEN AND TWENTY-FOUR HUNDRED TONS OF COAL.—THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HER LYING IN THE MERSEY, AT LIVERPOOL.

ally taken into partnership by the British government, this past winter, the construction of very fast ocean steamships had well nigh ceased in both America and England. But the launching of ships of moderate speed and great

coal space and fuel bills show an astonishing reduction. It is manifest that the earning power of such an all-round merchantman must be far superior to that of the headlong smasher of Atlantic records, and that especially in winter,



WILLIAM LOEB, JR., APPOINTED SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT IN SUCCESSION TO GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, ON THE LATTER'S PROMOTION TO THE HEADSHIP OF THE NEW DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1903, by Walden Fawcett.

tonnage goes on apace. The latest and greatest of these is the giant White Star liner *Cedric*, of seventeen knots and twenty-one thousand tons—a vessel as large as three first-class battleships of the type of the new *Maine*, and several thousand tons larger than the famous old *Great Eastern*.

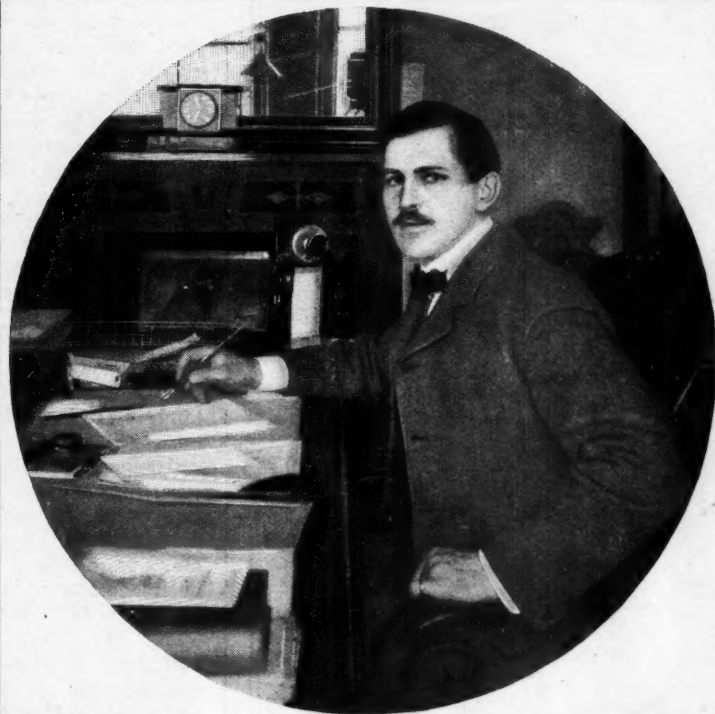
The long, lean, slippery "greyhound" carries many passengers, much coal, and little freight. Here, on the other hand, is a ship which carries many passengers and much freight, while its

when the west winds howl, and passengers are few, the big, steady-going ship with a good cargo in her hold is much the better investment.

All the companies are adding such vessels to their fleets, and the *Cedric* is an example the more notable because she follows closely upon another ship of the same wholesome class, but a few tons smaller, the *Celtic*, which came out in 1901. One conspicuous merit of these steamers of generous width and moderate engine power is that they are apt to

be stiffer and steadier than the "greyhounds," while their huge size makes possible an increased allowance of elbow room, a welcome broadening of all passenger accommodations. The Cedric is seven hundred feet long and seventy-five

and the Cedric; the Red Star Line has lately added the Kroonland and Finland of nearly thirteen thousand tons; the Dominion Line puts into service the Columbus of almost fifteen thousand tons and the Mayflower of nearly twelve



JAMES RUDOLPH GARFIELD, SECOND SON OF THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD, FORMERLY A UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER, AND RECENTLY APPOINTED COMMISSIONER OF CORPORATIONS.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1903, by Walden Fawcett.

feet wide. She has room for three hundred and fifty first-class, two hundred and fifty second-class, and two thousand third-class or steerage passengers, besides a crew of three hundred and thirty-five officers and men.

The building of these great, steady, economical ships seems to be one of the progressive policies of the powerful concerns that have united to form the International Mercantile Marine Company—the "Morgan combine." The White Star Line has the Celtic, the Oceanic,

thousand; and the Atlantic Transport Line, another component part of the International, is constructing the Minnelora and Minnewaska, of more than thirteen thousand apiece—the largest vessels yet projected in America. These are all first-class passenger as well as cargo steamships of the steady-going type—vessels that make from fourteen to seventeen knots, the liners of the present and the future.

It does not seem likely, however, that the Cedric will be surpassed in size for



ARTHUR PUE GORMAN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MARYLAND, WHO ON HIS RETURN TO THE SENATE WAS UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED TO HIS OLD PLACE AS LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATIC MINORITY.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

some time to come, unless the great new Cunarders exceed her tonnage. Larger vessels will have difficulty in entering New York harbor, and in finding proper pier accommodation when they have entered. The chief American port can scarcely afford to lag behind her rivals in this respect, and no doubt a deeper channel and longer piers will ultimately be provided; but for the present she has reached the limit of her capacity for the handling of mammoth steamships.

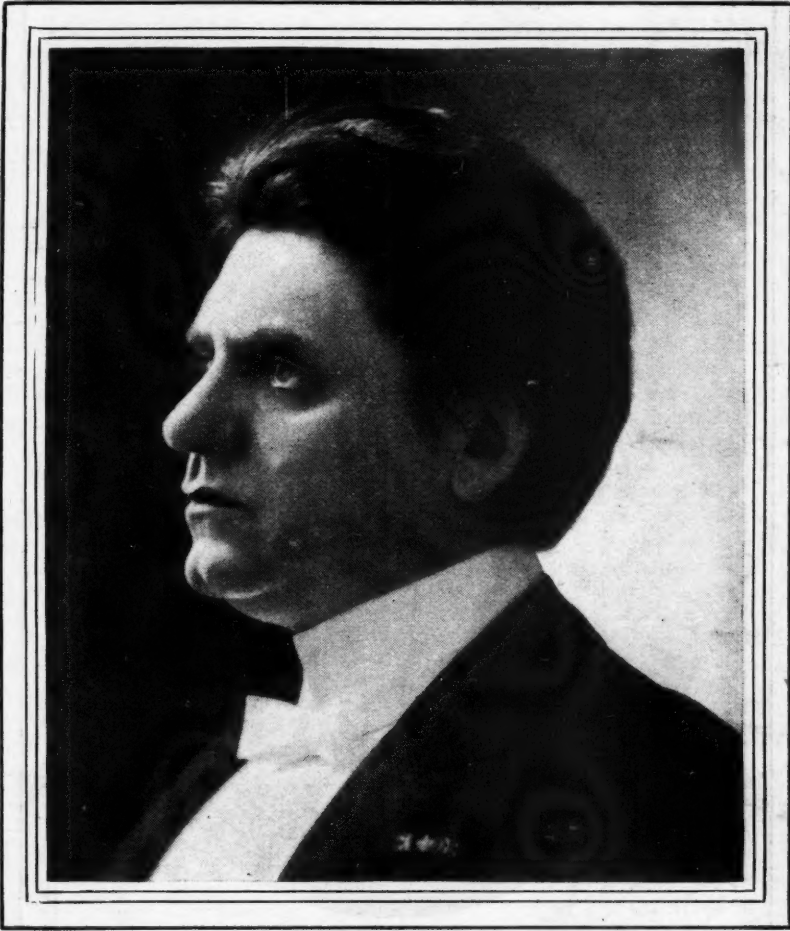
The Return of Senator Gorman.

The return of Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, to the United States Senate after four years of retirement is both an interesting and an important event. It was immediately followed by his unanimous election to his old place as leader of the Democratic minority. This has been widely heralded as marking a complete change of policy on the part of the Democracy as a national organization. It means, some political observers have declared, the "triumph of conservatism," and the "relegation of the silver element to the rear." It is "tantamount to an acknowledgment that the party's supreme needs at this juncture are caution, sobriety, and sagacity."

These are perhaps overhasty deductions. Washington is an important political center, but it is not the entire country. Mr. Bryan is still in the West, and he has a host of

followers who have shown no inclination to bow the knee to any Eastern Baal. Mr. Gorman's commission of leadership does not extend beyond the walls of the Capitol. Within those walls this accom-

As far as Congress is concerned, however, there is no doubt that Mr. Gorman's return means a new chapter in the history of his party. For four years the minority in the Senate has had no



HEINRICH CONRIED, WHO WITH THE COMING SEASON WILL SUCCEED MAURICE GRAU AS DIRECTOR OF OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

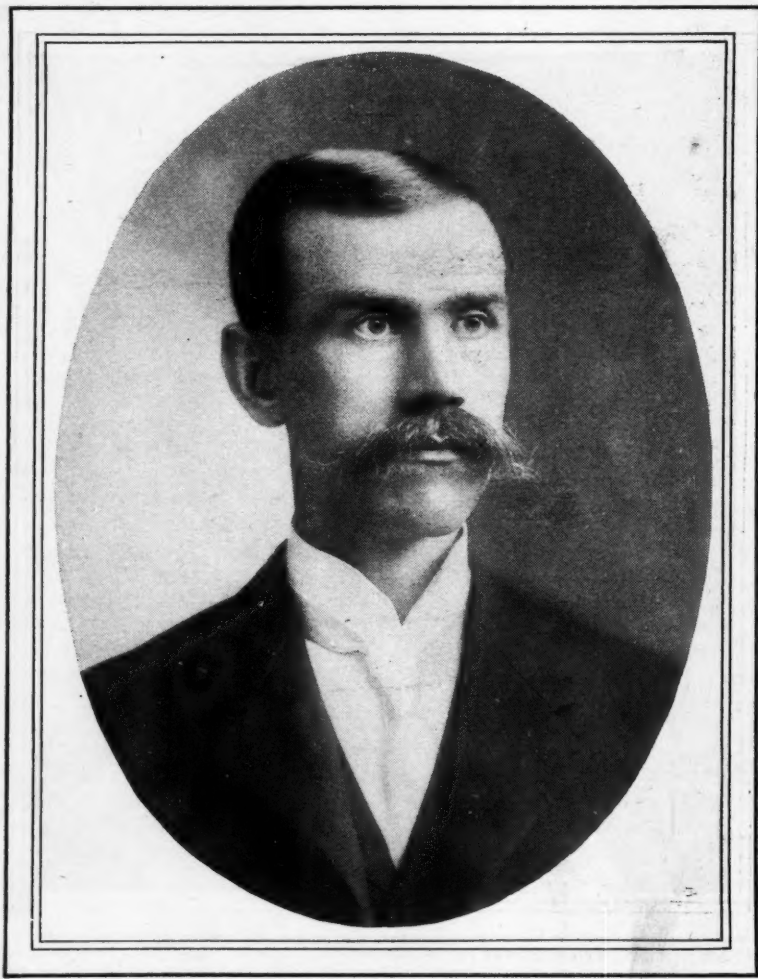
From a photograph by Pach, New York.

plished parliamentarian will be almost omnipotent in his party; but the conditions of a national convention are very different from those of a committee room. It remains to be seen whether the forces that proved irresistible at Chicago in 1896 and at Kansas City in 1900 will not again be in operation next year, and with the same result.

effective guidance, no definite policy, no fixed line of action. It has been groping here and there for an issue, and has failed to find what it wanted. It is safe to say that with Mr. Gorman in command there will be an end to a state of things which is unfortunate for both parties in Congress and for the country at large. The Democratic minority will

have discipline and leadership. It will still be weak in numbers, of course—in the Senate the Republicans have almost a two-thirds majority—but under a strategist like the Maryland veteran it

year-old page in its service. A bright boy in such a position can learn much of politics, and it is hardly necessary to say that the young Marylander used his educational opportunities. When he left



REED SMOOT, APOSTLE OF THE MORMON CHURCH AND UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH.

From a photograph by Savage, Salt Lake City.

will undoubtedly be able to put the controlling party on the defensive. That is the function of a parliamentary opposition, a function of no small importance in our system of government.

It was a little more than half a century ago that Mr. Gorman first entered the Senate—not as a member of that distinguished body, but as a thirteen-

the Capitol in 1866, after serving as page and as clerk, he was pretty thoroughly equipped for his later career.

After three years as an internal revenue collector in Maryland he was elected to the State Legislature, at first as a Delegate and later as a Senator. Then, in 1881, he was promoted to the United States Senate, to which he was

reëlected in 1887 and 1893, and again, after an interval of four years, a few months ago.

The New Director of Opera.

No radical departure in the presentation of grand opera in America is likely to follow the retirement of Maurice Grau and the advent of Heinrich Conried to the Metropolitan Opera House. It is probable that the change will be welcome on personal grounds to many who have regarded Mr. Grau as very much more of a business man than a musician; but it will scarcely be possible for the new manager to improve upon the artistic standards set by his predecessor. Nor, in all probability, will he be more inclined to attempt experiments in the line of guiding public taste into new channels. Next season's operatic program is tolerably sure to show a very strong resemblance to those of the past two or three winters.

Mr. Conried is, of course, a Wagnerian; it might be said that so are all musicians nowadays. One of the directors of the company responsible for the finances of the coming operatic season is reported as saying: "The very fact that he is German will make him the more careful not to overdo the German opera, will it not?" The director's logic may seem a trifle obscure, but there is no reason to fear that the favorite composers of the French and Italian schools will hereafter be banished from the Metropolitan.

The new first official announcements were of the reëngagement of a number of well-tried artists, of the old orchestra and chorus, and of several members of his predecessor's business staff. This same conservative policy will probably be characteristic of his management of the most brilliant company of operatic singers in the world.

A Mormon Senator.

The election of an apostle of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to the Senate of the United States is an incident that has aroused much comment and no small antagonism. And Mr. Smoot is not merely an

apostle—one of the twelve men who stand next below the president himself in the Mormon hierarchy, and who are regarded by their three hundred thousand followers as being the direct mouthpiece of the Almighty. He is much younger than the seven who rank above him by seniority, and he will therefore, in the due course of events, become the actual head of his strange church, the successor of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. Indeed, this place of power may fall to him during the six years' term at Washington to which he has lately been elected.

Now, the Constitution of the United States, in its sixth article, clearly provides that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust" under the Federal government. Nevertheless, the case of Brigham Roberts, who was barred from the House of Representatives three years ago, proved—if proof of the fact were needed—that there is a very strong sentiment throughout the country against the admission of leading Mormons to the national legislature.

True, Mr. Roberts was charged with polygamy, whereas Mr. Smoot is not. The critics of the new Senator from Utah admit that he is a man of reputable private life, as well as of ability and aptitude for public affairs. He is a prominent business man of Salt Lake City, and one of the richest in Utah. He is a merchant, a banker, a director of corporations. His ecclesiastical duties have probably absorbed but a small fraction of his time, for it is understood that they have consisted solely of attendance upon the weekly meetings of the board of apostles, held within the secret precincts of the Mormon Temple. But it is urged that the apostolic oath taken by Mr. Smoot upon his admission to the hierarchy is of such a character that he is sworn to an allegiance to his church incompatible with full loyalty to the United States government.

Whether such an obligation should properly disqualify a candidate duly elected to Congress by the people of a sovereign State is a point on which light will doubtless be thrown when the case comes up before the Senate committee on privileges and elections.

The True Love of Aaron Burr.*

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

WHILE in command of a Continental regiment located near Ramapo, in New Jersey, Colonel Aaron Burr rescues Mistress Theodosia Prevost, the widow of a British officer, together with her little son and her sister, Miss de Visme, from rough treatment at the hands of a band of marauding redcoats, and offers them shelter for the night at his regimental headquarters. Here he promptly loses his heart to the fair young widow—which but hastens his determination to break off all relations with Alicia Wendell, a married woman who has bestowed her affection on him somewhat unsought. When he does so, however, Mistress Wendell becomes furious, and in revenge goes to General Washington and denounces him as a traitor. Burr manages to clear himself, but nevertheless the American commander determines to have him secretly watched. Unfortunately, Washington selects for this service a Captain Francis Greene, who is a friend of Mistress Wendell and Burr's bitter enemy. In the meantime, Burr is very much troubled over not hearing from Mistress Prevost, for she has told him she is being persecuted by a British officer, Major Bellwood, who is seeking to force her to marry him under threat of making public a letter which would bring disgrace on her dead husband. Burr finally resolves to risk everything, and slips away from his post on the West Chester lines to visit her at her home in New Jersey. Greene sees him cross the river, but is prevented from following by lack of a boat.

VII.

THERE was no mutter of discontent in Aaron Burr's heart as he rode. The sun of his great joy cast no shadow upon him. Its heat warmed him. It urged him forward ever faster, till Tarquin reeked with sweat, and the trees flew by like live things.

The country was well known to him by reason of his many hunts through it. He had figured, at different times, as both hare and hounds, according to the varying fortune of war. Once, coming upon a village huddled in the shadow of a hill, he recognized, at sight of a knot of horses tied to the railing of the tavern porch, the probable presence of redcoat officers.

As he halted beyond the circle of light, they trooped out of the house, shouting a lusty drinking song, more forcible than polite. Burr turned his horse down the crossroad, vaulted a stone wall, and sped on through the barren meadows till the lights of the village were well behind him. Then he took once more to the highway.

His heart began to throb heavily as he covered the last miles of his journey. Paramus lay before him, and beyond was the Hermitage, nestling in its secluded garden. He pictured the tall

trees, and the glimpse of the house that one could get between the stone pillars of the drive entrance. That glimpse was all he had ever dared.

Disturbing questions now rose to unnerve him. What should he give as excuse for his appearance? He must invent some tale. But he racked his wits in vain—the tale would not shape itself as anything but wildly improbable.

Suppose she were away from home. The hour was late. Suppose she had already retired for the night. He could hardly rouse a sleeping household with no better excuse than his longing to see one lady.

No British battery had ever loomed so terrible as did the stone gateposts, when he came up to them. He looked up the straight driveway, and caught the twinkle of a light from behind the shutters of a long window. His throat went dry, and he swallowed hard. He was half minded to turn tail once for all, and gallop away from the sweet danger behind the twinkling light. But he had been lured to the rocks by an innocent siren, and there was no beating back out of danger.

He struck the spurs into Tarquin, and was up the drive like a flash, off the horse before his courage cooled, up the steps, and knocking at the door. Dead

* This story began in the March number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

silence within. He knocked once more, lustily. Then he saw the window go dark, and presently swift footsteps came to the door and stopped.

"Who is it?" called a woman's voice, and his pulses leaped as he recognized it.

"An American officer from beyond the Hudson, who begs brief shelter of Mistress Prevost," he answered in a muffled voice.

There was a pause within, then he heard her fix the chain-bolt. The door opened, perhaps half a foot; and at the sight of her big eyes and cloudy hair, shining like a nimbused saint in the candle light, he caught his breath sharply.

She lifted the candle above the level of her eyes, and the light shone full upon him.

"You!" she said softly, and started back a step.

He stood, hat in hand, and his face was an open page, to be read without effort. His eyes held hers. There was a sense of shock upon her, and with it a strange excitement. She felt something vibrant in the little pause that followed. Then she glanced down, laughed flutteringly, and unfastened the chain-bolt.

"You startled me, Colonel Burr," she said, mistress of herself, save for the cold trembling of her small hands. "You shone rather ghostly in the dim light. Will you walk in? I will send a man around for your horse."

"Thank you, no. He will stand well enough for a few moments."

"But he will not! 'Tis a cold, damp night. I shall certainly see him housed, if but for half a minute." She smiled. "Will you not come in?"

Burr crossed the threshold. The same helpless embarrassment had attacked him. She led the way to the room on the right, and Burr followed, his eyes fixed upon the trailing length of her pale gown. She moved about the room, lighting other candles, Burr standing still in the doorway. The room began to show cheerful in the glow.

"I was keeping solitary vigil, as you see, sir," she said, as she turned and came towards him. "If you will cease in your blockade of the doorway, I will send one of the men to your horse. And you must have some refreshment——"

"Pray do not trouble," he put in hastily, moving to one side.

It seemed to him that never was a face so rosy-tinted, nor eyes so full of suppressed laughter. She swept him a mocking courtesy, and passed him by, glancing back over her shoulder as she went. He stood like an image, until the last silken rustle had ceased. Then he sighed heavily and turned away.

As he peeled off his riding coat, he surveyed the room with curious eyes. So this was her home—her particular sitting-room, he judged from the books lining the walls and the growing plants standing in quaint copper jars. Yes, there was a writing table near the shuttered window, and a clutter of small account-books lying open upon it. She must have been working over them when he——

He moved over to the table, and gazed tenderly upon its contents. He touched nothing, but surely never were workmanlike pens and inkpots and fat leather figuring-books desired so covetously. He turned at the sound of his lady returning, and spoke quickly.

"I hope you will forgive the untimeliness of my visit, madam, but I could not ride by your door without trying for a sight of you."

Here he stopped dead. He had begun well enough, but in his anxiety he had exhausted himself. There was a sudden ebb in the flood of his eloquence. The source of it was run completely dry at the sight of her.

"You were in our neighborhood, then? 'Twould have been most unfriendly had you not stopped at our Hermitage. I hope it means no more raiding by your men?" she said sweetly.

She crossed, and settled herself into a big armchair beside the fire. Burr gained courage to take the opposite one. A warm happiness was seizing upon him. She looked fair, and sweet, and not unkindly in the firelight.

"Yes, I—I happened to be passing," he went on absently, his eyes roving over her, noticing each smallest grace and daintiness. He was not thinking of his words. "I wanted just to look at you."

She raised her kerchief to hide the swift color that came to her face at his

words and his look, but her manner was only seriously friendly when she spoke.

"We were surprised, and charmed for your sake, to hear of your good fortune and promotion, Colonel Burr. We were grieved for ourselves, because of the selfish desire for a good friend at court. Ah, here is Lucy," she went on, turning at the entrance of a negro maid bearing a silver salver laden with wine and sweet biscuits.

At a nod from her mistress, the girl set her burden upon a table and withdrew, bobbing a courtesy at the door.

"But tell me, is it not a dangerous post?" went on Theo.

"Not with ordinary vigilance. 'Twould not be wise, perhaps, to pay the British the compliment of forgetting them, yet on the whole we are easily used. But let us not talk of wars and armies. There are subjects more interesting. Tell me of—yourself."

She grew uneasy again under his eager eyes, and at something suppressed in his manner. His face was cool enough, but his hands were a little unsteady. There was a lack of repose about him. He was so vividly alive, and his voice, as he spoke to her, made a caress of the lightest word.

"Myself?" she said, smiling cheerfully, but with a strangely beating heart. "There is nothing but the usual hum-drum recital of a busy woman's life—her family, her home, her servants, her friends. It seems trifling enough in the hearing, no doubt; yet I sometimes think it were easier to go forth against an enemy and conquer him. 'Twould be over, then, one way or the other, would it not? And if one lived, he could surely sleep soundly afterwards. What think you?" She looked up at him, still smiling.

"Then you—do not?" he said.

"Sleep soundly? Oh, it matters not. Tell me, there is news from the front?"

"It matters much to me that you are worried, and threatened, and driven by a brutal fellow," said Burr hotly, "and that you send not for help, as you promised!"

"I am in no present danger, Colonel Burr. There is a short reprieve. I have often thought of your noble offer to help us, but I could not bring myself

to draw you into our quarrel. Had you been a member of our family, or even a friend—but you were neither. You are a brave-hearted gentleman, who has felt it his duty to help a troublesome woman, but the woman cannot allow it."

There was a finality about her manner that drove Burr to madness. He jumped up and crossed over to her. "Cannot you see—cannot you understand? It is only that you will not, that you do not want to know! I waited for a message, waited longingly for word from you. None came. I pictured you driven to an extremity, and could not endure it; so I came here."

She half rose from her chair, and then sank down again. Her face had gone white on the instant.

"You left your command, and came all that distance—across the river—to see me?" she cried.

"Why not?"

She laughed breathlessly.

"Why should you? It was a mad thing to do—an insane thing! You might have been shot, captured, killed, God knows!" She spoke a little wildly. He laid his hand upon the high back of her chair. She was looking straight up into his eyes. "You may be killed to-night, when you go back."

"Yes," he answered very low, "but what matters it? 'Twas insane, fool-hardy, silly, what you will; but judge me lightly. I had heard no word from you. I had left you when an instant peril seemed closing upon you. I waited, hoped, longed for a message. I began to picture you yielding to that man's pleading. The thought drove me frantic. Nothing in the world mattered to me but you—just you!"

He leaned over her. She was bewildered by the pleading of his voice, by the ardor of his eyes, the trembling of his hands.

"Theo, cannot you guess what you have brought to me? A thing to frighten me by its force, a thing that maddens me and yet raises me to the level of the gods. I love you! I love you!" he whispered. "Did you not guess? Could you not tell by my stupid face? It was writ plain for any eyes that looked upon it."

"You frighten me," she said very

low, putting up her hands. "You come too close."

"Ah, am I too roughly spoken, sweet?" He took one of the guarding hands in his, turned it over, and kissed the soft palm passionately. "See, I will stand at a great distance, even an arm's length from you, my beloved! I would not frighten you for all the honors of the land. I was thoughtless. I crave your pardon, Mistress Prevost."

"Will you, then, release my hand, sir?" she asked in a small voice.

"If you command it, madam." There was eager pleading in his eyes.

"I do command it," she said firmly, and he dropped her hand at once.

He walked to the mantel-shelf and leaned his arm upon it, standing in unmannerly fashion, with his back to the lady. He rubbed his eyes swiftly with his hand. A quiet settled upon the room.

Theo lay back in her chair with eyes closed. She could not say that the thing was wholly unexpected. Some such idea had lain unacknowledged in her mind since her first meeting with him. But the feeling he had aroused in herself confused and puzzled her. It was entirely new—a thing worlds apart from the comfortable affection which she had given her dead husband. This new emotion she could not analyze.

It took away her power of action, of thought, of resistance. It was as if something were drawing her to the man, and all struggle were futile. His voice had gone through her with a shock of delight. His lips had burned her hand, and were still burning it. She could not think with him near her, and think she must. She opened her eyes and drew herself up straight.

"Colonel Burr!" she said, and he wheeled about, facing her. "I am sensible that you have done much in coming here to-night. I thank you for your interest in our affairs. I regret that you——"

"Ah, do not condemn me thus, madam!" he broke in. "I know what you would say—that you would bid me go, and never show my face to you again. I beg you not to answer me to-night. I offer you not so much as others, perhaps; but no one could love you, every

smallest part of you, what you say and do and are, better than I. Body and soul, I love you, Theo!"

He stood still where he was. It was plain that he was in deadly earnest.

"You do not realize what you say, sir," she said, trying to speak calmly. "You are infatuated now, perhaps—or think you are—but you will get over it. I am a widow, older than you. Ah, do not look at me so, sir! You scatter my thoughts."

"Thank God for that, if they be hard ones."

"If you will but look at the fire," she said in a hesitating voice, "I will finish quickly."

He turned his profile towards her, and stood facing the logs.

"I regret that you have so spoken to me, Colonel Burr," she began again.

"I will glory in it to my last hour," he broke in, still facing the fire.

"You cannot love me!" cried Theo, forced at last from her calm. "You have seen me but twice."

"I have dreamed of you all my life," he said. "I have loved you from the moment I saw you beside the coach with the boy in your arms. I loved you before I turned my horse to come back to you."

Theo sighed softly. In the face of such vehemence as this, there seemed nothing left for her to say. No argument would beat back his stubborn attack.

"I am certain now that I should not accept your service in the matter of the letter," she said at last.

He wheeled to her again, blank astonishment upon his face.

"And why not, madam? This confession of mine alters not the original case. I have promised you the letter. You shall have it."

"And your reward, sir?" she said faintly. "You would not expect—demand——"

"How basely you think of me, Mistress Prevost! There was no question of reward, I think. I am not a barterer of ladies' hands, to demand yourself against your will. If you did not wish to come, I would never receive you."

"But if I did?" she put in suddenly, in spite of herself.

He started. "If you did," he whispered, coming slowly nearer her again; "if there were any chance that you did—you send me wild with joy!"

"Indeed, I said nothing, sir. I did not say——"

"You did not say—you thought! My little saint! You do not guess the tenacity you have put within me." He leaned over and looked for a long moment into her eyes. "It is a determination fixed in my mind to marry you, my darling." He straightened suddenly. "Major Bellwood—what of him?" His voice was businesslike.

"He was sent by sea to the Philadelphia army. He will return within the month. He writes that my answer must be ready. He is to visit me one month from the date of the letter," said Theo.

"And the date?"

"Was the twelfth of December. Two weeks are already gone, and my answer—is still unready."

"We will have it awaiting him, never fear!"

Burr flung his coat over one arm and took up his hat. Then he came back to her again.

"Alack, I must tear myself from Paradise," he said. "I may come again on that night?" he asked appealingly, and then, when she did not answer, stooped and very lovingly kissed her hand.

She blushed rosy as he did so, for there are various fashions, even in so simple a matter as kissing a lady's hand.

"You have had no wine," she said.

Turning, he poured a glass and held it out to her, but she shook her head. Then he did a daring thing. With eyes fixed upon hers and head flung back, he held the glass high.

"To my future wife!" he said, and drained it to the bottom.

"You are not offended—past recall?" he ventured, almost timidly.

"Sir, you have a high handed fashion! First you act, and then ask permission," she answered with some spirit.

"But I may come—on that night?" he persisted.

"If the British do not kill you or capture you, and the Hudson does not swallow you, I suppose you may come

on that night," she said, being somewhat angered by his last offense. "But I have given no permission," she added hastily.

And so Burr finally dragged himself away, stableward, won upon Tarquin's back, and was away in a rush.

The lady sat long, gazing at pictures in the fire.

VIII.

It chanced that various persons had set their steps towards the secluded house of Mistress Prevost upon that cold night of snow, the twelfth in the month of January, at the beginning of the year 1778. To each and all of these persons its inhabitants were of mighty importance, and its neighborhood an interesting one. In fact, the Hermitage was to receive more guests than it expected that white evening.

First of all came Major Bellwood, a heavy man upon a big roan horse, pounding solidly along the road from New York. The major was heavy not only in weight, but in every way—in his manners, his voice, his conversation; he had a heavy hand upon those beneath him, and a heavy frown for one who bent not this way and that at his word. He was one who used his superiors to his own ends, in spite of whispers against him in the king's army; one whose will was of that stubborn kind which will not yield, but must be ground to pieces.

Such, briefly, was Major Bellwood, now riding towards the Hermitage for the expected bliss of taming a woman of spirit. He was the first of the travelers to near the common destination.

Next came Burr, all the lover, eager to support and to defend his mistress in her need, even to the extent of repeating his former performance with six men and the river as his fellow players; Burr, who looked like nothing so much as a slender stripling—a David to cope with the English Goliath.

The river trip was made successfully, the British keeping no watch worthy the name upon so stormy an evening. They had not yet learned the lesson which the Americans were constantly teaching them, that of striking in the expected place at the unexpected time,

and the more stormy the time the better. But to Burr, just now, British ships and armies had resolved themselves into one man, and nothing beside counted.

The fact that another boat made stealthy crossing a little lower down the river, keeping almost abreast of his own, would not have troubled him had he known of it. The fact that a party of six men, one mounted, had abandoned this boat, had descended upon a comfortable farmhouse near the river, and had procured four horses at pistol point from the astonished householder would perhaps have troubled him more had he guessed that such highwayman methods were in order that he himself might be followed, and possibly captured.

Captain Francis Greene was much incensed because the farmer possessed no more horses.

"Now must I leave one man behind," he fumed, "and we may need him!"

"Had I known, sirs, of your coming I might have borrowed a horse and had it awaiting you," spoke up the countryman, plucking spirit in the face of outrage.

Captain Greene but cursed him loudly, and ordered his men off at all speed. One was left behind at the farmhouse.

"It is all very well to come in the name of General Washington, and to rob a man of his cattle, but what do I get for it?" the farmer complained.

"Why, a man to drink with you, and your horses returned to you safe and sound when they are done with. Come, cheer up, old man, and trot out the applejack!"

The two kept merry company till morning, the maid servants cowering in their beds at the clamor.

Meanwhile, with the loss of but little time, the party was upon the road after Burr, whose rapidly filling tracks in the snow were nevertheless plain enough to guide them. Had there been no snow and no tracks in the road, Greene would have hunted him out and found his enemy with only his hot hatred as a guiding star. And so was the list of Mistress Prevost's guests swelled by a party of five.

The last was coming from still an-

other direction. Mistress Alicia Wendell was not a woman to lose sight of a matter once begun. Her success in this affair still hung fire, and the fact chafed her spirit. She knew well enough of Captain Greene and his present occupation. Had she not recommended him for the post?

In return, the captain supplied her with news of his quest. Among other things, with a feeling of small triumph in turning the knife upon one who had wounded him so cruelly, he dwelt upon Burr's devotion to Mistress Prevost.

"He's daft over her. Goes often to visit her," he had said, and it had warmed his sick heart to see Alicia's passionate face.

Once before, she had ridden over to the Hermitage, determined to see her rival; but she had found the place deserted, the family being away for the week's end. This night was the second opportunity that offered. Her husband was from home; she was alone, and longing for mischief. The state of the weather but accorded with her mood, and the distance was not long.

The list of guests is finally complete.

IX.

It was because of a feeling that she did not try to explain that Theodosia Prevost dressed herself most splendidly that evening.

"Wreathing the sacrifice," Cis called it, and then proceeded to embrace the sacrifice heartily. "You are a vision of delight, my love," she said extravagantly. "That dear little gown, I like all the whiteness—but where are the pearls?"

"Oh, you wouldn't——"

"Wouldn't I? Indeed, we will make them stare! The pearls, Betty!"

And the imperious young lady herself clasped them about the white throat, just next the black velvet ribbon. Then she rushed away, to pluck a rose from the bush blooming in the south window, to dance back again and fasten it into the waves of the powdered hair.

When Major Bellwood was announced and Theodosia swept down the stairway and in between the wide doors, he turned deep purple at the sight of her,

and clean forgot to greet her properly. Instead, and in spite of the fact that he rather prided himself upon his manners, he stood staring.

"Is there to be a ball, Mistress Prevost," he ejaculated, when his thoughts came back, "or am I to be the unhappy witness of your marriage to some gentleman more favored than myself? You quite dazzle the eyes."

"I am expecting one guest beside yourself, major," she answered proudly.

"Then damme if the show's not for him! I was never before so honored." The major puffed out his cheeks wrathfully. "I hope he values his life, mistress!"

"Pray be seated, Major Bellwood. You fidget me stamping about in such tavern fashion."

The man stopped his noisy progress to stare at her frankly.

"The major had always a pot-house gallantry," put in Miss de Visme glibly, as she appeared at the doorway.

The major wheeled.

"Ah, so you are there, my lady? Age does not improve your saucy tongue, apparently. Jove, you are rather grand yourself, though too much of a red and white pertness for my taste!"

"You prefer them the color of skimmed milk, do you not, Major Bellwood? Blue with terror, and white with admiration of the major in his red coat!" Cis swept him an impudent courtesy. "Your Philadelphia sojourn has not improved your appearance, I see." She came close and looked him over disparagingly. Every button upon his coat was striving to contain his bursting indignation. He was swelling like a porpoise. "You have been eating sweets, and they have not agreed with you. Oh, fie, fie! You are not nice looking!"

So might a sportive lamb frisk and dance before the very jaws of the wolf ready to devour her. The major could not fairly believe his ears. He had come secure in the knowledge that awaiting him would be a household of trembling women; he found this, instead. Never before had they dared to treat him so; if they had not actually cowered, it had been their pride only that prevented them. Here was a state

of things—rebellion, patent and open upon the one hand, and on the other—he glanced at Theo in her bravery—a smiling security that appalled him.

He felt hurriedly in the breast of his coat for the fatal cause of it all, the letter. It was safe enough. For the moment the horrible thought had flashed that it might have been lost or stolen from him, and that they might have gained possession of it. But no! Then what could it be? His anger and amazement burst all bounds.

"Zounds, madam," he bellowed, "what is the meaning of this frivolity? Is there some exquisite jest of which I miss the point? Is there anything amusing in my appearance? It does not seem that you can realize the import of my visit—that I have come from Philadelphia for your answer to a question—that I hold it in my power to disgrace you all—"

"Oh, sir," breathed Theo, shocked at his violence, "do not speak so loudly! We but felt a little happy—"

"Happy? A changed state of affairs. You were wearing long faces when I left. What's caused the change? The new man—your precious visitor, perhaps!"

"It amazes me that some people yell most loudly and storm most animal-like at the very persons they profess to love," put in Cis suddenly.

"You will hold your tongue or be sent from the room!" yelled the major. "I think I'm in command here just now."

"Not yet, Major Bellwood," spoke up Theo with spirit. "I am still mistress in my own house."

"That girl leaves the room at once or I do—with a result that may not be pleasant!" The man's face was working with rage. "The trollop! The wench!"

"If you cannot control your tongue, sir, you will certainly leave the house at once! Cicely, sit down. On no account are you to go." Theo was the calmest of the three. Her voice was as low-pitched as usual. "Perhaps you think that empty noise may frighten us, sir. You do not alarm me."

"Then what the devil has caused the change?" cried Bellwood, but a little

less loudly. "Do you realize what it means to anger me? You used to tremble, my lady, though you tried to hide it. Conditions have not altered on my side. The letter I hold is as poisonous as ever. But something has given you new confidence, madam."

"It is true that we have gained a friend, Major Bellwood, since last we saw you," said Theo, her eyes looking past the man with a strange shining in them. "A noble friend, who is very dear to us."

At this his rage broke forth anew. "Faith, then, where is the precious jackanapes—the noble friend you love so well?" he repeated mockingly. "He seems to be of the kind that does not show himself—prefers to skulk when I am here to face! I'd like to meet this friend of yours!"

"Look just behind you, sir," said Theo, and the major, after a stare at her, turned, still laughing. He really was startled, though he tried not to let it appear; he tried still to keep up his sneering laugh, but the effort was visible to all. The sight of Burr in the doorway, leaning forward slightly, both hands upon his sword, in a position that seemed to announce him ready and waiting for whatever came by—this sight sickened the major a trifle. His nerves were none of the steadiest, as his purple face attested, but he managed to continue his laugh.

"By all the gods," he cried, "my old friend Burr as a guardian of virtue, and a model of propriety! Oh, ho, ho! Why, ma'am, 'tis damaging to your reputation to receive him. How did you ever get in with them, Burr? They are not your kind, I'll swear." He sank into a chair, still chuckling. "'Tis equal to a play, egad. 'Our noble friend! Faith, 'tis ludicrously funny!"

"The cream of the jest will come presently, major," said Burr at length. "It will rise at that exact moment when you hand over to me that paper which you have sticking in the breast of your coat."

The Englishman's laugh stopped short. If he had been startled before, he was unable to believe his senses now. Burr waited patiently, while the man's look of amazement merged into one of

understanding, which in turn changed to a choking, speechless, sputtering indignation. This last remained fixed until the major found his tongue.

"Sir, you are an impudent villain!" he exclaimed. "You boast of a thing you would not dare to attempt! You are talking idly to impress these ladies!"

"All the same, I shall deprive you of that letter before you leave the room," said Burr pleasantly.

"Oh, I suppose you speak with authority," said the major, rising and coming forward. "'Tis easy to be high-handed when you have a man at your mercy. No doubt there is a company of horse about the house now, ready to capture me."

"The major overrates himself. I come absolutely alone."

"By Heaven, I'll not believe it! I'll look for myself," cried Bellwood, again starting forward, but Burr blocked the way.

"Pardon me—after you have delivered that letter."

"What letter, you prating fool? I have no letter!"

"Again pardon—I understand otherwise. You have a most important sheet of paper under your coat. I knew it was there, even before you clapped your hand to the place a moment since. You are really no diplomat, major. I have come some distance, at considerable trouble, to get that very paper, and I do not accept disappointments. If you prefer a warlike course, we will fight for it."

"Of course you'd rather talk for it, you cowardly devil!"

"Much rather, but in that field the major is no match for me. 'Twould be an unfair encounter."

"Well, of all the blasted impudence!" The men measured each other silently for a moment. Then Bellwood burst out: "It passes me how you come to be mixed up in this affair. You jump from God knows where, and land in the middle of a private business of my own." He glanced at Theo, who was sitting quietly, with her sister's hand resting upon her shoulder. "I suppose we have madam to thank." Then he laughed unpleasantly. He be-

gan slowly to unbuckle buttons and straps, with the air of a man who finds himself ill-used. "It's not an honorable thing to take a man into a duel cold-blooded!"

"We have said nothing about Major Bellwood's honorable methods in dealing with two ladies. If we expressed our opinions, he might turn hot-blooded enough to suit himself," said Burr. "I see you preparing, major. May I beg that the ladies withdraw for five minutes?"

Mistress Prevost stood up. Her face was colorless, and her lips trembled piteously. She looked at Burr as if there were comfort for her fears in the sight of him. She was terrified to observe his air of buoyancy, of undismayed excitement.

"Major Bellwood is a wonderful swordsman," she said to the American colonel, with the loving desire to warn him if she could.

"So I have heard," answered Burr. "'Tis a pleasure to meet him!" His voice, when he spoke to Theo, seemed to carry in its tone the tenderness of his love for her. "Will you go now, Mistress Prevost?"

She held out her hand to him, and he caught it in his own. She had completely forgotten the staring major and the bright eyes of pretty Cicely. Burr conducted her to the door with a little flourish.

Cicely followed. Both women turned and swept down into the stately inclination of the times. The gentlemen bowed low, and Burr softly closed the door behind them. Then he locked it quickly, whirled about into position, and threw off his coat.

"You devil!" spoke the major, between his shut teeth. "You'll pay now!"

"On guard, sir!" said Burr quietly, and without words they set to.

Indeed, once started, they had no breath for words. Bellwood came on like a very whirlwind of steel, and Burr was forced back slowly, fighting desperately, with his work laid out for him in merely defending himself. The lightning-like quickness of the attack would have unnerved a man less cool. It was to his swiftness that Bellwood

pinned his faith. The strain upon himself was great, but these were the tactics that had won him victory before, and that he counted on to do so here. It angered him that the man did not give way at once.

"I near had you then, devil!" he panted once when Burr, in his backward course, stumbled against a chair and recovered himself only just in time. The other did not answer him.

The shiver of steel, the mad stamping of feet, the major's sudden cry, sent a shudder of mortal fear over Theo, who was crouching silently on the other side of the door. She was in a dream of terror, and heard as through a haze the sound of heavy knocking on the outer door, and the tramp of feet on the steps.

All her thought was concentrated upon what was happening beyond the door of her sitting-room. Knocks were as the falling of snowflakes to her deaf ears; but Cis heard, and wondered, looking over her shoulder in the direction of the doorway.

Louder and more imperative came the pounding upon the door. More and more wildly the major came on, for he was growing maddened at the lasting power of Burr's defense. He himself was tiring, and he realized now that it was this very thing that Burr was waiting for, patiently biding his time.

The noise upon the outer door was deafening. Cis, seeing Theo oblivious, moved down the hall and stood, one hand upon the lock.

"It must be some one in authority," she thought. "We may all be arrested. But then it may stop murder from being done!"

She set her lips, unlocked the door, and was almost thrown down in the rush of men through it. They brushed her aside like a fly.

"There—where the woman is!" shouted one man in the din, and they made for the door of the sitting-room.

Theo, glancing over her shoulder, started suddenly to her feet. A very frenzy of action had seized upon her. She beat upon the door with her hands.

"Aaron, Aaron!" she sobbed. "Open the door! Open at once! There are men here! Open, I say!"

To Burr, the sounds outside had been

as mere buzzings of insects upon a drowsy day. The major was visibly weakening. Sweat ran down his forehead and beaded his heavy cheeks. His face was purple, and he was badly winded.

"Do you yield?" cried Burr.

The major just managed to shake his head. He attempted one of his fierce thrusts, but his hands were trembling, and Burr caught his sword easily and sent it spinning away to the fireplace. The major sank into a heap on the floor, with his arms over his face.

"Aaron, Aaron, my love," cried Theo

again, "has he killed you? Open, and let me in!"

Burr sprang to the major, ripped open his coat with quick fingers, and seized the letter. Then he unlocked the door and threw it wide. Theo, with hands stretched out to him, fell forward, and he caught and held her close in his arms.

Over the pretty head that rested on his breast, he looked astonished into the eyes of Francis Greene, standing with his men around him.

The major lay upon the floor, helpless and forgotten.

(To be concluded.)

AFTER THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.

THE strength that bore us through the battle's chances
 Draws back into the deep;
 Weariness droops on our beleaguered lances,
 And God sends space for sleep.
 The tide of night, sacred from wells of being,
 Flows softly overhead;
 As through the gloom I gaze, with eyes deep-seeing
 As one already dead.

In our slight camp, close circled by the foemen,
 Enchanted by the night,
 The iron men-at-arms, the girdled bowmen
 Dream fitfully of fight.
 Beyond the ramparts, where the steel-shod charges
 Tore into mire the plain,
 Dew drips on broken brands and riven targes;
 Death sleeps among the slain.

In this deep midnight of supernal vision,
 Despair and daylight done,
 Life blends with death, grown equal in their mission,
 And utterly at one.
 Too wise for fear and over strong for violence
 I catch their undertones,
 And seem to see from spheres of starry silence
 A valley white with bones.

Now at this last the lines of doom surround us,
 Implacable and strong;
 No mercy in the gloomy powers around us—
 We mocked their powers too long!
 But, unperturbed and free from hope or sorrow,
 Purged clean of all the past,
 We see through the red gates of fight to-morrow
 Dark fields of peace at last!

Frank Lillie Pollock.

BIBLES OLD AND NEW.

BY ANTHONY HARRISON.

THE MANY ATTEMPTS, AUTHORIZED AND UNAUTHORIZED, REVERENT AND GROTESQUE, MADE BY COMMITTEES AND BY INDIVIDUALS, TO IMPROVE THE WORDING OF THAT GRANDEST OF BOOKS, THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

ALMOST from the beginning, the scholars who have struggled to give the Bible to the people in an easily comprehensible form have been a fair target for abuse, verbal or physical. The heretics who sought to reduce it to the common tongue back in the middle ages frequently had to carry on their labors in exile; and occasionally they and their work made a neat bonfire for the edification of the orthodox and the warning of other ambitious meddlers.

When the Revised Version of the English Bible was decided upon, in 1870, the confiscation of Bibles and the burning of translators and scholars had gone out of fashion. But with the ceasing of these methods of prohibition a new fine art had been developed. Ridicule had been sharpened to a razor edge; verbal criticism had grown to be a thing almost as scorching as the flames in which Tyndale, in 1530, expiated the crime of persisting in the publication of his English translations. The conservatives of thirty years ago were as strenuous for the maintenance of all things Biblical *in statu quo* as the restless part of the population was eager for changes.

AN INTERNATIONAL DISAGREEMENT.

When the English committee decided upon revising the King James version of the Bible, they invited American scholars and divines to collaborate with them. A most imposing list of names, both British and American, composed the joint committee. For some fifteen years forty one scholars worked on the Old Testament, and thirty eight on the New. Bishops, deans, deacons, archdeacons, professors, doctors of divinity, all labored together; and at the end of their labors they were entirely unable to agree.

Such has been the history of almost all Biblical discussion, since there has been a Bible to discuss.

The English revision was published in 1885 in its complete form. The text had been amended to suit the preferences of the British committee wherever agreement had not been possible. The American preferences were published in an appendix. By the terms of a contract between the committees, the Americans were prohibited from getting out an edition reversing this process—an American revision, in fact—until fourteen years, the copyright period, had expired.

Just before the expiration of the fourteen years, the thrifty English publishers proceeded to print an edition of the Bible with the American preferences in the body of the work and the English in the appendix. Unfortunately for them, the American committee had meanwhile been continuing its meetings, and had determined upon further changes. Moreover, many of the preferences which had been waived in order that the English Revised Version might express as nearly as possible the joint opinion, the Americans decided to embody in their own revision. This was published last August, and met with a large sale. It also met with the inevitable criticism, just as the English revision had, fifteen years ago.

WHY THE BIBLE WAS REVISED.

The purpose of the revision was, first, to paragraph and chapter the books of both the Old and the New Testaments anew, so as to give greater continuity to the histories contained in them; second, to discard as many obsolete words as possible; third, to correct the translators' errors; fourth, to devise some method of

meeting the italic difficulty—which has baffled many an uninitiated reader of the Bible, the italic being commonly used as a means of emphasis, whereas in the Scriptures it has been employed to denote words inserted by the translator; fifth, to use in the body of the Old Testament many corrections of the old Hebrew manuscripts which are not shown in the Authorized Version.

Some idea of the task which these scholars and divines had set themselves may be gathered from the fact that there are a hundred and fifty thousand discrepancies in the various manuscripts upon which the revisers depended. In the Book of Job one thousand and four changes were made by the English committee, while one thousand seven hundred and eighty one were suggested by the American, only four hundred and fifty five being identical.

The result was by no means universally pleasing. The conservatives regretted the stately English of the King James Version; the radicals complained that the revision had been by no means thorough enough. Some people bitterly declared that though the revisers might have known Hebrew and Greek they certainly did not know English. The famous letter to the Corinthians in which the word "love" was substituted for the word "charity" was a sharp bone of contention. One side rejoiced with exceeding joy that even the most ignorant could no longer believe that almsgiving was the greatest thing in the world, while the other lamented that sentimentalists would have another quotation in favor of romantic passion—both of which contentions strike the ordinary reader as a little absurd.

FOOLS WHO HAVE RUSHED IN.

One might imagine that when authorized revisions meet with such sharp criticism, the unauthorized reviser would be a little wary of placing his interpretations before the world. But even since the appearance of the English Revised Version one painstaking man, Dr. Henry Hayman, has attempted to present the Epistles of the New Testament in "current and popular idiom."

Just what success he has met with in

this laudable undertaking may be gathered from some of the following examples. In the Authorized Version we read:

All day long I have stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.

To Dr. Hayman's mind this is much more easily comprehensible to the untutored when changed to—

All day long I stretched forth my hands toward a people refractory and recusant.

The beautiful thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, which most of the world agrees ought never to have been touched by even the most learned and reverent revisers, becomes a grotesque jumble in Dr. Hayman's hands. To him—

Charity is long suffering, is kindly, is void of envy, is not inflated, preserves decorum, avoids self seeking, is not irritable, imputes not the evil done, has no joy at evil doing, but rejoices on the side of the truth; puts up with all things, gives credit for all things, hopes all things, and endures all things.

The injunction, "Greet one another with a holy kiss," becomes advice to "exchange a kiss of sanctity with one another." As one of Dr. Hayman's English critics put it, it is remarkable that he did not substitute "osculation" for "kiss" in his endeavor to be thoroughly idiomatic.

OTHER ATTEMPTED IMPROVEMENTS.

Long before revision was ever thought of there were strenuous souls, generally living in remote country districts where the mind has leisure to dwell upon such themes, who longed to make the Bible a simpler and more idiomatic volume. One of these was Hezekiah Woodruff, who in 1852 attempted to put the Scriptures into homely English. The fact that John the Baptist's food was locusts and wild honey Mr. Woodruff states as follows:

His food was small animals and vegetable honey. Where the King James Version says:

Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees,

Mr. Woodruff gives us, as a more pleasing expression:

Unless your correctness should exceed the correctness of the clergy.

He shows a slightly theatrical bent in rendering the phrase, "The Son of Man goeth," as "The Son of Man makes his exit." In the scene where Judas came to Christ saying "Hail, Master!" Mr.

Woodruff has Judas approach and say: "Preceptor, your most obedient!"

In 1833 the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson of South Carolina evidently considered the English of the Authorized Version too crude for a refined taste. He relates the death of Judas thus:

And Judas falling prostrate, a violent internal spasm ensued, and all his viscera were emitted.

In describing Paul's appearance before Festus, where the original says, "Paul, thou art beside thyself. Much learning doth make thee mad," Mr. Dickinson says, "Paul, you are insane, multiplied research drives you to distraction."

Between the time of Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Woodruff, a lawyer of Maine, Mr. Jonathan Morgan, issued a revision into which he introduced a distinct legal flavor. In describing the voyage in which the Apostles were in danger of shipwreck while Christ was sleeping, he says, "And approaching they awoke him saying, Governor, Governor, we are perishing."

Where in the second Epistle to the Corinthians the Authorized Version says: "Sufficient to such a man is this punishment which was inflicted of many," Mr. Morgan maintains that "This franchise is sufficient for any one which is from the majority." And in Revelations, where the King James Version reads: "And before the throne was a sea of glass like crystal," Mr. Morgan remarks: "In the presence of the throne was a vitriolic sea."

The Rev. Samuel Mather, probably related to Cotton of grim New England fame, once revised the Gospel according to St. Matthew. How useful his revision is may be gathered from his version of the Lord's Prayer, which is as follows:

Our Father, who art in the Heavens; sanctified be Thy name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy Will be done, as in Heaven, so upon the Earth; Give us today our Bread, the substantial; And forgive us our Debts, as we forgive them who are our Debtors; And introduce us not into afflictive Trial; but deliver us from the wicked One; Because Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory for the Ages; Amen.

FRANKLIN'S BURLESQUE REVISION.

One of the most amusing things in the history of individual revisions is the fact that the satirical suggestion of Ben-

jamin Franklin in regard to the necessity for revision has been the theme for serious argument on the part of later commentators. Franklin, being a man of sense, erudition, and wit, naturally thought that the St. James Version, with such interpretation as could be had on Sunday morning from a moderately well instructed clergyman, was lucid enough for ordinary intelligences. But even in his day there were those that clamored for a Bible put into more recent English than that of King James. To show such the absurdity of such a course, Dr. Franklin himself undertook to revise a portion of the Book of Job. The old text which he selected reads thus:

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.

But the Lord said unto Satan: "Whence comest thou?" Then Satan answered the Lord and said: "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

And the Lord said unto Satan: "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?"

Then Satan answered the Lord and said: "Doth Job fear God for naught?"

"Hast not thou made an hedge about him and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the worth of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land.

"But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face."

In Dr. Franklin's burlesque of a possible revision this becomes as follows:

And it being levee day in Heaven, all God's nobility came to court to present themselves before him; and Satan also appeared in the circle as one of the ministry.

And God said unto Satan, You have been some time absent; where were you? And Satan answered, I have been at my country seat, and in different places visiting my friends.

And God said, Well, what think you of Lord Job? You see he is my best friend, a perfectly honest man, full of respect for me, and avoiding everything that might offend me.

And Satan answered, Does your majesty imagine that his good conduct is the effect of personal attachment and affection?

Have you not protected him and heaped your benefits upon him, till he is grown enormously rich? Try him—only withdraw your favor, turn him out of his places, and withhold his pensions, and you will soon find him in the opposition.

And commentators have argued wisely on the merits of this satire on the work of the revisers!

It is rather interesting in this connection that Professor R. G. Moulton,

who holds that worthy literary study of the English Bible can be done only in the Revised Version, has made a new Book of Job which finds great favor. He maintains that up to the time of the revision the book had been no more than a collection of sacred conundrums. To his mind the revision made it a drama at least as easy to follow as one of Æschylus or Sophocles.

SOME BIBLICAL CURIOSITIES.

Not all the Bibles which are to be counted among the curiosities of literature and of religion have been the result of crude efforts to improve upon the dignity and beauty of the Authorized Version. Some have gained their value from mere printers' errors. The Placemaker Bible is one of these. It was printed in 1562, and among the Beatitudes it contained the astounding statement: "Blessed are the placemakers"—a political view which one would not have expected to find current at that period.

Another curious Bible is known as the Treacle Bible. It was published in Queen Elizabeth's time, and inquired: "Is there no treacle in Gilead?"

Most interesting of all is the Wicked Bible. It was an octavo volume of

1631, of which only six copies are now extant, the Lenox Library of New York owning one. In it the negative was omitted in the Seventh Commandment, and there were other scandalous and unaccountable omissions and errors. Charles I ordered the printers fined three hundred pounds and the edition destroyed.

To all the ill considered attempts of individuals to revise the King James Version on the ground of its archaism, one very excellent answer has been made by the opponents of revision. It is that although the language has grown greatly since 1611 it has not changed in essentials. Shakspeare, these say, would be able to understand the English of today far more readily than he would that of men writing a couple of centuries before him. He and Browning are very much more nearly akin than he and Chaucer.

The beauty, the dignity, the sacredness, that come from long association and long use, belong to the version of King James. That other readings may be acceptable to scholars and wise for churchmen is not to be doubted, but that they are necessary for laymen of ordinary intelligence does not seem to be a generally accepted theory.

LOVE AND SONG.

(VILLANELLE.)

So long as Love is king
And rules the world with might,
There shall be songs to sing.

Music of reed and string
Shall gladden day and night,
So long as Love is king.

While there are birds and spring
With blossoms pink and white,
There shall be songs to sing.

There shall be lips to cling
And tender vows to plight,
So long as Love is king.

While there are bells to ring,
And words like jewels bright,
There shall be songs to sing.

Sweetheart, to you I bring
This promise of delight:
So long as Love is king
There shall be songs to sing!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Forty-Sixth State.

BY WILLIAM R. DRAPER.

THE WONDERFUL NEW COMMUNITY OF OKLAHOMA, WHICH, PROBABLY IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE INDIAN TERRITORY, IS TOLERABLY CERTAIN TO BE ADMITTED TO THE UNION AT THE NEXT SESSION OF CONGRESS.

LAND-HUNGER is a primitive Anglo-Saxon passion which has been the motive power of the settlement of the great West. The world at large first heard of Oklahoma fourteen years ago, when there was a dramatic "rush" to its newly opened lands. The stories which were told of that picturesque and exciting incident turned the attention of armies of home-seekers to this hitherto neglected corner of the national domain. Some of the settlers who secured the fertile bottom-lands won valuable prizes. Men who had never had a hundred dollars found themselves in possession of real estate worth thousands. Wanderers became prominent citizens of new communities.

THE LAND RUSHES OF 1893 AND 1901.

The appetite for free land was whetted to the keenest edge when Congress threw open the Cherokee Strip in September, 1893. This was a great stretch of good prairie land, adjoining old Oklahoma on the north, and purchased from the Cherokee Indians. It contained six million acres, but it was not enough to satisfy the vast crowd of home-seekers. Indeed, there were eight or ten would-be settlers to every quarter section. It was charged that those who won in the race did so by unfair means, and the opening disappointed many hopes where it gratified one. But the Strip, which was a mass of dead and blackened grass on the morning after the rush, and a bleak plain of snow during the winter that followed, bloomed forth anew with bounteous verdure in the spring, and has since abundantly proved its ability to support a prosperous population.

Greatest of all the land rushes, in

point of numbers, was that of two years ago, when the so-called Kiowa and Comanche country was opened. This time the government took measures to insure that everything should be done decorously and in order—which was a wise precaution, for a hundred and fifty thousand people had gathered along the border of the reservation, every man of them determined to get one of the thirteen thousand farms to be given away by generous Uncle Sam. Several weeks before the appointed day, registration offices were opened, at which all applicants were required to enter their names and to file affidavits declaring that they were qualified to take and hold a free homestead. Then the names were drawn by lot, those that had the good luck to head the list securing their pick of the free quarter sections.

THE OKLAHOMA OF TO-DAY.

Oklahoma now contains about four hundred thousand white people—an increase of five hundred per cent during the last ten years. The taxable value of its property is more than sixty millions of dollars. It has twenty-four million acres of rich and tillable soil; last year it produced twenty-five million bushels of wheat and sixty million bushels of corn. Scarcely any part of the Southwest is better watered. The Canadian and Cimarron Rivers traverse its length, and it is seamed with lesser tributaries of the Red River and the Arkansas. It has occasional summer drouths, but they are far less formidable than those of western Kansas and Nebraska. Indeed, no county is drouth-proof unless its lands are irrigated, and even then a dry summer may bring a shortage of water.

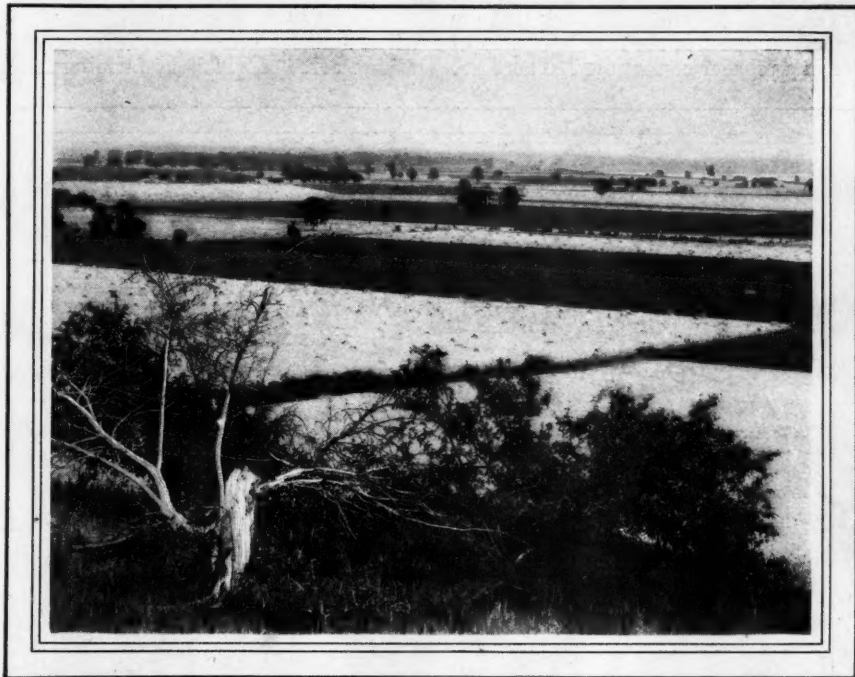
There is still room for the home-

seeker in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. It is estimated that during last year thirty thousand newcomers settled in the former and twenty thousand in the latter. Both countries are healthy as well as fertile. Their winters are mild; ice on the streams is rare. Their

and the herds of the Oklahoma cattleman graze in pasture fields fenced in with six strands of wire.

THE "BOOM TOWNS" OF OKLAHOMA.

The country has its towns, too, some of which have sprung up with magic



THE FERTILE FIELDS OF OKLAHOMA—"OKLAHOMA IS A GREAT STRETCH OF LEVEL PRAIRIE LAND, MOST OF IT BETWEEN A THOUSAND AND TWO THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA."

summers have hot days and cool nights. Oklahoma is a great stretch of level prairie land, most of it between a thousand and two thousand feet above the sea. The Indian Territory lies lower, and is a rolling country, with many gentle hills.

In its frontier days the history of Oklahoma was a sufficiently lurid one, but to-day it is as peaceful and quiet as a New England community. The savage and the outlaw have disappeared before the advance of civilization. The cowboy survives, but he is no longer the picturesque individual who wore buckskin leggings and a broad-brimmed hat, and knew how to lasso a steer at twenty yards. The big ranches have been cut up into small and well cultivated farms,

rapidity. The record for speedy creation is held by the young city of Thomas, Oklahoma. The town-site company that started this future metropolis was formed on an excursion train going into the Territory, before the site had even been chosen. The train was stopped, a suitable piece of land was picked out, and before night-fall the town had a saloon, a grocery store, half a dozen law offices, and all the other requisites of a border community in full blast, including a daily newspaper issued from its own plant.

Lawton, in the Kiowa and Comanche country, had a population of twenty thousand on the second morning of its existence. Its site had been staked out by the government as a county seat and

a possible prospective capital, and there was a mighty rush to its first sale of town lots.

The people of Oklahoma are energetic and enterprising Americans. Not five per cent of them are of foreign birth. The worthless element attracted by the land rushes was soon driven elsewhere by the hardships and hard work that are a necessary part of the first few years of life in a pioneer community. There are

newspapers, a university and a complete public school system; that twelve hundred miles of railway were in operation, with several hundred more under construction; that for five years both political parties had been on record as favoring her admission to the Union.

THE INDIANS' RICH DOMAIN.

The Indian Territory, with its twenty million acres of excellent farming land

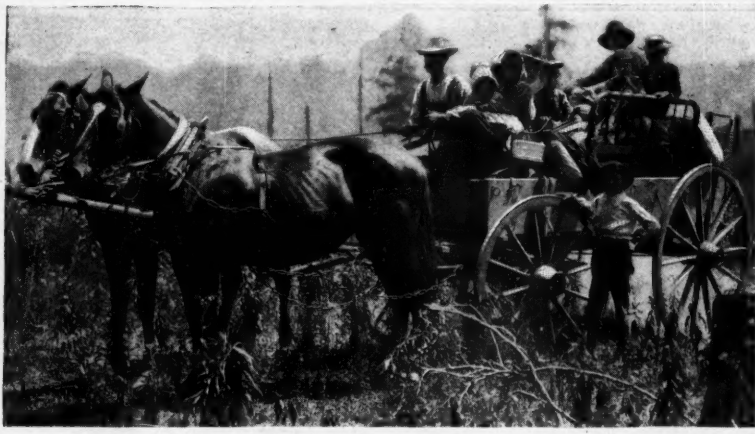


KIOWA DANCERS AT A CELEBRATION OF THE OPENING OF THEIR RESERVATION IN SOUTHERN OKLAHOMA—SOME OF THEIR COSTUMES ARE VERY EXPENSIVE, BEING WORTH AS MUCH AS TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

no millionaires and no beggars, but almost every home is well supplied with the comforts of life.

A "Statehood convention" which met at Guthrie, the Territorial capital, two years ago, drew up a memorial that presented Oklahoma's development in a short and striking series of facts and figures. It set forth that even without the Indian Territory she exceeded twelve States in area and nine in population; that she had a hundred and forty-four banks and twenty-two daily

—a little better, on an average, than that of Oklahoma—has hitherto been in a most anomalous condition. It contains some three hundred and fifty thousand white settlers, but the whole of it, except the town-sites, is owned by eighty thousand Indians. The white settlers were drawn to the country by its mineral and agricultural possibilities, which were lying idle in the hands of the aborigines. Some of them acquired a right to the soil by marrying Indian women; and these "squaw men" have



FOLLOWING THE STAR OF EMPIRE—A TYPICAL "OUTFIT" OF COLONISTS JOURNEYING INTO THE PROMISED LAND OF OKLAHOMA.

done something to develop the natural wealth of the Territory; but it is still to a great extent an unused estate, and the modern social system does not tolerate unused estates.

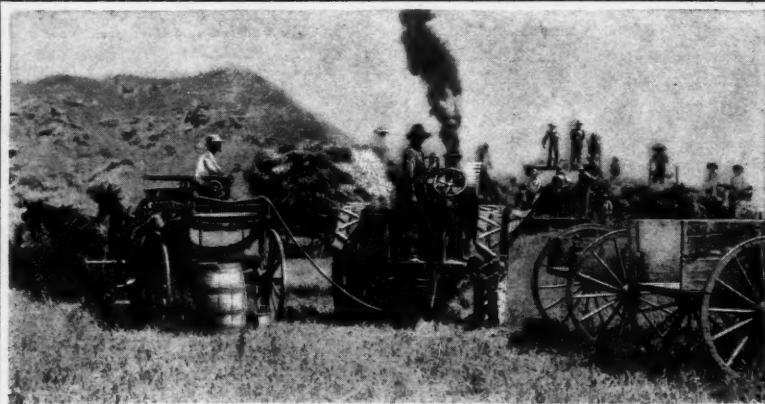
The present state of things will not last much longer. For ten years the United States government has had a commission at work upon the task of breaking up the system of tribal rule, under which the natives hold great areas

of land in common. Each family is to have its individual allotment, and the remainder, a good many million acres, is to become public land and to be opened to homesteaders. The process is slow but certain, and will be practically completed within a very few years, no matter what may be the political future of the Territory.

It is pretty well assured that the Fifty-Eighth Congress will admit Oklahoma to



A RELIC OF THE OLD DAYS OF OKLAHOMA—A SUMMER CAMP OF COMANCHE INDIANS NEAR FORT SILL.



WHEAT IN OKLAHOMA—THRESHING A CROP HARVESTED ON NEWLY BROKEN PRAIRIE LAND.

the privileges and the responsibilities of Statehood, probably with the Indian Territory as part of her area. That she failed to secure the coveted grant at the last session was no fault of hers. Had she sought it alone, there would have been but little opposition; but the bitter controversy over the proposed admission of New Mexico and Arizona brought about a fatal deadlock. As to the two

semi-tropical Territories of the far Southwest, the ultimate issue is a matter of no little doubt. It is by no means universally admitted that they can support a community worthy of Statehood; but Oklahoma's progress is so great and so genuine that her demand for sisterhood with the other commonwealths of the Union is not likely to be denied or even postponed again.



COTTON AND CORN IN OKLAHOMA—A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE FARM LANDS OF THE FUTURE STATE.

Queen Alexandra's Early Life.

BY J. H. TWELLS.

THE WOMAN WHO NOW SHARES ONE OF THE MOST SPLENDID OF THE WORLD'S THRONES WAS BROUGHT UP WITH EXTREME SIMPLICITY AND ALMOST IN POVERTY.

SPLENDID as is the present position of Alexandra, for thirty-eight years Princess of Wales and for two years Queen of Great Britain, her life as a girl was one of extreme simplicity, and indeed of absolute poverty. At the time of her birth her father had no expectation of succeeding to the throne which he has now held so long. In those days he was Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, fourth son of the duke of that little German duchy, then a fief of Denmark. He had no more property and no better prospects than the average young son of one of the petty princely houses. He was brought up as an officer in the Danish army, and when he married his cousin, Princess Louisa of Hesse-Cassel, all they had to live on was his military pay and the bride's modest dowry. Part of their time was spent in southern Germany, at Rumpenheim, a château on the banks of the Main, owned by the Landgraf of Hesse; and it is said that the prince used to eke out his meager income by giving drawing lessons incognito to the children of the rich merchants of the near-by city of Frankfort.

In 1852, when the future queen-empress was in her ninth year, there came a marked change in Prince Christian's position, though its effect was prospective rather than immediate. The confusion into which the question of the Danish succession had fallen was ended by an agreement declaring him heir to the reigning king, his wife's cousin, Frederick VII. He received the title of royal high-

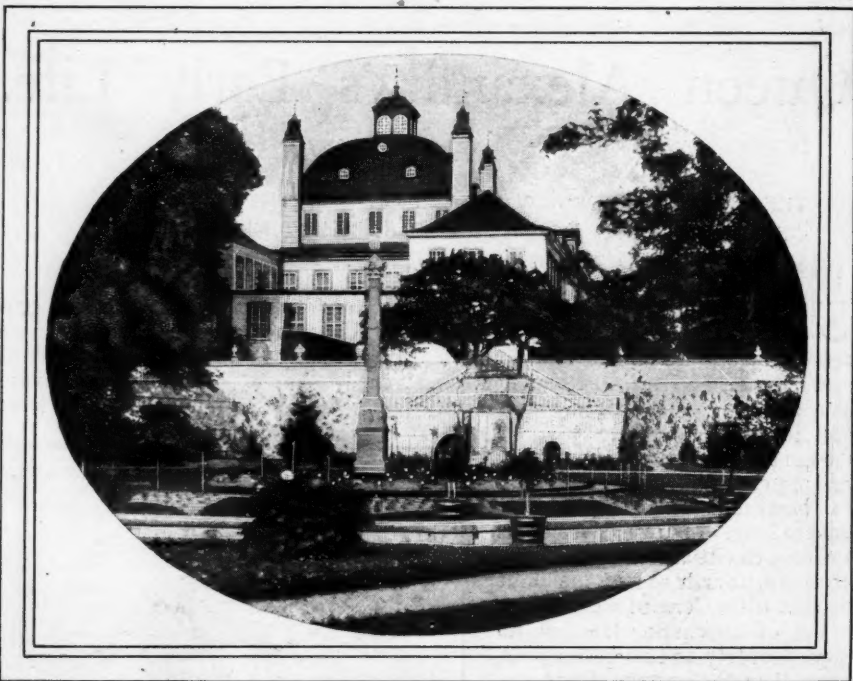
ness, and was appointed inspector general of Denmark's little army.

His family life, however, was still extremely simple. His two elder daughters, Alexandra and Dagmar, were



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SIX.

From a photograph by Petersen, Copenhagen.



THE CHÂTEAU OF FREDENSBORG, WITH ITS MARBLE GARDEN, WHERE QUEEN ALEXANDRA SPENT HER SUMMERS AS A CHILD.

taught to do their own sewing, to keep their modest rooms tidy, and even to wash up the delicate Sèvres cups after they had had their afternoon tea in the comfortable Blue Room at Fredensborg, where they were wont to sit in the warm days of summer. Their garments were always of cheap material and of the plainest cut. Their mother said that she wished to "bring them up in sackcloth, that they might later wear purple more gracefully." She was a better prophet than she knew, for she could scarcely have foreseen that the two princesses were destined to share what are probably the two most magnificent of all the thrones of Europe.

Alexandra, the eldest and prettiest of the three daughters, once was very anxious to possess a soft white muslin gown like those worn by other young girls of her age. But her mother checked the child's ambition by telling her very frankly that her father could not afford to get her one.

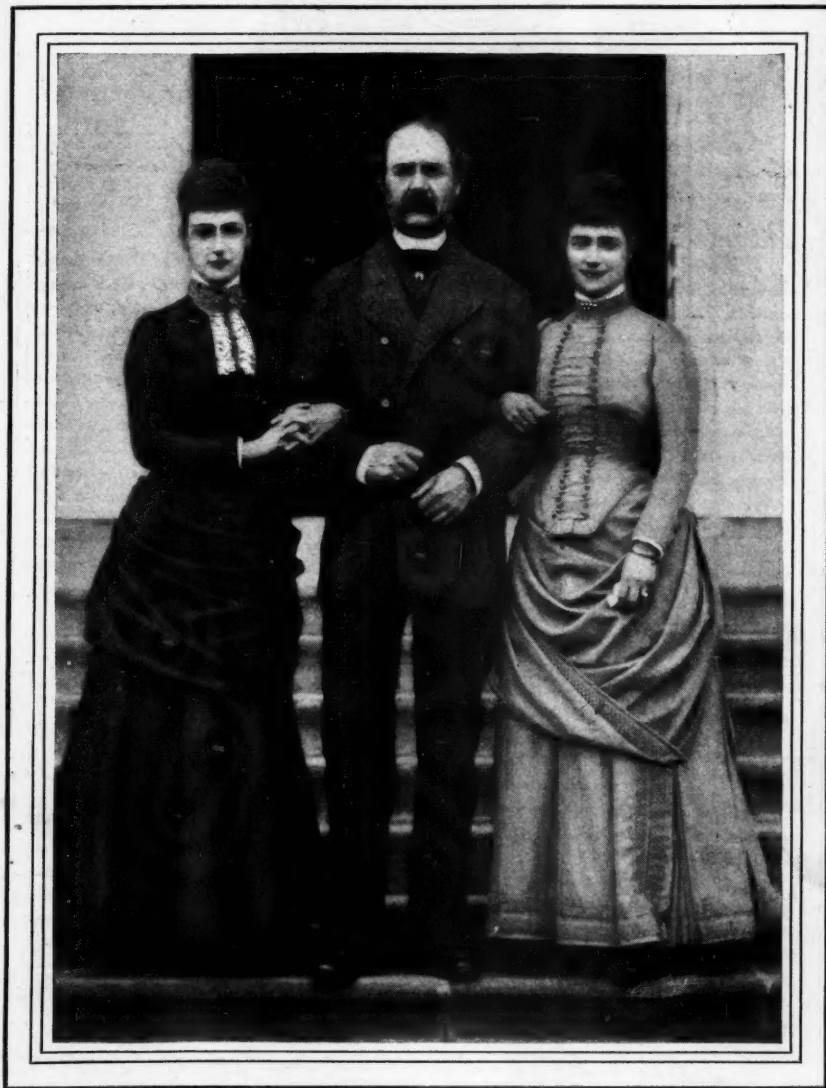
There, in the picturesque white palace of Fredensborg, the three princesses

grew in an atmosphere of healthful simplicity, rising each morning at seven, and retiring early each evening, after days more devoid of incident and excitement than are those of the average London or New York girl of to-day. Under the grand old trees of the park they passed the happy summer hours playing with their brothers, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the King of Greece, and Prince Waldemar. Then there was the beautiful Marble Garden where each of the children did his or her share in tending the flowers and vines, and keeping the place in order. It was Alexandra's special task to keep the little trough at the head of the mother's desk constantly filled with the fairest and freshest offerings of this garden; a self-imposed duty which she was never known to neglect.

Alexandra's nature was ever one of warm affections and tender impulses. Her love for her sister Dagmar was particularly strong and lasting. In the years that followed, when both royal women returned for a vacation to the

parental roof, they insisted upon sharing the same plain little room in the upper story where they had slept together before their marriages, while

upper room each has inscribed her name on the glass with a diamond, and has added to it a cherished sentiment in Danish. When they returned here after



CHRISTIAN IX OF DENMARK AND HIS TWO ELDER DAUGHTERS, QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE EMPRESS DAGMAR OF RUSSIA.

From a photograph by Danielson, Copenhagen.

their husbands, the Prince of Wales and the late Emperor of Russia, occupied separate apartments on the floor beneath. On the window of that modest

their first years at the head of foreign courts, it is easy to imagine that hot tears may have fallen upon their pillows, when they compared the restraint and



Be it remembered that by virtue and in pursuance of Her Majesty's consent heretofore given and signified under the Great Seal of Great Britain, in the words and figures following to wit—

Victoria R.

Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, To all to whom these Presents shall come, sendeth Greeting. Whereas by an Act of Parliament intituled "An Act for the better regulating the future Marriages of the Royal Family," it is amongst other things enacted, that no Descendant of the Body of His Majesty King George the Second, Male or Female (other than the Issue of the Princesses who have married, or may hereafter marry, into Foreign Families) shall be capable of contracting Matrimony without the previous consent of Her Majesty, Her Heirs or Successors, signified under the Great Seal. Now know ye, that We have consented, and do by these Presents signify our consent to the contracting of Matrimony between Our most dearly beloved Son His Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony &c. and Her Royal Highness The Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia, Daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark: In Witness whereof We have caused Our Great Seal to be affixed to these Presents. Given at Our Court at Saint James's the first day of November 1862, in the Twenty-sixth year of Our reign.

*By the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,
Signed with Her own Hand.*

And which consent of Her Majesty was also declared in Council, according to the Tenor following, to wit—

*At the Court at Osborne House, Isle of Wight the 1st day of November, 1862.
Present*

The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty,

*Lord Resident, Viscount Palmerston, Lord Stanley of Alderley
Her Majesty was this day pleased to make the following Declaration, viz^t.
"My Lords,"*

In pursuance of the provisions of an Act passed in the 12th year of the reign of His Majesty King George the third intituled "An Act for the better regulating the future Marriages of the Royal Family" I do hereby declare my consent to a contract of Matrimony between my most dearly beloved Son Albert Edward Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony &c. and Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia, daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark which consent I have caused to be signified under the Great Seal, and to be entered in the Books of the Privy Council:—

And also by special Licence and Faculty for that purpose

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE—THE SIGNATURES ARE THOSE OF ARCHBISHOP LONGLEY OF CANTERBURY ("C. T. CANTUAR:."), THE BRIDEGROOM, THE BRIDE, QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK (NOW CHRISTIAN IX), PRINCESS CHRISTIAN (THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK), PRINCESS VICTORIA (THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK)—



granted by His Grace Charles Thomas by divine providence Lord Archbishop of Canterbury on the twenty eighth day of February One thousand eight hundred and sixty three in obedience to a warrant directed to him by Her Majesty for that purpose His Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony &c and Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia Daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark were married at The Kings New Chapel of St George within His Castle of Windsor on this Tuesday the tenth day of March in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and sixty three and in the twenty sixth year of Her Majesty's reign; by me

C. J. Cantuar.

This Marriage was solemnized between Us Albert Edward Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony &c and the Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia, Daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark, on this tenth day of March One thousand eight hundred and sixty three

Albert Edward P.

Alexandra

This Marriage was solemnized in the presence of Us, on the day above mentioned:—

Victorically

Chr. P. of Denmark

Louisa P. of Denmark

Victoria P. of Prussia

Alfred P. of Prussia

Helena

Louise

Frederick William Prince of Prussia

Prince of Prussia

Arthur

Leopold

—PRINCESS ALICE (THE LATE GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE), PRINCESS HELENA (PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN), PRINCESS LOUISE (DUCHESS OF ARGYLL), THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK, THE LATE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE, PRINCE ARTHUR (DUKE OF CONNAUGHT) AND PRINCE LEOPOLD (THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY).

discomfort of their exalted stations with the safety and simplicity of their girlhood under the care of the best of royal mothers and the kindest of fathers.

Alexandra still pays a visit to Copenhagen each year, although her mother's death has robbed Fredensborg of its strongest magnet. These annual reunions of the royal family of Denmark are less carelessly joyous nowadays. Both the dowager empress and the newly made queen have passed through anx-

and Albert, steamed into the harbor of Copenhagen, a friend and I were standing just above that part of the quay where the royal party landed. My companion, who had often seen Queen Alexandra in her younger days, shook his head sorrowfully as he saw her walk, limping slightly, to the king's carriage, which stood awaiting her. He was astonished at the change in her appearance since he had last seen her, five years before. Her head was still held with



THE MODEST ROYAL CHÂTEAU OF BERNSTORFF, AT WHICH QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE EMPRESS DAGMAR OF RUSSIA STAYED DURING THEIR VISIT TO DENMARK IN SEPTEMBER LAST.

ious years and borne bereavements and disappointments.

Upon their latest visit to the Danish capital, in the month of September last, they retired with their venerable father to the modest summer palace of Bernstorff, which lies just beyond the city limits. Perhaps they purposely avoided Fredensborg, where every corner and every tree would recall those who can never again be with them, and where the recollection of years gone by emphasizes the changes that time has wrought.

On the day when their two superb yachts, the Polar Star and the Victoria

the old dignity, but there was in her eyes a wistful shadow caused by the deafness that has for some time been creeping upon her. It was not strange that she should need repose of both mind and body after the long strain of the coronation and of her husband's severe illness. A few weeks later, when she returned to her duties in England, we were glad to see that she looked refreshed and much less haggard than when she came to Denmark.

After all, the quiet life of the average untitled woman is much to be envied by a queen.



The Confessions of an Advance Agent.

BY FRANK S. ARNETT.

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE MAN WHO "GOES AHEAD"
OF A TRAVELING THEATRICAL COMPANY, FRANKLY TOLD BY
A FORMER MEMBER OF THE GUILD.

LITTLE remains of the theater's old-time mystery. Never, perhaps, were the temples of Thespis so crowded, yet their false high priests have themselves torn away the once sacred veil. Achievements that in bygone times were deemed almost supernatural have become familiar and almost childish tricks to-day.

In this matter of fact generation, I wonder if even the children gaze at the footlights with any such awe as Charles Lamb tells us he felt when a boy of six. The gentle philosopher recalls that when the curtain was about to be raised, "incapable of the anticipation," he reposed his closed eyes "in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap"; and when he finally dared to look, he believed that what he saw was "all enchantment and a dream." I hope there are still such children, but I fear they passed away with the coming of the press agent and the Sunday newspaper.

The hammer of the stage carpenter, the fads and foibles of the actor, the training of the ballet dancer, the home life of the chorus girl—all these, now-

adays, are matters of common knowledge. One dramatist, lest there should remain a vestige of charm or illusion, has raised the curtain at the close of his play to show you the bare and dreary stage, deserted by the actors, stripped of its painted settings, with nothing visible save brick walls and a barn-like door.

Let it be my task to tear away the last tattered shreds of the veil by telling the story of the advance agent. An actor may wait till he is gray-haired and famous before writing his reminiscences. At eighty you can act, but you cannot hustle. Therefore the agent must write his at an earlier age; and as he never becomes famous there's no use in waiting for that.

THE MAN WHO "GOES AHEAD."

I have some right to talk of the labor of those who point the way to the doors of the theater, for during the better part of ten years it was my sole duty to persuade men and women and children to enjoy themselves. Admitting the pleasures to which I urged them to have

been harmless, nay, at times even helpful, may not the advance agent look back upon his work and hope that, after all, his is not the most unworthy of careers? Leigh Hunt, it seems to me, has defined what should be one of the chief objects of both the stage and the advance agent—to "make adversity hopeful, prosperity sympathetic, all kinder, richer, and happier." And, lest anything that I may say should be misunderstood by my fellows, let me state here that an intimate knowledge of all their joys and sorrows has not lessened my belief in the innate goodness of the majority of the people of the stage, nor my appreciation of all that is true or beautiful in their work.

How many, outside hotels, theaters, and newspaper offices, have an advance agent among their acquaintances, or more than a vague idea of what he does when he "goes ahead" of a traveling theatrical company? I never knowingly saw one, until for some time I had been an advance agent myself. Now any summer day I can walk up Broadway in New York, and between Thirty-Fourth Street and Longacre Square point out three hundred and seventy-two advance agents of various kinds.

For they are not all alike. There are agents that wouldn't for worlds put that title on their cards. They are either "business managers" or "personal representatives." I was once a business manager myself, but in time I got over it. Later I even became a real manager, if you please, with the head-enlarging legend "Under The Sole Direction Of" preceding my name. When I recovered from that—well, if there had been any money left I would have paid a premium to any man that would permit me to put just the common or garden title of advance agent on my cards.

Of course we all wanted to be actors when we were boys, but advance agents—why, we didn't know there were such people. Even to-day I possess little information regarding their individual origin. Some, sad to relate, marry into the business, and, when once firmly established, get a divorce; others remain married, but grow jealous, become a nuisance around the theaters, and cause

complications that ruin the stage careers of their wives.

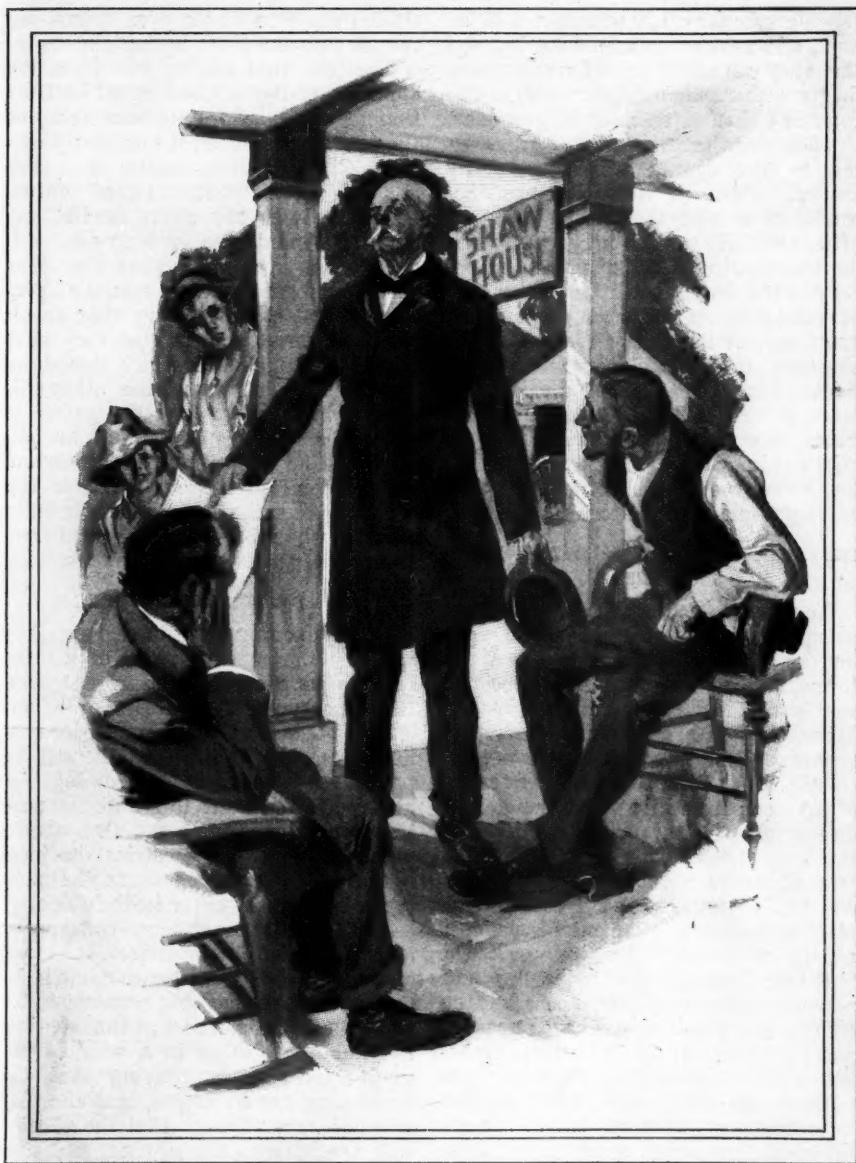
THE OLD-TIME ADVANCE AGENT.

Old-time managers will tell you of the wonderful agent of the "palmy days," but the probability is that his circus methods and eccentric make-up would not now be tolerated. He belonged to a race of conscienceless and brazen liars, and his Munchausenish marvels were told at their best only when his legs were stretched under the table of some backwoods temple of Bacchus. He made it a point of honor never to leave a town until he had prevaricated about the "show" to each individual inhabitant; but he couldn't write his yarns if his life depended upon it, and work was a word not found in his otherwise colossal vocabulary.

Occasionally he is still to be met in the "one night stands," bald, seedy, and somewhat wistful, but mendacious as of old. He has no ambition higher than continuing in advance of the "ten, twenty, and thirty" class, and he would refuse to succeed Maurice Grau at New York's Metropolitan Opera House, for then never again would his eloquence hold spell-bound the citizens of Pawpaw, Illinois.

In increasing numbers advance agents are being drawn from among men of education. Not a few are college bred, and many have been dramatic critics and newspaper writers. To-day the agent of this class is cordially welcomed at exclusive clubs—not, of course, because he is an agent, but because he is himself; and while his life is not one permitting the continuance of social connections formed, possibly, in youth, he may find time to write successful plays, creditable fiction, and even more serious works. The time is past when he made his headquarters in saloons and spent his evenings in the theater "bill room," playing poker on a barrel and "rushing the growler" alternately with the lithographers.

The ideal agent—and he exists, although not in undue numbers—knows something of costuming, and of the art of the scene painter, and can write intelligently of them; he knows the life stories of his dramatists, composers, sing-



THE OLD-TIME ADVANCE AGENT—"HE MADE IT A POINT OF HONOR NEVER TO LEAVE A TOWN TILL HE HAD PREVARICATED ABOUT THE 'SHOW' TO EACH INDIVIDUAL INHABITANT."

ers, and actors; he realizes, as several eminent authorities have failed to realize, that the most vital part of the history of English literature is the history of the English stage; and he can talk interestingly of all these matters, although he has sense enough to talk shop

at only the right times. He is no more of a Sir Galahad or a George Washington than was the old-time agent, but he is a far more artistic and up-to-date liar, and in really important matters his honesty is unquestioned. Local managers know that when he promises a good play and a

capable company his promises will be kept, and newspaper men have learned that they can safely print his announcements without changing a word, in the interest either of truth or of grammar.

That these announcements are written by the agents is not generally known. Even in New York the accounts of coming theatrical events are often similarly worded in all the newspapers, showing a lack of pride and energy in the dramatic editors, and a lack of versatility in the press agents. A great deal of the matter relating to the theaters, the gossip, interviews, and "scare head" news filling a column or more, is written by the agents. As regards New York, however, I have no personal knowledge of a case where this has been true of the actual criticisms of important productions.

THE ADVANCE AGENT AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

Nevertheless, dramatic editors who permit all their criticisms to be written for them are not extinct. In small towns, and in case of a play and cast of well established merit, this may do no harm. But in a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants I once wrote a column and a half of laudatory review of my company's first performance, and on the following morning it appeared in the leading local daily over the critic's own signature, without the omission of a word. I wrote it honestly, for the attraction happened to be one of the most worthy of the year. But suppose I had not been honest, and both play and players had deserved severe censure; the column and a half would have appeared just the same. It was a business transaction, not a matter of friendship. Suppose, on the other hand, I had refused a preliminary business basis. That's different; the critic would have managed to do his own work, and his paper would have condemned the performance as a disgrace to the stage.

Personally I have known but three critics who in cold blood would accept a cash bribe. I have known several whose newspaper space was exchangeable for an introduction to an actress, and a score interested solely in the advertising upon which their criticisms were based.

Others are men whom even friendship cannot prevent from telling the truth.

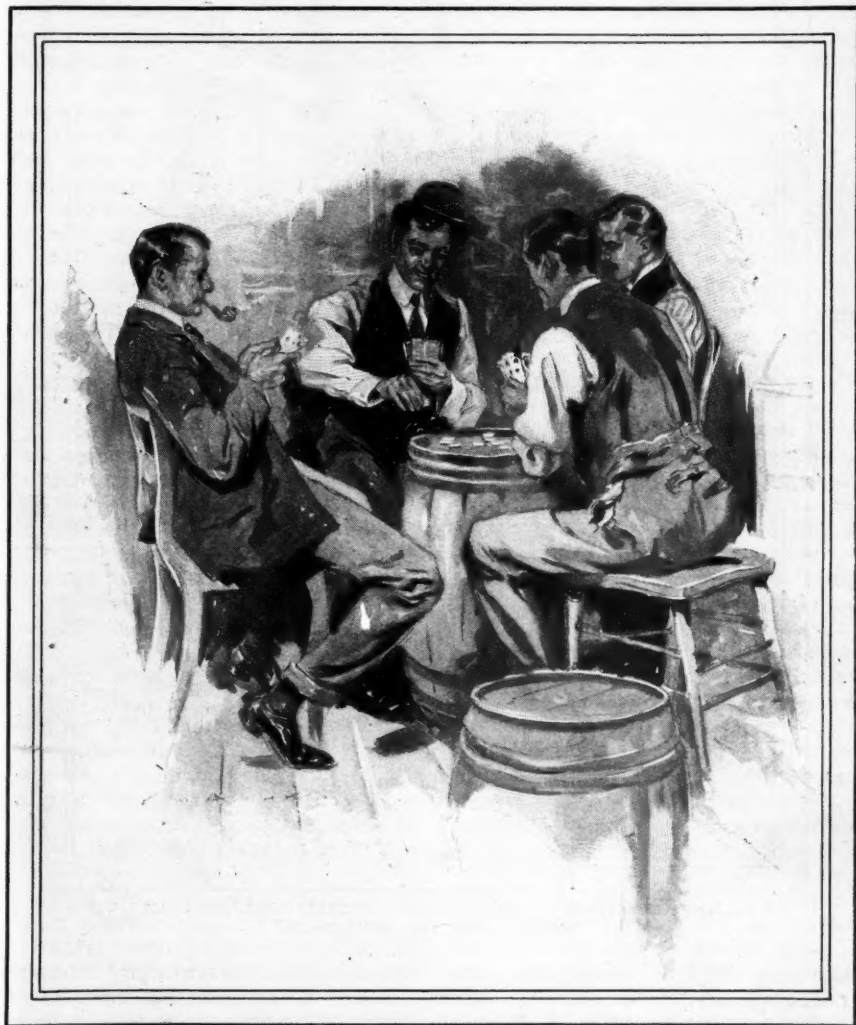
The idea that editors flee from the approach of the advance agent as from that of the subscription book man, or the charity promoter, is but partly correct. Most of them realize that they and the agents should be of mutual benefit. Some are never cordial, remaining distant even on long acquaintance. The reason is either that they refuse to regard advance agents as gentlemen, and consider every visit an attempt at corruption, or that they have charge of departments which they deem more important than the dramatic. Agents that do not have the entrée to the rooms of able and whole-souled editors must be either fakirs or bores, and yet for some mysterious reason a few reputable organizations continue men in advance who are absolutely barred from entering certain newspaper offices.

THE ADVANCE AGENT'S TRIALS.

On the opening night in each city, the agent is the most anxious of all the group posing at the theater entrance. He is not present, as are many of the others, because of any financial interest in the receipts, nor because he will be praised, if the house is crowded, for his successful efforts to arouse the public's preliminary interest. One of the peculiarities of the theatrical business is that the advance agent, in the manager's opinion, is never in the remotest degree, nor through any conceivable combination of circumstances, the cause of large first night audiences, but is invariably and inexcusably responsible for small ones. He is there at the opening, not hoping to share in a possible triumph, but merely praying that the house may not be empty, that the play will not be a "frost," that the theater will not burn to the ground, and that the leading lady will not be struck by lightning on the way from her hotel. Of any or all of these catastrophes he knows, from sad experience, that he will be proved conclusively to have been the sole cause. And yet at the sudden close of a disastrous tour the manager, leaning against a Broadway bar, will smite his hand on the mahogany and disgustingly exclaim:

"What could you expect? With an agent like that we hadn't the ghost of a chance from the time we left New York. If we'd had a decent man ahead we'd have made a mint, sir, positively a mint!"

other shows losing money hand over fist. But I just gritted my teeth and said I'd make it a go. I don't want to throw any bouquets at myself, but I did it, I actually did it, sir, in the face of superhuman difficulties. Give you



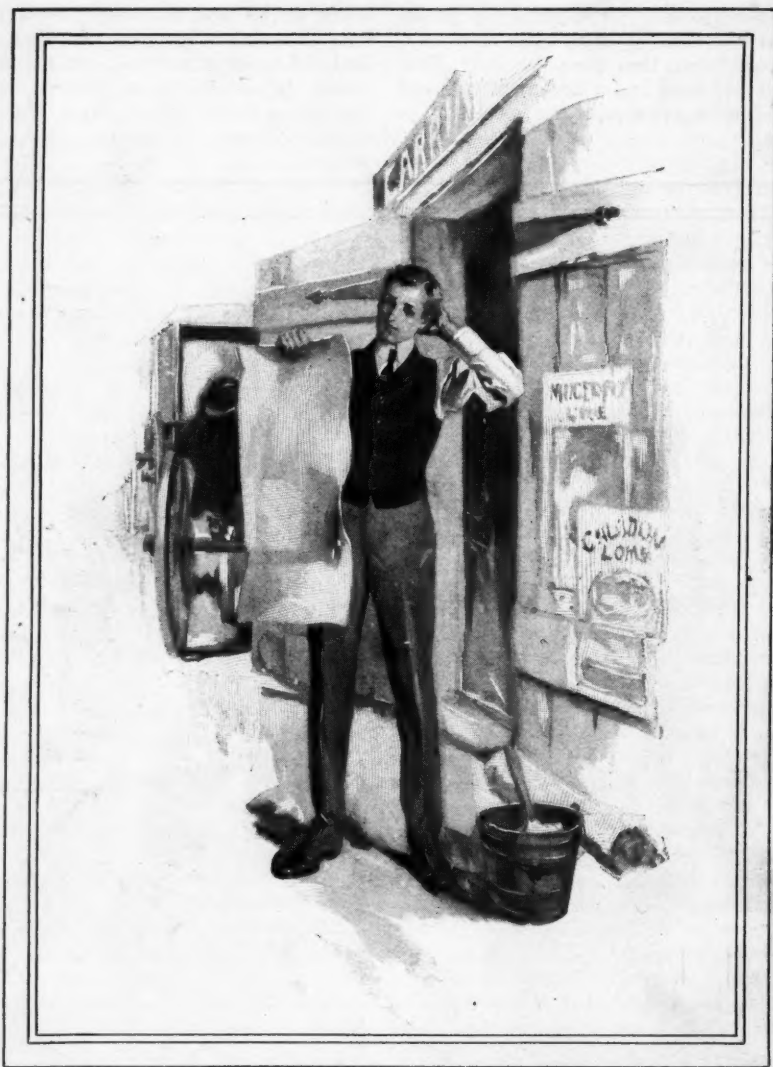
"HE SPENT HIS EVENINGS IN THE THEATER 'BILL ROOM,' PLAYING POKER ON A BARREL."

If the tour has been a success the same manager, leaning against the same bar, may be heard complacently to say:

"I give you my word I never worked so hard in my life. The company was rotten, the play was worse, and half the

my word, we turned 'em away in every single town."

The public is aware that the actor frequently fails to receive his salary; but the agent is sometimes a loser not only in credit for conscientious work, but



THE VERACIOUS LITHOGRAPH—"OUR AGGREGATION OF TALENT INCLUDED LILLIAN RUSSELL, MRS. LANGTRY, AND EDWIN BOOTH."

also financially to an amount greater than his salary. Some years ago, while with a company appearing in Philadelphia, I was sent to secure scenery that had been stored at a certain Chicago theater. As my manager was heavily in debt to the Chicago people, the task was both delicate and difficult. More than that, the theater was preparing for a gigantic spectacle intended to run throughout the World's Fair. Numer-

ous delays had brought every one in the place to a condition bordering on insanity. All were working night and day; to move our scenery would require that everything else should stop, and every hour meant hundreds of dollars. Naturally, my request was refused.

I wired the fact. An immediate reply stated that my failure would close our season. Made eloquent by this, I renewed my appeal, urging it solely upon

the personal grounds of former Chicago newspaper associations. Work on the spectacle was at once halted, and an entire day devoted to unearthing the required scenery and loading it on a special car. I felt imperatively bound to reward the stage hands for extra labor performed while almost out of their minds from overwork and loss of sleep. My hotel cashed a draft on my manager, and the money was divided between the workmen and the railroad. The scenery had been obtained in spite of difficulties that were almost prohibitive, and our season had been saved from an untimely and disastrous close; yet the manager refused to honor the Chicago draft, which I paid out of my own pocket in response to a wire from the hotel.

Another manager was addicted to a practise that was practically picking the pockets of his agents. He knew nothing of art in connection with the drama, and his one purpose was to secure any publicity that would bring in money. He gave me *carte blanche* to traduce him in the newspapers. He would father any disreputable thing I could get into print provided it drew attention to himself. He frankly admitted that there was nothing he would not stage if the police would permit it and the public patronize it. One of his agents, while at a New York theater, agreed to share with the local management in certain extra advertising. The manager later paid the bill, having of course received the benefits of the advertising; but he deducted the amount from the agent's salary. The result was an immediate resignation, although, impoverished by similar reductions, the agent was forced to leave his hotel without settling, reaching home without a dollar in the world.

These instances show how unlike the common sense and fairly honest principles characteristic of almost every other business under the sun are those upon which many theatrical organizations are conducted. If a company closes with salaries unpaid, it is taken for granted that they will never be paid unless recourse is had to the law—and that, in the etiquette of stageland, is bad form, to say nothing of being fatal to further engagements.

Lack of preparation is a besetting sin of such companies. Men without capital engage a company of from seven to seventy people, send an utterly unequipped agent out "wild-cattin'," and follow him with the hapless actors, no one knowing where a performance is to be given a week thereafter. Such men look upon contracts as playthings, and seriously believe that all actors should take chances with the manager, sharing in losses when failure comes, thankful for their bare salaries when there is a success.

A GRAND THEATRICAL ENTERPRISE.

I recall that once, when the season had ended abruptly, I was asked on Broadway if I could leave the same afternoon "ahead of a show." The company was to be backed, I was told, by a wealthy grocer. Having accepted the offer, I was met at the train by the comedian, who was also the manager. It later developed that during the summer months he was a tin-type photographer at Coney Island, the drama being rather in the nature of a relaxation from the arduous duties of his regular profession.

The comedian was most apologetic. At the last moment, it appeared, the grocer's wife had learned of her husband's desire to become an "angel," and had concealed the family pocket-book. Could I get along with seven dollars until the show opened? There floated through my mind visions of certain high and mighty organizations heralded in other and happier days; of crowded boxes during an opera season at the Chicago Auditorium; of the brilliancy of a first night at the New York Casino; of a proposed theatrical lease in Paris discussed over a cozy table at the Café de la Paix. But I realized that it was midwinter, and that the sum named would create a riot on the Rialto; the train was pulling out—and I took the seven dollars.

Spring Valley, Branchville, Nanuet, and Nineveh were four of the places I visited. Sometimes I could find the towns after reaching the railway station, and sometimes I couldn't. The manager of the town hall usually worked a farm some miles out, and ne-

gotiations involved pedestrianism. I learned to make my own paste and put up the bills, the walls of barns and the door of the blacksmith's shop being my most prominent bill-boards. On unrolling my first bundle of second-hand lithographs, I found that the tin-type man must have lovingly labored over them late into the nights, for all had been carefully dated with pen and ink. I hope he has since developed into a Young Napoleon of the Drama. He deserved it.

According to the pictured promises of these lithographs, our aggregation of talent included Lillian Russell, Mrs. Langtry, and Edwin Booth. Having some doubt as to the credulity even of Spring Valley and Nanuet, I regretfully tore off the names of these living and dead celebrities, but I could make no change in a "magnificent group of one hundred choristers." I think our exact number was eight, including the grocer and an infant phenomenon.

I never saw that show, but I once met a man who had gone in on a pass, and he said it was all right. I was thinking of going back to see it, when one day, quite by accident, I learned that it had returned to New York a week before. The company, it appeared, was a family affair, the agent being the only member not related to all the others. Hence, perhaps, their calm indifference as to how long I continued to wander over the country with my pictures of Russell, Langtry, Booth, and the superb chorus of one hundred.

THE ADVANCE AGENT'S DUTIES.

Although much more pretentious organizations sometimes take the road with little more formality than in the case cited, the agent of a high grade company opening its season in New York, and playing thereafter only the larger cities, usually enters upon his duties long before the opening. Indeed, the entire summer should be filled with preparatory work. Once started "on the road," seven days in advance of his company, much of the comfort of the actors depends on him, besides the peace of mind of the manager, and the financial success of the tour. In addition to arousing the interest of the public, he is

expected to perfect every business and personal arrangement, so that the company, on reaching a town, will have nothing to do but give the play, and the manager, if prospering, little but to "count up the house," take his share of the receipts, settle with the railroads, and pay salaries on Tuesday nights. Of course, if times are bad and there is no "angel," the manager may have a few other things to do; but these are not *his* confessions.

While even a detailed account of the agent's work might not indicate the fact, his life is an unnatural one, just as, in a way, is the actor's. The shivering beggar, peeping from the pavement at the softly lighted tables of the Waldorf, feels no more an outcast than does the agent a thousand miles from those he loves, walking the streets of a strange city at night to see how it is "billed," and occasionally catching a glimpse through a window of some happy family gathering. To feel the life to be anything but unnatural you must have been born in it, have had theatrical parents, or have commenced as an usher or a lithographer. In truth, those that begin in these latter capacities often make the best agents.

But for the man born in another sphere of activity, for the man who has had wealth and hasn't it, who has had cultured men and women as his friends and hasn't them, outside the theater's narrow circle, who has led the normal life with broad and lofty interests and has almost forgotten what that life is—for such a man there is a constant sense of unreality. While he may possibly enjoy his work, he cannot grow accustomed to it or feel that it is permanently his. When this feeling exists, much of his usefulness is lost.

Yet the discreditable features of the agent's career are not essential. The business of the theater can and should be conducted like that of any other legitimate enterprise. One great trouble is that the men who enter it, particularly those who commence as advance agents, if not unscrupulous, are at least morally weak. They succumb to its temptations—to late hours, to questionable associations, to their own popularity, whether personal and honest or professional and

false. Drink is the agent's chief curse. Perhaps he is not unique in this respect, and yet I think the character of his work makes his fate more certain, once he is started on the downward path.

THE AGENT'S LIFE AT ITS BEST.

There is, however, another side to the agent's life. To be the herald of a company and a play of which you are proud; to visit them once a week and stand in the brilliant theater watching the assembling of a great audience; to know that you have been instrumental in bringing the spectators there and giving them pleasure, as well as in promoting the prosperity of your manager and the triumph of your company; to see the curtain raised, and to watch the work of your friends on the stage fulfilling the promises you have made; to rush out at the last possible moment, bidding goodbye to the local management, which for a week has joined in your labor; then to catch a midnight train and be whirled away, tired but contented, to another city, which in a day will also blaze with the results of your work—these are indeed pleasures, trivial, perhaps, in this period of great deeds, and yet real enough to the man capable of enjoying them.

I can, indeed, imagine an ideal life in advance of a theatrical company—for a sane man, a man of hopes and ambi-

tions. How easily his humblest duties might be performed! How useful he could make his newspaper work, useful alike to the papers, to the public, and to his company! What friends really worth having he could claim all over the continent! How he could study a hundred cities as they never have been studied! Think of his opportunities of witnessing the best in current dramatic art; of his welcome at the theaters in the evening, the pleasant, harmless gatherings after, and still later the midnight oil and the joyous toil with pen and books; of the—but no one does it just that way. I'm afraid I never did!

And, after all, when the agent has freed himself from the shackles of his calling; when he has again painfully forged his life into normal shape, again knows the meaning of evenings at home, and can work as he did before the virus of the stage entered into his veins—should he feel guilty if there sometimes comes a wild longing for the old bohemian life? For never, perhaps, will he be wholly proof against a sudden hunger for the lights and crowds in front, for the flickering, wire-screened gas of the dressing-rooms, for the nervous merriment and thoughtlessness behind the curtain, for the rushing trains night after night, aye, even for the once hated roll of lithographs and the companionship of the bill-poster.

THE CHOICE.

MORN of the orient eyes,
The broad-browed noon—
These do I prize,
But for the dearest boon
Give me the eve,
When the long shadows weave!

The eve, and one fair star—
Love's own!—within the west;
And from afar
A wood-bird's hymn of rest,
Low note on note
Slipped from a mellow throat!

Breeze-whispers drifting bland;
Leaf-vows of tender tone;
And Love's warm hand
Close-nestling in my own—
Herein for me
Lieth eve's raptury!

Clinton Scollard.

The Robbery at Oldport.

THE STRANGE MEETING OF TWO SENTIMENTAL PILGRIMS AND TWO MOST UNSENTIMENTAL ONES.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

I.

THE letter fluttered from Marion's fingers, and she broke into weak laughter that was but one degree removed from tears. Indeed, it changed into the long-drawn, shivering sigh of spent emotion before its peal was rounded. Her eyes drooped, her lips grew heavy with sadness, and her limp body relaxed against the back of the chair. The pale blue sheet fell unnoticed to the floor. It ran thus, in fine, old-school handwriting:

MY DEAR, DEAR MARION:

I hope that you will like the wedding present I am sending you. It is the deed and the key to the house at Oldport where—I am so glad and proud when I think of it—you and Leslie met and became engaged. I have always meant the place for Leslie, whom you know I love more like a son than a nephew; but it pleases me that he should have it through you, as, in a way, he won you through it. I am a sentimental old maid, my dear.

I have been down to Oldport, and the place is ready for you if you should wish to spend any part of your honeymoon there. It is not quite so gay and pretty as when you saw it last. All the awnings and flower boxes are gone, and the doors and windows all up the river front are boarded. But if you two happy children should think it, for recollection's sake, a storehouse of joy, and should wish to go there, it is all ready. You know I always kept it in such shape that I could take a party down at any time without anxiety concerning provisions. I have removed my personal things, but the cellar and pantry, the coal bin and the wood boxes, are prepared to receive.

Leslie and you are of all your generation the dearest to me, as his father, the best of brothers, and your mother, the truest of friends, were the dearest in my own. Think, then, how happy I am to know that your happiness came to you in a home of mine!

Your loving aunt-to-be,

AMANDA WINTER.

After a while the dullness that had succeeded Marion's mirth on reading the letter departed. She looked over the rest of her mail. The long envelope with the name of Gresham, Lovel & Jones—Miss Winter's attorneys—in the corner, and presumably containing the

deed to the cottage, she did not open. But with the little box that held the key she fumbled a moment. When she had opened it, she kissed the piece of brass before she put it among the trinkets on her dressing-table. Then she rang the bell.

"Will you ask Mrs. Brotherton if she can come in to see me for a moment?" she said to the maid.

That young person, coquettish and trim according to the most approved stage models, confided to one of her fellows in the hall that "Miss Marion would be a pretty plain-looking bride if she kept on as she was that morning." To Marion's stepmother her comments were less harsh. She regretted that Miss Brotherton had eaten no breakfast and looked as if she had not slept at all.

"Ruth," began Marion lifelessly when Mrs. Brotherton hurried in—the two girls had been friendly acquaintances before they were more intimately connected by Mr. Brotherton's unexpected sally out of widowerhood—"Ruth, my engagement is broken. You'll have to recall the invitations."

"Marion!"

"Please don't make a scene with me, Ruth. I'll do anything you like—have brain fever, typhoid, anything that may be sufficient ground for deferring the wedding. Then afterwards, when people have forgotten, the whole thing may be declared off. But I will never marry Leslie Winter!"

"May one ask an explanation?"

"Certainly. We are totally unsuited to each other, and we have found it out—"

"In time, I suppose you are going to say. But it isn't in time! Your engagement was announced three months ago. Your wedding invitations have been out three days. Your bridesmaids, your trousseau—"

"My trousseau! I had quite forgot-

ten that! That is important. Certainly I ought to doom myself to unending, unescapable misery with a man who—with any one—in order to save a trousseau!”

“It’s only a silly lovers’ quarrel any way, I’ll wager! You’ll want new invitations issued within a week if I do as you ask now.”

Marion’s chin, which a flattering phrenologist had once said denoted firmness, gave a sudden indication of her attitude in regard to wedding invitations, and of the changelessness of that attitude. She spoke with a tired impatience.

“Don’t let us argue, Ruth. I am not going to marry Leslie. Even if I wished to, he probably wouldn’t marry me, now. We found out in time that we did not care for each other enough to—to trust each other, or to yield our wills. So——”

“Which of you went off on a jealous tangent at this stage of the game?” demanded the astute Mrs. Brotherton with an air of brutal frankness. “You over Flora Halloway or he over young Tomlinson?”

“Don’t let us vulgarize the whole thing any more than we can help,” entreated Marion, proud distaste in her tone. “It is over, and that is enough. Will you stop all this—this imbecility?” She nodded toward the dressing-room, where fabrics in various stages of completion were piled. “I’ll see father.”

“That’s a task you must look forward to!” said Mr. Brotherton’s wife, with a humorously wry face. “On the whole, dear, you’d better let me pave the way there.”

“Oh, will you, Ruth?”

“Of course, you silly child! Why, Marion, if you’re in trouble, don’t you know I want to help you all I can? And that is such a little!”

Whereupon Marion’s chin gave the phrenologist the lie, quivering weakly. She burst into tears upon her step-mother’s pink silk shoulder.

II.

ALL the morning two visions stayed with Marion. One was a picture of Leslie, tall, precise, pale with anger,

standing before her in the drawing-room and saying: “Since you make your love and our marriage conditional upon my surrendering an old, unemotional, and sincere friendship——” How she hated the pedantic manner he always had in annoyance!

The other vision was Leslie at Oldport—bareheaded, in white flannels, his feet ruthlessly planted on the nasturtium border below the piazza. He had been looking at her as she leaned above him, and suddenly his face had been illumined.

“Marion,” he had cried exultantly, “we’re in love with each other!”

Had ever a woman been so crazily wooed as that? Wooed? That was no wooing. It was as if he had cried to her, “Marion, the sun is out! Marion, the wind is blowing!” It was as little to be denied, as joyful, as natural, as miraculous!

That wonderful day; that blue river flowing down to the blue sea a mile or two below; the pine barrens behind the settlement touched with a radiant warmth such as their somberness seldom knew; the canoes on the river, the houses, affectedly quaint, determinedly gay, with their gables, their turrets, their awnings, and their gardens; the whole panorama alive, brilliant; and below her, as she leaned her arms upon the stone top of the blossoming piazza, Leslie with that light of astounding discovery upon his face! Even to-day she laughed, thinking of it.

It had been very pretty, very idle, the life among the painted houses and the lawns and the terraces and gardens. Down by the sea, where the native settlement was, existence had somehow seemed more real. She and Leslie had gone down there a good deal after their day of miracle. They had needed to temper their own joy, perhaps, by touching some of the darker realities. Foolish, she thought with half a sneer, not to await the knowledge of sorrow in one’s own life! It came quickly enough, surely enough!

“I hate the poor,” she said aloud with sudden, irrelevant fierceness. “I hate the poor! And it’s only a pose of Flora Halloway, all this slum and settlement stuff! To hold her up to me as a model!

For that was what it was, nothing less. 'A woman with a high and serious purpose in life'—ugh! It was our drawing-room that made him talk like that. It always affected him badly. I wonder Ruth doesn't persuade father to have it done over. If we had met there instead of at Oldport he would never have cared for me, even for a little while; nor I for him. I should have heard him talk all that fol-de-rol about intellect and comradeship and unemotional friendship in time to hate him before I had made things intricate by having our engagement announced. Bosh! I've tried 'unemotional friendship' myself. It either drops into mere acquaintance or it soon loses its negative prefix! I don't believe in it! I won't have it!"

Then she remembered that it was no longer within her province to dictate the number or the nature of Leslie's friendships. In the loneliness of the thought, her mind traveled back to the gay little house beside the sea, the glow and the glory of the summer—the little house that was hers, that was meant to be hers!

Wherever she wandered, there were reminders of her wedding day. Here were gifts, there congratulatory flowers. Outside the March rain drove, forbidding her to escape her surroundings and to win some calmness and comfort from the air and motion. Her restlessness increased to a fever. She had not seen her father, and her stepmother had also disappeared. What had they decided to do? Where were they? Why was she alone? She paced the room nervously. Her eyes fell upon the key among the silver trappings of her toilet table. She paused, her breath came quickly for a second; then she picked it up and hid it guiltily in her bodice. She scribbled a note to Ruth and hastily dressed for the street.

"When Mrs. Brotherton comes in," she said to the maid, "please see that she has this note. It tells her that I have gone to spend the day, and probably the night, at Mr. Howard Brotherton's, at Garden City."

"Yes, miss, but had you forgotten that you had a fitting of your—of the dress, miss, at two o'clock?" simpered the girl.

But Miss Brotherton walked majestically down the stairs, without deigning any further conversation.

III.

The rain had ceased when the slow train stopped at Oldport, and the gray of the sky was broken with streaks of silver. The station was not the place that Marion recalled, glittering with traps, sedate with liveries, when the town trains drew in. It seemed to her desolate and soaked; its "smartness"—a railroad concession to the summer set—was ridiculous in the midst of the gray wastes. The native houses, white, green-shuttered, and prim, or weather-beaten, blindless, and forlorn, according to the thrift of the owners, seemed fewer than she remembered them, and the road to the river settlement stretched lonely before her.

Two men had alighted from the train with her, and she had looked at them with the guilty fear that they might recognize her. But both were unknown to her—the tall, slight, blond-mustached man and his shorter, more bristling companion. They were not of the summer circle, that was sure. Marion's sociological knowledge did not enable her to place them. She thought idly that they did not seem exactly of the countryside, either.

She went into the grocery, prudence counseling her to eke out the store-room's canned provisions with fresh ones. The two men watched her enter it, loitered a moment while the station agent picked up the limp mail bag flung on the platform, and disappeared in the direction of the shore. When Marion came out they were beyond sight, and she began her ascent to the house that was hers for just this day.

The summer places were built along the river, and upon an upward slope, so that the sea, invisible in the hollow in which the town itself lay, was to be seen from most of the cottages. When she reached the height, Marion turned and looked back across the huddled dwellings and stores in the valley, out to the gray water. It was not the sea of her remembrance, blue and dotted with sails. It was not the place of her happiness.

She made her way past forbidding, boarded cottages, with draggled, straw-swathed bushes in their gardens, to her own. Was it possible that it had always been of so dingy a gray above the rough stone of its first floor? Were its white trimmings always so soiled? Was all its gaiety, all its charm, the gift of a few bright awnings and flowers?

She had a sudden fear as she turned the key in the storm door. It was such a blank door, with such a hideous semi-circle of glass at the top for one to look through. What lay behind? Had she not better go back to the town? Then she shook herself impatiently free of her timorousness, and swung open the door. The more inviting one behind it yielded to the same key. She entered and slammed them both hastily behind her. The cavernous fireplace at the end of the big hall was laid with wood ready for the lighting. She looked into the great living-room on the side. There, too, the fire waited but a torch. The window seats had a few cushions upon them. Even in the dusty gloom, and upon the dismal afternoon, there were evidences of Aunt Amanda's thoughtfulness.

When she had made her palpitating way about the house, and had assured herself that no dark terrors lurked in any of the rooms, and that Miss Winter's canned and bottled provision for hastily organized parties was beyond all cavil, she lit the lamp in the hall. She feared to unbar the shutters, lest she could not fasten them securely again.

She applied a match to the papers in the hall fireplace, pulled up the couch, and threw herself upon it. She was inclined to despise her own folly in yielding to the desire to see the place again, yet the solitude was soothing to her nerves. The quiet was like a narcotic. She fell asleep.

When she awoke, she remembered that she had slept not at all the night before. The fire had died down, and only the embers glowed. She piled more wood, scientifically, upon the irons. Then from the kitchen she brought a spider into the hall, and balanced it upon the logs. She lit the spirit lamp beneath the copper teakettle on the table, to boil water for her tea. She scrambled eggs and bacon, and ate them

with slices of bread and butter. She would not harbor the thought of how she and Leslie would have gipsied together in those very rooms. She propped a book against a cushion and read and ate after the dear, forbidden fashion of her childhood. Then she "tidied up," telling herself how admirable a wife she would have been for a poor man, and again she disposed herself among the cushions on the couch, the lamp at the right angle for the book, the fire leaping, the wood singing songs of the forest in the flames.

After a while the comfort of her physical being, and the unusual quietude of her nerves, sent her again to sleep. When she awoke, her watch told her that it was after eleven o'clock. For a drowsy second she repeated the evening inquiry of the summer, as to whether or not any one was expected on the eleven fifteen, the last train from the city. Then she awoke more fully, and for a second smiled at the sleepy question that habit, and not intelligence, had asked. Again the fire had faded to a mere glow among the ashes.

Then it happened to her as to many whose nerves or emotions make night a time of dread. The brief sleep of the early evening had cured the exhaustion which caused it, her faculties and her fears were suddenly broad awake.

Why had she done this foolhardy thing? Was it in the name of sentiment that she had revisited the scene of her happiness? Was she insane? Here she was alone in an empty house, a mile from inhabited dwellings, from human help and neighborliness! Suppose that she should die of abject fear! Weeks would pass before they could find her. Suppose that some one should have seen her at the station, and should have followed her for the sake of her foolishly flaunted purse of gold net, her watch, her trinkets! Suppose—why, who had those two men been?

She sat bolt upright! It was quite true that she was an undisciplined creature, impulsive, foolish, needing some serious purpose or some real knowledge to give her poise. She needed sobering influences, it was true! She would even be willing to acquire the steadier virtues at Flora Halloway's

feet. If she escaped out of this, she would tell him so.

She tried to pull herself together, to reason about the situation. Certainly a neighborhood of tightly boarded, empty houses would not be alluring to tramps. As for thieves, there was probably not a burglariously inclined man in the little town; and if there were, there was no particular likelihood that he would choose this one night of all the winter for his depredations.

Hark!

Her heart stood still for a second, then began pounding against her side as though determined to escape. Distinctly she had heard a sound from the rear of the house—the sound of some heavy instrument falling.

She waited. There was silence. In it her heart regained a more normal measure. She tried to smile with self scorn upon herself.

"Silly!" she said—and even as she did so a sound of scraping, of twisting, as of metal upon metal, was audible to her strained ears.

There was another sound of something falling. It was like a thin sheet of iron or tin, to her mind. A little draft, blown from some newly opened space, stirred the portières that divided the living-room from the hall.

Some instinct bade her put out the light. That done, she sat frozen and inert upon the edge of the couch. Her chief fear suddenly became that she might never be able to move or speak or think again. A very paralysis of terror held her.

"You needn't be so damned noisy!" said a clear, rather high-pitched voice.

"You'd think you was in a hospital for insomnia, you seem so afraid of a bit of noise! There ain't nobody here to wake up, Billy, my boy!"

"Well, let's get a bite the first thing. I heard the old girl tell Gresham that she'd stocked up with patty-de-foy-grass an' such for the turkle-doves that she was makin' the place over to."

"Come along, then! But mind, we ain't goin' to be all night about the job. We've got to get a train over at Washburn on the other road early in the mornin'. The rum's in the cellar, you said, didn't you?"

The steps retreated to the cellar. Marion heard them descending the stairs beneath her. No impulse toward heroism moved her, but the thought that she might escape into the desert night before they could return was like the assurance of safety. She did not wait to seize even her wraps, but slid noiselessly across the heavy rugs toward the door. She opened the first one, pulling it back; she started to push the storm door wide.

Something obstructed it. She pushed more frantically, and it opened wide enough to disclose a figure. She started to shriek, but the sound died in her throat. She fell forward into the night air, fainting. A man's arms caught her and as consciousness left her she thought she heard her own name.

IV.

MR. WILLIAM JENKINS, errand man in the employ of Gresham, Lovel & Jones, sat against the furnace in the Oldport house of Miss Amanda Winter and looked surlily at a ladylike pistol pointed at him by the courageous hand of Miss Marion Brotherton, while Mr. Leslie Winter busied himself, with apparent joy in the task, in tying the arms of Mr. Jenkins' companion behind his back, and rendering his feet useless for locomotive purposes. Mr. Jenkins' friend, known to his profession as Butch Runkle—a delicate recognition of one of his earlier vocations—swore bitterly during the process.

"Now I'll attend to this fellow, Marion dear," remarked Mr. Winter gladly, as he gave Mr. Runkle's body a farewell push with his foot. Then he proceeded to attend to the other fellow. When he was quite through, having finished the job in a thorough manner, as of an artist who is loath to leave it, he turned again to her.

"I am a fool," he said, ignoring the audience, and deaf to its prompt corroboration of his estimate of himself; "an utter fool! All day long I saw you there on the balcony, the flowers in front of you. I knew that you would be here—knew it with the knowledge that two people who—two people like us, Marion—have of each other's moods and move-

ments. I wouldn't trust that knowledge. I preferred Mrs. Brotherton's misinformation. But when I telephoned Howard, and heard that you had not been there, then, of course, I knew perfectly. There was time for nothing but the last train. I came on that, mocking myself for a fool to trust the instinct that led me straight to you. And all the time I was a fool not to have trusted it long before! So I came—will you forgive me for coming uninvited into your house?—bless Aunt Amanda's heart! She hadn't recalled my key that I've had ever since she took the place."

"Speakin' of fools," said Mr. Runkle bitterly, "yous all can call me one, after this." He cast a look of dislike upon

his comrade in ropes. "Catch me ever goin' into a job with a bloomin' amacheur again!"

"Ah, gwan, where 'd you get tips but from them as works at gentlemanly trades?" demanded the irate Mr. Jenkins.

"I'm sorry you have to stay here, dear," remarked Mr. Winter, examining his revolver—it was a more workmanlike one than Marion's, though both had come from the same bureau drawer—"but it's safer, I think, to keep them under watch until you can go to the village in the morning."

"Yes, and then we really have to have some sort of chaperons, you know," said Marion.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

THE MOST COVETED POSITION ON A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER IS THAT OF THE REVIEWER OF PLAYS—HOW THE CRITIC DOES HIS WORK, THE QUALIFICATIONS HE SHOULD POSSESS, THE VALUE OF HIS OPINIONS, AND THE PITFALLS HE HAS TO AVOID.

ALMOST every young man who bends his steps toward Park Row with a view to following the profession of writing cherishes in his heart a hope that he may some time become a dramatic critic. He probably believes himself capable of filling that position more satisfactorily to his employer and the public than it was ever filled before. In fact, the duties of a dramatic critic seem to the novice or layman to be altogether too charming and easy to be called work.

That a man should receive a salary for sauntering into a playhouse at eight o'clock in the evening, remaining till the close of the performance, and then writing rapidly for an hour or so, seems to many hard-working men to be something almost too good for this world. And when it is considered that a position of this sort not only yields a livelihood, but also affords opportunities to go behind the scenes and meet actors and actresses, it is not strange that there are men in New York who would gladly pay a liberal fee for the privilege of writing dramatic criticisms for the daily newspapers, or for any established periodical.

For is not the desire to go behind the scenes of a theater one of the strongest of the passions by which humanity is swayed? I have known men who were so old that they could not eat until their food had been cut up for them; I have known others who were so young that they could eat anything from tripe to ice-cream, and so credulous that they firmly believed that square gambling was carried on in New York; but I have never known youth so callow or age so senile that it would not respond with a grin of delighted and self-confident anticipation to an invitation to go behind the scenes of a theater and be introduced to an actress.

That the doings of theatrical persons occupy such a large proportion of space in the public prints, and enjoy such vast importance as a conversational theme, is a circumstance to be neither deplored nor wondered at, for the art of the stage is not only the most subtle and difficult and interesting of all arts, but one that comes far closer to real life than does that of music or painting or letters. Nor is the glamour which invests the player surprising, when we consider that to the average

layman the actor is completely merged into the character which he portrays.

THE CRITICS AND THEIR WORK.

Although nearly every young writer believes himself fully qualified to occupy the chair of dramatic criticism on any newspaper, there is no position which the proprietor of a New York journal finds it so hard to fill with satisfaction to himself. This fact is fully evidenced by the long terms of service enjoyed by the men who obtain recognition in that line of work. In order to appreciate what a long term of service in Park Row really is, we should remember that when a man has held one position in a newspaper office for five consecutive years, he is looked upon as an "old-timer." The average official life of a city editor or managing editor may be a year or so longer.

I have often been asked to describe the way in which a dramatic critic goes about his duties. Such questions clearly indicate that at least a bit of the ragged edge of the halo which glorifies the stage and its people shines also upon the dramatic critic. The inquirer is generally anxious to know if the critic's duties lead him into the delightfully mysterious region behind the scenes, and enable him to meet the players face to face in the flesh. Sometimes I am tempted to reply that he habitually does his work in the midst of a pink and white transformation scene, or seated on the front seat of the golden chariot of the sun. Indeed, it is at the risk of bringing the whole craft down to a pitifully commonplace level that I am going to tell the simple and unromantic truth about it.

It is the endeavor of the conscientious and experienced critic to be in his seat before the rising of the curtain. On the other hand, in the event of a long performance, he is frequently obliged to leave before its fall. Two seats—always the same and usually on the aisle—are reserved for his use on the first night of every production, and these he occupies in company with his wife or a friend, and clad in conventional evening dress. In the early springtide of his career, he often stalks about the lobby between the acts, trying to look as much like a screech owl as possible, and audibly lamenting the decadence of the drama. The veterans of the profession, however, do not assume looks of self-assumed importance, or try in any way to impress the paying audience with their dramatic wisdom. Between the acts they stroll about the lobby after the manner of theatergoers the world over, and

sometimes seek refreshment in a near-by café. But, like nearly all men who hold much-desired positions, the critic is abstemious when he has anything to do. Although he is apt to meet and talk with his fellows on a first night, he does not, as a rule, discuss the play with another member of the guild. The reason for this is that he might unguardedly let fall or pick up some phrase so apt that it would find its way into both criticisms, thus feeding the ancient delusion that the critics get together on first nights and conspire either to make or to ruin both play and players.

HOW THEY GET IN THEIR "COPY."

Shortly before eleven o'clock, unless the play be done by that time, the critics of the morning papers may be seen stealthily making their way up the aisle. If possible, they escape during a "dark scene," so as to attract as little attention as possible. Sometimes, in a stage thunderstorm, the flashes of lightning may reveal them hurrying away to their work. They barely allow themselves time for what they have to do. On a morning paper, the critic's "copy" must be in the hands of the editor by half past twelve at the very latest, and most of those who write on evening papers also make it a rule to send their matter down on the night of the performance.

In the old days—that is to say, fifteen or twenty years ago—there was in every theater a press-room in which the critics wrote their notices, and then handed them to messenger boys, employed by the manager, who saved them the trouble of going down-town themselves. There was always a sideboard stocked with liquors and cigars in the press-room, and on first nights it was customary to serve a champagne supper to the members of the press and others whom it was considered advisable to conciliate. But all this is a thing of the past. Nowadays the critic pays for his own refreshments, and writes his review in some café or hotel, or in the office of a district telegraph company. He sends his copy down-town by special messenger, at the cost of his newspaper, and it is convenient to work where he can continue to write until the very latest possible moment.

There is a messenger office on Broadway which is much affected by the critics. On almost any night after a first representation in that neighborhood, three or four members of the fraternity can be seen there hard at work, their wives gossiping softly among themselves, pausing now and then to read the sheets as they are

written, and perhaps to whisper a word or two of criticism or suggestion.

THE CRITIC AND HIS CRITICS.

Many people who, on the strength of a perilously slender foundation of knowledge and good taste, desire to be considered smart and knowing in all matters pertaining to the stage, affect a profound contempt for dramatic critics and their work. Among the most popular of the sneers leveled by persons of this sort at the professional critic are such profound observations as the following:

"What does he know about the stage? My ten year old boy can write a better criticism than he can."

"Why, I know for a fact that half the time he writes his notices without seeing the plays at all!"

"Everybody knows that he draws a salary from every manager whose plays he praises."

"Why should he say anything against a manager when he can get all the free tickets he wants? We'll never get honest criticism till the newspapers stop accepting free tickets and make the critics pay for their seats."

To any one at all familiar with modern newspaper methods these sneers seem unworthy of attention. But when we consider that the entire social structure of this country is fairly honeycombed with imbeciles who go about saying such things to kindred spirits who have been endowed at birth with ears long enough to absorb them, it may perhaps be worth while to discuss the matter seriously.

In no establishment with which I have any sort of familiarity does the dollar, the standard coin of our national currency, find its value as carefully appraised as in the counting-room of a New York newspaper. Have any of my readers ever transacted any business with the auditor of a great, fearless, independent metropolitan newspaper? If they have, they will not doubt my assertion that a man whose knowledge of the stage did not exceed that of a ten year old boy, or who criticized plays without taking the trouble to see them, would find it a difficult matter to retain for a single week one of the most sought after positions on the metropolitan press.

Some extremely knowing people devote a great deal of their time to finding the most subtle and mysterious causes for the most commonplace and obvious happenings. If one critic, or half a dozen, praise an actress enthusiastically, it would be safe to lay large wagers that that actress

has remarkable qualities of one kind or another. She may have the personal charm of Miss Maude Adams, the beauty of Miss Mary Anderson, the finished technique of Ada Rehan, or the intensity of Mrs. Leslie Carter, but she is certain to have the gift of pleasing and entertaining her audience in one fashion or another. The artists whom I have mentioned have perhaps received as high praise at the hands of the press as has been accorded to any women on the American stage, and yet no one will deny that each one of them has won her success fairly and on her own merits.

ARE THE CRITICS HONEST?

That a great many players receive from time to time small scraps of critical praise which are prompted by friendship or compassion rather than by their own histrionic skill, is undoubtedly true; but puffs of that sort never advanced a player one particle along the road to fame. Their value is so pitifully small that it is not worth while being mysterious about the true causes of their occasional appearance in print.

In regard to free tickets, I am afraid that I shall find it difficult to convince the ordinary layman that in the estimation of an experienced critic life holds many perquisites of far higher value than these. To a man who has made his living for a score of years by visiting playhouses, a free ticket possesses about the same mysterious and romantic charm that permission to pass the doorkeeper of the Clearing-House has for a Wall Street messenger. The critic's business takes him to the theater, and the manager, shrewdly conscious of the importance of keeping his place of amusement constantly before the eyes of newspaper readers, gladly welcomes him.

In asking for seats for his own use—except on nights when the house is overcrowded—the critic is not asking a favor, because the more frequently a play is impressed upon his mind the more frequent will be his allusion to it in his writings. For it must be remembered that his relation to a play does not cease with his first review. He will be called upon to speak of it from time to time during the course of its run, and he will almost certainly refer to it in comparison with other plays which he criticizes. Moreover, he frequently corresponds for out of town papers. So far from a manager resenting an occasional request for seats from the men who actually write criticisms, there probably is not one of them who does not

like to see these men return to sit through a play for a second time.

HOW TO BECOME A CRITIC.

From time to time I am questioned as to the best course to pursue to secure and keep a position as dramatic critic of a metropolitan daily. To these questions I would reply that it is a comparatively easy matter for a young reporter to secure assignments to "cover" entertainments of lesser importance on first nights, but to obtain steady employment in this line of work is quite another matter. I can shed a little wholesome light on the subject by quoting what the editor of an evening newspaper said in reply to my question: "Who's your dramatic critic now?"

"I haven't a regular one," he replied. "When I start a young fellow off on that job, he does capital work at first, but in about a month the press agents and managers get after him and tell him how clever he is; and then, the first thing I know, he's no use to me, though he may be an extremely good man for them."

I cannot do better than commend these words to the attention of every young man of critical aspirations, for they indicate one of the most dangerous rocks that lie in his course.

I assume that the young man who has an opportunity to do dramatic criticism is honest enough to be proof against money bribery. If he were not, he would not be worth talking to. I assume also that he is ambitious to excel in his work, and human enough to be influenced by the praise or blame of those whom he regards as speaking with authority. Now, it only requires one quality—an important one, to be sure—to be honest in regard to bribe taking, but it requires a great many to escape the specious importunities and subtle flatteries of press agents and managers. And the very instant that the young tyro begins to attract attention by the sincerity or vigor of his work, he is certain to be assailed by men to whose consummate craft and shrewdness I can testify to from personal knowledge. Their methods of attack, so far as I can learn, have not changed much within the past quarter of a century.

THE BLAND AND GULELESS MANAGER.

The manager who knows his business would never think of insulting a young dramatic critic by an offer of a bribe, but he will say, with a serious countenance:

"I hope you're saving all these articles of yours so as to publish them in book form, and when they do come out you

must let me know. I want to buy a copy for myself, and another one to send to a lady in Australia who is a great admirer of yours."

The young critic who is fool enough to follow the advice of this genially inclined friend will, unless conceit has rendered him impervious to knowledge, learn a golden lesson in regard to his precise place in the community.

Another brand of flattery is administered in this form:

"So glad you're here to-night, because Miss Quicklime went and got the number of your seats, so that she could see what you look like. I tell you she reads every word you write, and she's so nervous now for fear you won't like her in her new part that she's half hysterical. I tell you what we'll do. After the second act we'll step back to her dressing-room and I'll introduce you to her. You'll find her a charming little lady, straight as a die, and comes from gilt-edged folks."

There are a hundred schemes by which managers obtain an influence over the young critic, and it requires no small degree of poise to enable him to follow the straight path of duty without paying any heed to the flatterers.

There are critics who will never under any circumstances associate with either managers or players; but I am bound to say for myself that what I know about the stage—little though it may be—has been gained largely from intercourse with professional people, and especially from the men who create and produce plays. Their knowledge is greater than that of either actor or manager, and it has always seemed to me that a critic who studies only from across the footlights can never acquire more than a layman's knowledge of dramatic art.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG CRITIC.

Of course the young critic should be careful not to allow personal friendship, or the flattery of actor or manager, to influence his judgment. His honesty will frequently cost him the regard of some of these self-interested admirers, but that fact ought to prove to him how worthless such pretended friendship is.

He should be very careful, moreover, not to permit himself to be drawn into any of the quarrels of stage people. It is easy to believe that Miss Hardscrabble is a very much injured woman, who has been crushed to earth by a giant conspiracy of theatrical managers led by Mrs. Coffinplate, who is jealous of her; but the critic who becomes the partizan of either of

these estimable ladies will soon degenerate into an unpaid press agent. Such a mistake may cost him his position; and when he can no longer sing the praises of the artist whom he has championed, he is likely to learn the value of professional gratitude.

Another temptation which besets the critic, especially if he cherishes any social aspirations, is that of gathering about him what he calls a "charming artistic circle." This means, in plain English, that he will use his position to draw actors and actresses to his house, to be there used as a bait for the persons of social prominence whose favor he covets. When this critic loses his job, he will see his "charming artistic circle" melt away like a chalk mark from the pavement on a rainy day, and his dream of social success will have a sudden and bitter ending.

The young man who has secured a chance to do this much sought-after work, and who desires to make his position permanent, should go seriously to the play with a clear head and a judgment unbiased by either prejudice or friendship. Let him learn to write his criticism quickly and intelligently, and above all let him remember to be entertaining. It is not enough to say that Mr. Jones played his part badly, or that the play is weak in its third act. He must state such facts in a way that will entertain and amuse even those readers of the paper who have not seen the drama in question.

Further, he should have sufficient familiarity with plays to be able to recognize old situations when he sees them, and not to be deluded into praising as an entire novelty an act or scene that has been stolen bodily from some well-known source. Knowledge of this sort is, of course, only attained by years of assiduous theater-going, coupled with a quick and retentive memory. And it is in this respect that the novice is at a great disadvantage in comparison with a man who has seen twenty years of service on a New York daily. The young critic, therefore, should not be ashamed, when he doubts his own judgment, to question his fellows.

THE DRAMATIC CRITICS OF NEW YORK.

Despite the vast number of incompetents who covet his job, the efficient dramatic critic of a New York newspaper generally enjoys a long tenure of office. William Winter, the dean of the metropolitan fraternity, has been the critic of the *Tribune* since 1865, and Edward A. Dithmar, who recently resigned his position on the *Times*, began to write about

the stage in the early seventies. He has been succeeded by John Corbin, who was at one time the critic of *Harper's Weekly*. Franklin Fyles was the critic of the *Sun* for nineteen years before he left that paper to write for the *Mail and Express*. His successor, James G. Hunker, has been writing about plays and operas for nearly twenty years. Acton Davies has kept up his remarkably entertaining column in the *Evening Sun* since 1890, and "Alan Dale," since 1895 the critic of the *Morning Journal*, has been writing about the stage for eighteen years. J. Franklin Towse has been the critic of the *Evening Post* since 1873, and Hilary Bell has been with the *Press* for seven years. The *Herald* has had no regular critic since Charles Henry Meltzer filled the position about seven years ago, but its dramatic department has been conducted for fully a quarter of a century by Thomas W. White. Mr. Meltzer still writes dramatic articles for magazines and newspapers, and so do Stephen Fiske, Leander Richardson, and others of the "old guard" of first-nighters. Besides these there are perhaps two score of men who are still serving their apprenticeship to the trade.

To the young man of literary rather than journalistic tastes, the post of dramatic critic offers rewards of much greater value than it does to the shallow pate afflicted with the hankering for "behind the scenes." It is not likely to lead directly to any of the best positions in a newspaper office, but it affords abundant opportunity for studying the stage in a thorough and practical manner. Often a dramatic critic has succeeded in acquiring the elusive art of playwriting, or has lived to become an adept in theatrical management—which is a far more difficult accomplishment than juggling with glass balls and bowls of goldfish.

As to the influence of dramatic criticism, my experience leads me to the belief that it is not as great as most actors and managers imagine. Favorable notices can help along the run of a play, retarding its failure or hastening its success, but I doubt if the combined efforts of all the critics in New York—supposing such a combination were possible—could make the public go to see a play that they did not like, or keep them from one that they found entertaining. To the actor, however, critical praise or blame is a matter of no small importance, not because of its influence with the public, but because of its effect on the manager to whom he must look for employment.

ETCHINGS

THE VERNAL QUEST.

Oh, it's up with you, my comrade—
Friend of the truant will!
You with your flute, and I with my lute,
We will foot it over the hill!

We will fare for a tryst with morning—
She of the golden wing—
And will learn from her store of luring lore
The canticles of spring!

The wind's call from the pine-top,
The bird's from the under bough;
The tinkle of shower, and the sigh of
flower,
And the rillet's silvery vow.

We will shape them, we will suit them,
We will blend them all, and then
Back we will bear an Orphean air
To the wondering ears of men!

Clinton Scollard.

THE OLD ALBUM.

In this thick volume, laid away
Between the rusty, dusty covers,
Dumb relics of forgotten days
Rest grandsires, grandams, babes, and
lovers.

Unmindful they 'mid stress and strife
Till old lips waken them to life.

Then speaks the lad in uniform,
And breathes of by-gone battle-glory;
And of long toil through cold and storm
The pioneer relates the story.
But only withered lips the spell
Can break, and cause the words to well.

The maid who meekly died unwed—
Arrayed the bride; the bridegroom
came not—

The son who bowed his father's head,
And whom the family might name not—
Old hands alone may draw the veil;
Old lips alone may tell the tale.

Quaint garbs of blouse, and crinoline,
And Garibaldis, and calashes,
Stiff stock, and trousers pegged, I ween,
High combs, and waterfalls, and
sashes—

But old lips should their worth attest,
And old lips can describe them best.

Aye, undeserved it is that you,
Of awkward mien and features faded,
Should rudely be exposed to view,
For eyes irreverent be paraded.
'Tis only when on-led by age
That we should turn each misty page.

Edwin L. Sabin.

A LOVED ONE'S LAUGH.

To hear her laugh I'd willingly
A slave, a cringing chattel, be;
The rippling cadence rolls and rings
As if some master swept the strings
Of lute in storied minstrelsy.

It has the chime full-toned and free
Of abbey bells from over-sea;
E'en nymphs would poise on joy-hushed
wings
To hear her laugh!

And yet when I, on bended knee,
That she be mine make ardent plea,
And vow her very presence brings
My soul in touch with saintly things,
I'll own it rather grates on me
To hear her laugh!

Roy Farrell Greene.

THE DUEL.

DEEP in the silent forest
We met—my foe and I;
No seconds to attend us,
Leaf-hid from every eye.

"Harken!" so said my rival;
"He whom the fates doth save
Shall bury victory's secret
In the defeated's grave!"

I nodded, pale and sullen.
Our swords inflamed the air;
I parried for his bosom—
A rose was burning there!

I coaxed a fatal open;
With desperate chance of art
My blade transfixed the flower,
And drank his hated heart.

Sunken upon the mosses,
He murmured as he died:
"Thanks, gentle foe—I triumph,
And death is dignified!"

"The heart thou aimed to perish
In her heart lies at rest;
The rose thou pierced was her heart—
She placed it in my breast!"

Aloysius Coll.

THE PATENT MEDICINE MAN.

I'm the Patent Medicine Man, ho, ho!
The Patent Medicine Man!
My patented pills cure your ills, you know,
On a highly original plan.
Have you hives, hydrophobia, housemaid's
knees,
The mumps, or the epizootic disease—
They can all be got rid of at once, if you
please;
Be cured, for you certainly can!

There's nothing my pills cannot cure,
ho, ho!

There's nothing my pills can't cure.
The worse your complaint, the quicker
'twill go,

So why should you pain endure?
If you've corns or consumption or deadly
typhoid,

Or, if like old Job, you with boils are
annoyed,

Take my patented pills and such troubles
avoid.

Your ailments will fly, be sure!

Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

WHEN KITTY TAKES ME DRIVING.

WHEN Kitty takes me driving
In her natty little "spider,"
I know that I am envied
As I sit up there beside her;
Oh, I know there's many a fellow
Who would give his head to be
Asitting there beside her
On the seat, instead of me!

She's as pretty as a picture,
And her eyes are soft and blue;
And I love her very dearly,
And I think she knows it, too;
Yet despite the love I bear her
And the longing of my heart,
I find that I'm unhappy
From the moment that we start.

She sits high up above me,
And I have to raise my eyes
As if I were conversing
With an angel in the skies;
And she holds the reins so deftly,
As she lightly cracks the whip,
That I fear she'd do the driving
On our matrimonial trip.

She takes me where her whim directs,
O'er woodland, hill, and plain,
And when it pleases her to turn
She drives me back again;
And I feel just like a footman,
Sitting there with folded arms—
So that driving out with Kitty
Has its drawbacks, like its charms.
William Wallace Whitelock.

POVERTY.

WITHIN thy wilds we used to play, and
found

Thy brier berries sweet.

What matter that we trod on stony ground
With chilled or sunburned feet?

Health roamed with us, and Hope—a
witching child;

Love near us used to flit.

And in our games among the rocks,
rough-piled,

Delight was always "it."

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

A FAIR BLUE-STOCKING.

MABEL has become *bas bleu*—
This is shocking, shocking!
Tell me, pray, what shall I do?
Mabel has become *bas bleu*;
Science, art, and ethics, too,
Cupid's way are blocking.
Mabel has become *bas bleu*—
This is shocking, shocking!

Mabel has become *bas bleu*—
What a pity, pity!
'Tis calamitous but true,
Mabel has become *bas bleu*;
Such an unbecoming hue
For a girl so pretty!
Mabel has become *bas bleu*.
What a pity, pity!

Mabel has become *bas bleu*—
An egregious error!
Such a change you never knew;
Mabel has become *bas bleu*,
Spectacled and solemn, too,
A pedantic terror!
Mabel has become *bas bleu*—
An egregious error!

Mabel has become *bas bleu*;
May she soon recover,
Soon Athene's spell eschew!
Mabel has become *bas bleu*,
And though I her folly rue,
Bless her, how I love her!
Mabel has become *bas bleu*—
May she soon recover!

Susie M. Best.

The Woman in Politics.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH WOMEN, MORE THAN THEIR SISTERS OF ANY OTHER COUNTRY, ARE HELPING TO SHAPE THE COURSE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS—THE GREAT POLITICAL HOSTESSES OF LONDON AND THE REFORMERS AND AGITATORS OF THE UNITED STATES—THEIR HISTORICAL PREDECESSORS, FROM CLEOPATRA TO THE FAMOUS GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE woman in politics was not a creation of the nineteenth century. She appeared with the birth of the first woman. Her methods, however, have changed with the ages.

Jael, Heber's wife, driving a tent peg into the temples of Sisera, the Gentile, was using the barbarous political methods of a barbaric epoch. Delilah, treacherously shearing the locks from Samson's head, was but carrying out the policy of her nation and her era. The Queen of Sheba, approaching Solomon with "camels that bare spices, and very much gold, and precious stones," was testing the wisdom of the king with all the finesse of her time. Cleopatra in her gilded barge was but pursuing a policy. Helen of Troy, Boadicea, Joan of Arc—all were women in politics. So were the reprehensible Barbara Palmers, Louise de Kéroualles, and Lucy Waltereses of Charles II's court. So were the de Schulenberges, Sophia de Walmodens, and Maria Fitzherberts of the Hanoverians. Even winsome Nell Gwynn was a woman in politics.

Into the history of France the names of Maintenon, Pompadour, du Barry, are carved as deeply as those of many of her kings. Charlotte Corday and Mme. Roland were women of a different style of politics. All of these were women of action. The history of each reflects the politics and the manner of her age.

THE DUCHESS WHO KISSED A BUTCHER.

It was not till the days of Pitt and Fox, and of the American Revolution, that the woman, as we know her to-day, was evolved out of politics. In the spring of 1783, Charles James Fox, the champion of the Americans, was a candidate for election to Parliament from the borough of Westminster. His opponent was Sir Charles Wray, a Tory of the old school.

As the canvass proceeded, it was found that Sir Charles possessed a sure majority of one hundred votes over Fox, the Man of the People. Then appeared upon the scene two very great ladies of London—Lady Salisbury, the wife of Pitt's lord chamberlain, and the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Salisbury had no peer among the women of George III's court in respect of graces of person and of intellectual gifts. She was thirty-four years of age, and the toast of the clubs. The Duchess of Devonshire was beautiful, sprightly, and only twenty-six years of age. Together the ladies descended into the slums of Westminster, one on either side of the fray.

The election became the talk of London. The candidates were forgotten in the rivalry of the ladies. The wagger book at Brooks' shows how the bucks backed their faith in duchess or countess with their money. But the beauty, the youth, the good-nature of the duchess quickly outweighed the political influence and intellectual superiority of Lady Salisbury. Within ninety-six hours of her appearance in the district Fox was a hundred votes ahead of his opponent. Then came the simpering butcher who swore his vote should go Tory unless the duchess kissed him. The Duchess, remembering that other duchess of Scotland who used her lips to purchase recruits for bonnie Prince Charlie, kissed the butcher. Fox was returned with a triumphant majority of two hundred and thirty-five votes above Sir Charles Wray.

It is curious to note how the woman in politics has reflected the characteristics of her nation. In Britain, where, as Gilbert has sung, every boy is born a Liberal or a little Conservative, the woman interested in politics has been mainly a social factor in the war of parties. In France and in Russia, she has been an *intrigante*

or an incendiary. In the Teutonic countries, the woman in politics has depended mainly on her pen for her influence; she has written her beliefs, not spoken them. In the United States, she has sought to meet man on the common ground of the

cause. Lady Palmerston was an ideal woman in politics—tactful, gracious, unsparing of herself. Lady Derby, on the other hand, was dignified, somewhat haughty, sending her invitations in the handwriting of the Treasury clerks.



ONE OF THE FIRST AND MOST FAMOUS OF WOMEN IN POLITICS—CLEOPATRA OF EGYPT AND HER MEETING WITH MARK ANTONY ON THE RIVER CYDNUS, IN 41 B. C.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Sir L. Alma-Tadema.

platform, has fought for her faith in temperance, in emancipation, and in woman suffrage, face to face with the masculine politician. In practical result the Anglo-Saxons have achieved the most.

THE POLITICAL SALONS OF LONDON.

In the mid century, the great Tory salon of London was in the Grosvenor Place house of Lady Stanhope. There and at Lady Jersey's, the ambitious members of the party met and sought the interest of Lord Derby, of the young Disraeli, of Walpole and Malmesbury. At the same time, Lady Palmerston, more successfully than her Tory rivals, was entertaining, with Gladstone and Lord John, the strenuous youth of the Liberal

In our own generation, the great English houses of political entertainment were, for the Conservatives, Lady Salisbury's, at Hatfield and at Arlington Street. It was in her town house that Lady Salisbury gave Disraeli his only opportunity of meeting Christine Nilsson, the singer, and so set the fashion of blending different elements of distinction at political dinners. Lady Salisbury, throughout her lifetime the consummate society woman in politics, did as much as her brilliant husband to consolidate the party of the Conservatives. Associated with her was Lady Ridley, whose invitation card was a recognized cachet of distinction.

Most recently, since the death of Lady

Salisbury, the Duchess of Devonshire has assumed the position of *grande dame* of Conservative politics. Her entertainments, at Devonshire House and at Chats-

The present day women of the political salon in London are, on the Conservative side, the Countess Grosvenor, wife of George Wyndham, the chief secretary for



THE WOMAN POLITICIAN OF GEORGIAN DAYS—THE FAMOUS GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, WHO WON A VOTE FOR CHARLES JAMES FOX BY KISSING A WESTMINSTER BUTCHER, IN 1783.

From an engraving by Thomas G. Appleton after the portrait attributed to Thomas Gainsborough.

worth, are attended by royalty and by every member of the cabinet. Her salon, however, is no place for the pushing politician. The duchess is more stateswoman than woman in politics, rather champion of an aristocracy than leader of a party.

Ireland; Miss Balfour, sister of the prime minister; the Marchioness of Londonderry; and Lady Doreen Long, wife of the president of the Local Government Board. The Liberals, as becomes the party struggling for power, possess more

eminent women in their political life than do their opponents. Chief among these are Mrs. Asquith and her beautiful sister Lady Ribblesdale, the Countess Spencer, Lady Tweedmouth, Lady Battersea, and Mrs. Herbert Gladstone.

The most gifted woman in English politics is, curiously enough, an American. Mrs. Cornwallis West, better known here and at home as Lady Randolph Churchill, is a politician to her finger tips. With pen, with voice, and with personal influence, she has pushed the fortunes of her brilliant son, Winston Churchill. During the lifetime of Lord Randolph, she taught the people of England the value of woman as a canvasser. She was unresting in her efforts. To-day she not only canvasses, but speaks, upholding her son in his attacks upon the dry rot in government departments. When Lady Randolph Churchill founded her *Anglo-Saxon Review* the Duchess of Devonshire contributed an article upon her famous predecessor who successfully carried Charles Fox into the representation of Westminster. These two women in politics represent two curiously antipathetic phases of present day conservatism—the progressive and the quiescent.

THE BRITISH POLITICO-SOCIAL LEAGUES.

It was not until the year 1881 that women became an active feature in British politics. Until then they had confined themselves to their salons, or on rare occasions had swooped down upon constituencies in aid of a favorite candidate. In February, 1881, Michael Davitt founded the Ladies' Land League as an auxiliary to the Irish Land League. In October of that year Mr. Gladstone sup-



THE COUNTESS WALDERSEE, FORMERLY MISS LEE OF NEW YORK, ONE OF THE FEW WOMEN WHO HAVE EXERTED ANY INFLUENCE IN CONTEMPORARY GERMAN POLITICS.

From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

pressed the parent organization. At once the women took over its entire work. Through their hands, in eight months, passed three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Until Mr. Parnell's release from jail, when he assumed the control, this woman's association was directing what was practically an insurrection against England.

Two years later Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and Sir Algernon Borthwick determined to use some of the features of the Irish organization for the nurture of Conservatism in England. They founded the Primrose League. It was an immediate success. More than a million people, men and women, signed the roll of members. It became the great Conservative organization of Britain.

Its annual festivals are the favorite occasions for the party leaders to deliver authoritative speeches. It is the stronghold of Conservative women in politics.

In 1886 Mrs. Gladstone founded, as a rival institution to the Primrose League, the Women's Liberal Federation. The federation developed some real orators—Lady Carlisle, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. McLester. In 1888, the Liberal Unionists founded their Liberal Unionist Organization. These three associations practically control the course of political activity in Great Britain. As Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett has said, they have opened the door to the British woman's plea for woman suffrage. She points out that when negroes were armed in the Civil War, a death blow was struck at slavery. From that she argues that the great political parties of England, having accepted the organized assistance of women in elections, have made it impossible to con-

tinue the non-representation of women in Parliament.

Of the women speakers who developed out of the great political associations, Lady Carlisle possessed a finely modulated voice, a wide knowledge of politics, and a rich flow of words, but as a platform speaker she lacked readiness to meet the interruptions of unfriendly audiences. Lord Derby once said that the best political speech he ever heard was from the lips of a woman—Mrs. Fawcett. Lady Henry Somerset, too, is the possessor of a clear, musical voice which, although not strong, carries to every corner of the hall in which she speaks. When beginning her career as an advocate of temperance legislation, Lady Henry, it is said, invariably placed her maid at the rear of the hall, and modulated her voice according to a series of preconcerted signals.

Miss Maud Gonne, the Irish enthusiast who recently announced her marriage to Major McBride, the second in command of the Irish Brigade in the Boer war, is the most beautiful of all the women in British politics. Her irrepressible Celticism is known wherever two or three Irishmen gather together.

WOMEN IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

The American woman in politics is an entirely different person from her English sister of the platform. Born in the temperance awakening of the late forties, developed under the tutelage of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, and the Abolitionists of the mid century, she reached her full fruition in the movement for woman's suffrage.

Among the pioneers the most notable were Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Ernestine Rose, Amelia Bloomer, and Antoinette Brown Blackwell. These women urged a crusade which was truly American in the immensity of its conception and in the energy of its prosecution.

Most representative of the movement, as she was most uncompromising in its advocacy, is Susan B. Anthony.

To the male critic, the American woman in politics deserves rather the title of social reformer or of moral enthusiast than of politician. Her interest has been stimulated by something occurring within her individual experience—the drunkenness of a relative, the faithlessness of a husband; or by something that has aroused her feminine sympathies without personal investigation—for example, the theoretical misery of the negroes prior to the proclamation of January 1, 1863. In the

every-day matters of national politics she has taken less prominent part here than in Great Britain. As a social factor she is practically unknown.

The most remarkable figure of all these feminine agitators is Miss Susan B. Anthony. At the age of eighty-three she surveys within her own experience the whole of woman's endeavor in American politics. Born a Quaker, she began life with the narrow prejudices of her sect concerning dress, language, and conduct. Later, she was assailed as a reformer in dress, as the employer of language too trenchant for the ears of her generation, as a woman breaking the proprieties of her sex. Through it all she has emerged a serene-faced, white-haired old woman,



MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST, FORMERLY LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, THE MOST-GIFTED OF ALL THE WOMEN WHO HAVE FIGURED IN CONTEMPORARY BRITISH POLITICS.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

strong in her principles, justified in much that once seemed heretical. Her biographer has written:

The transition of the young Quaker girl, afraid of the sound of her own voice, into the reformer, orator, and statesman, is no more wonderful than the change in the status of woman, effected so largely through her exertions. At the beginning she was a chattel in the eye of the law; shut out from all advantages of higher education and opportunities in the industrial world; an utter dependent on man; occupying a subordinate position in the church; restrained to the narrowest limits along social lines; an absolute nonentity in politics. To-day American women are envied by those of all other nations, and stand comparatively free individuals, with the exception of political disabilities.

More than any other woman, Miss Anthony contributed to this result. For fifty years hers was the clearest business head among the women in American politics. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's was a more pleasing personality, a more tell-



THE COUNTESS GROSVENOR, WIFE OF GEORGE WYNDHAM, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND, AND ONE OF THE LEADING LONDON HOSTESSES OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.



THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, AND ONE OF THE LEADING LONDON HOSTESSES OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

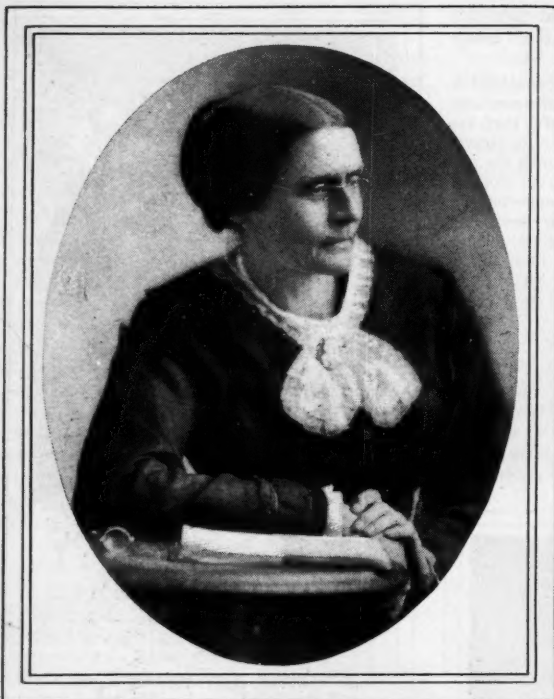
From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

ing force upon the platform. Lucretia Mott's was a more philosophical mind. Anna E. Dickinson's was a more persuasive temperament. But Miss Anthony was the lawyer, the woman who held closest to the main issue, who spurned every temptation to wander into by-paths, who scorned marriage, comfort, competence, that the cause of woman might triumph. Her life has not been without its practical reward, not without its effective monument upon the statute books of the country.

AN ENTERTAINMENT AT HORACE GREELEY'S.

From Miss Anthony's life there may be cited an incident that graphically illustrates the difference between the social methods and status of the American woman in politics and her British sister:

Miss Anthony was invited to spend an evening with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Greeley, and met for the



MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY, THE VETERAN LEADER OF THE MOVEMENT FOR THE ASSERTION OF THE PERSONAL AND POLITICAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN IN AMERICA.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

first time Charles A. Dana, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Elizabeth F. Ellet, with a number of other literary men and women of New York. Mr. Greeley himself opened the door for them, and sent them hunting through the house for a place to lay their wraps. After a while, Mrs. Greeley came down-stairs with a baby in her arms. She had put her apron over its face, and would not let the visitors look at it "because their magnetism might affect it unfavorably." During the evening she rang a bell, and a man-servant came in. After a few words with her he retired, and presently brought in a big dish of cake, one of cheese, and a pile of plates, set them on the table and went out. There was a long pause and Mr. Greeley said:

"Well, mother, shall I serve the cake?"

"Yes, if you want to."

So he went over to the table, took a piece of cake and one of cheese in his fingers, putting them on a plate and carrying to each, until all were served. The guests nibbled at them as best they could, and after a long time the man brought in a pitcher of lemonade and some glasses and left the room. Mr. Greeley again asked:

"Well, mother, shall I serve the lemonade?"

"Yes, if you want to," she replied, so he filled the glasses, carried to each separately, and then

gathered them up one at a time, instead of all together on a waiter.

ON THE EUROPEAN CONTINENT.

Of European women in politics little remains to be said. Outside of Great Britain, they have been women in diplomacy rather than in politics. In France the Dowager Duchesse d'Uzès, who contributed a million francs to General Boulanger's fund, dealt a blow to monarchical aspirations from which the party has not yet recovered. Mme. Adam, who maintained the political salon of Paris in the years succeeding the Franco-Prussian war, for a time acted as social sponsor for Gambetta. When the great radical discovered that she was also assuming the responsibility for his political propaganda, he and his associates withdrew from her drawingroom. More recently, Mme. Adam has



THE LATE MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, FAMOUS AS A WORKER FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF HER SEX.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

claimed credit for the formation of the Franco-Russian alliance, but her pretensions have received no recognition either in France or in Russia.

In Russia and in Britain, a quarter of a century ago, Mme. de Novikoff sought to reconcile British opinion to Russian aggression in the Balkans. She failed, and the Congress of Berlin effectively answered the efforts of the Russian woman in politics.

In Germany, the Countess Waldersee, an American by birth, is one of the very few women of this generation who have played a part in politics. Her life history has been a remarkable one. She was the second daughter of a New York grocer, who had retired from business with a moderate fortune. After her father's death her mother went to Germany, where the eldest daughter married a young nobleman in the diplomatic service. Mary Lee, the second daughter, did still better. A prince of the ducal house of Schleswig-Holstein fell in love with her, and to enable him to marry her he persuaded the Emperor of Austria to ennoble her as the Princess von Noer. Six months after the wedding the prince died, and two years later his young widow married Count Waldersee, who has had a distinguished military career, succeeding von Moltke as chief of staff of the Kaiser's army, and commanding the allied forces in China during the campaign of 1900.

Through the present empress, who is a niece of her first husband, the Countess Waldersee has at times exercised a considerable influence at the court of Berlin. Prior to the accession of William II, she is credited with having secured his approval for an anti-Semitic crusade. Later, however, the emperor refused to support the movement with the authority of the throne. The real woman in German politics is the woman who writes, not the woman who intrigues.

In Spain, the queen mother of necessity was a woman in politics throughout the sixteen years of her son's minority. Distrusted by the Spaniards, called in reproach "*l'Autrichienne*," as was Marie Antoinette of France a century earlier, she saved the Bourbon dynasty during the troublous days of the Spanish-American war, successfully led her son to the throne that awaited him.

Italy, both at the court of the king and at the Vatican, is the scene of much feminine intrigue, but the woman in politics exists only in the dowager Queen Marguerite and the present Queen



MAUD GONNE, THE IRISH JOAN OF ARC, A SPEAKER AND AGITATOR WHOSE IRREPRESSIBLE CELTICISM IS KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Hélène. Queen Marguerite did much to bring King Humbert into the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria. The influence of Queen Hélène is drawing Victor Emmanuel III into closer association with France and Russia.

The woman in politics, here and abroad, demonstrates a curious difference between the male and the female devotion to affairs. Few men engage in politics who are not influenced by hope of personal enrichment or aggrandizement. Women have almost invariably entered the field in behalf of a principle or through affection for another. Few have added much to their personality by the experience. Many have suffered grievous martyrdom.

STORIETTES

The Discipline of Boaz.

I.

Rissy was fair and round-faced and seventeen—and incorrigible. Boaz was dark and thin and twenty-one—and conscientious. Rissy had whispered and giggled, and otherwise comported herself in a manner non-conducive to the maintaining of order and discipline in the Lick Creek schoolhouse. Then at last spake Boaz the long-suffering in righteous wrath:

"Rissy Briggs will step forward to the teacher's desk!"

Rissy flushed and tossed her head—a toss which said quite plainly: "Oh, she will, will she?"

"Rissy Briggs will step forward to the teacher's desk!" repeated Boaz, with an ominous flash of his black eyes. And Rissy stepped.

"Rissy, you've communicated an' laughed, an' p'intedly disobeyed the rules; an' it is now my duty to offer you your ch'ice between suspension from school or a whippin'!"

"You-all dassen't suspend me from school, Boaz Tobyn! An' as for a whippin', I'd like to see you give it to me, that's all!"

"Hold out your hand!"

This was incredible! Stillness reigned in the schoolhouse. It was a dreadful moment. Boaz Tobyn grasped the ruler convulsively. All the healthy red had forsaken his cheek.

He brought the ruler down with what seemed to him terrific force. There was an exclamation of pain, a pink palm curled up. Rissy raised her head and looked at him unflinchingly. Her eyes were not particularly beautiful, but all at once Boaz saw in them the look of the one woman. He dropped the ruler.

"Forgive me, Rissy!" he blurted out. "To think that I've hurt you!"

She flung out her palm again, as one who said: "Proceed, unfeeling wretch! Do your worst."

But Boaz took the small reddened hand in his tenderly. Perhaps he would have kissed it—in the face of discipline and forty interested boys and girls—had not Rissy jerked it away.

"I'll never speak to you again, Boaz Tobyn!"

She walked to her seat at the back of the room, took therefrom her lunch, her books, her slate and pencil, and marched away homeward.

II.

The following day Boaz looked so poorly that his landlady brewed him some herb tea, which he was forced to drink, whether he would or no.

In the afternoon he started out, walking fast along the road leading to Lick Creek, head bent and black coat-tails drooping dejectedly.

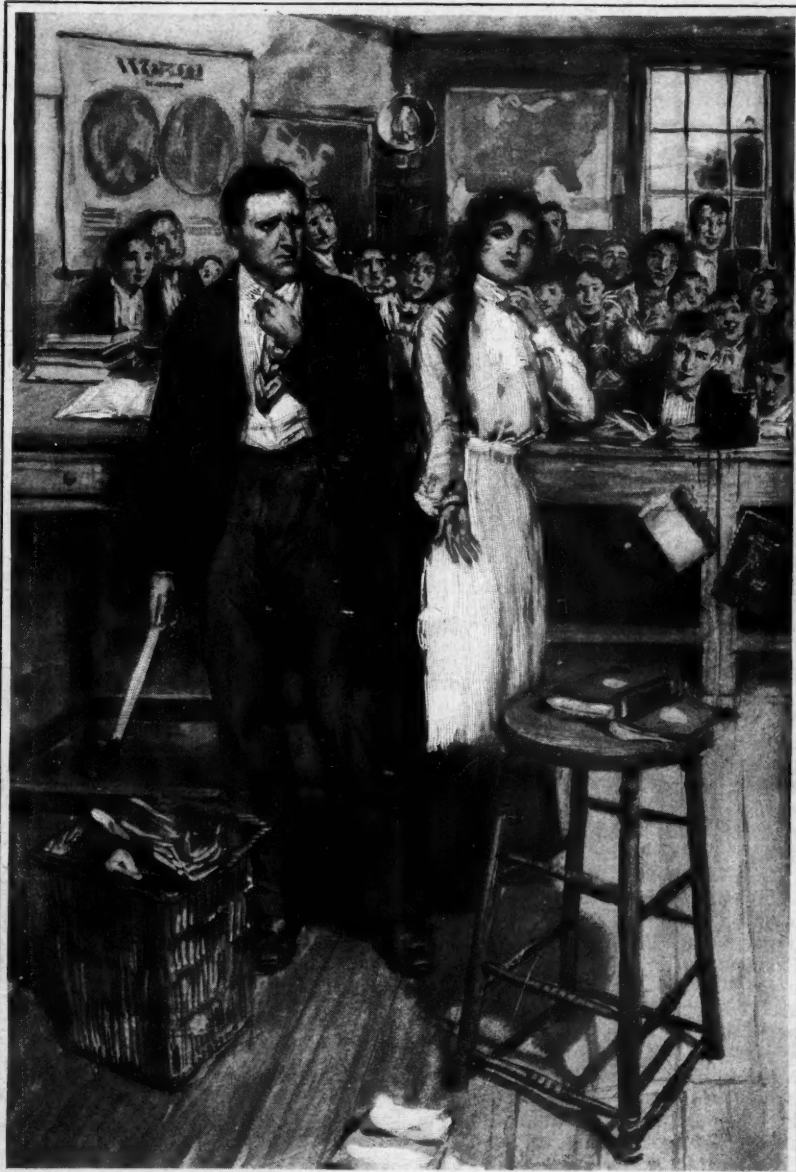
The longer he meditated upon his offense against Rissy, the more heinous appeared his crime. He seemed to feel again the hideous force with which he had brought down his weapon, to hear her cry of pain. He saw her reproachful eyes filled with angry and helpless tears. And how he had missed her that day at school—her face above the desk at the back of the room—her pink sunbonnet from its peg in the entry!

"Howdy, Bo!"

Boaz gave a start. Without realizing it, he had reached the Briggs cottage, beside the road, and Mrs. Briggs was calling to him with friendly intent. Evidently Rissy had divulged nothing. Through the open doorway he could see her weaving in the living-room. She did not look up, nor notice him; but he was not surprised. Had she not said she would never speak to him again?

He exchanged greetings with Mrs. Briggs and her married daughter on the gallery, and seated himself on the steps, where he wiped the perspiration from his brow with a bright bandanna.

"You-uns don't look right smart, Boaz," Mrs. Briggs shrilled, raising her voice above the noise of the hand-loom; and she bade one of the children go fetch him a gourdful of water. "Reckon you want to know why Rissy warn't at school to-day," she went on, pulling at her pipe philosophically. "Waal, she wouldn't go—thet's flat. Ses she's too big. Spent the endurin' mornin' lettin' daown her best skirt. But don't you mind her, Bo, Gals



BOAZ TOBYN GRASPED THE RULER CONVULSIVELY.

is ornery. You-all better stay to supper. Some of the young folks 're comin' to hev a dance."

Boaz made an inarticulate noise in his throat in acknowledgment of Mrs. Briggs'

kindness. How different it would have been had she known the truth! And there were Pap and Bud Briggs riding home across the field. They would shoot a man for less.

Boaz sat on the steps, sunk in profound wretchedness, torn by conflicting emotions. He would have preferred to be in any other place in the wide world, yet no power on earth could have routed him from his point of vantage, where he could watch Rissy as she deftly tossed the shuttle to and fro.

Presently she stopped and began to get supper. The fragrance of coffee and frying bacon stole out upon the crisp air. Mrs. Briggs called:

"Come in, Bo, an' draw up a cheer!"

Afterwards, Boaz and Pap Briggs sat on the gallery, discussing politics and religion, while the women folks cleared away, and Bud fooled with his accordion. Soon old Uncle Pleasant arrived with his fiddle; and the guests began to come—driving, riding, or on foot, all in the mellow light of the great harvest moon rising above the Ozark hills.

Rissy had slipped away to her room in the loft to put on her first long skirt, and her one adornment, an enormous flat gilt brooch with a red stone, a family heirloom. As she came stealing down the outside stairs, she plumped almost into Boaz' arms.

"Well, Boaz Tobyn, what you a doin' here?"

The heart of Boaz gave an exultant leap. At least, she had spoken to him!

"Waitin' to speak to you, Rissy—waitin' to ast you to forgive me. You see, Rissy, I thought I was obligated to—on account of maintaining discipline in the school; but when the ruler came down on your little hand—oh, Rissy, when I thought how I had hurt you, an' shamed you that a way before the whole school, I jes' natchally concluded lynchin' would be too good for me!"

Rissy glanced up quickly from under her long lashes. "I 'low I was tol'ably aggravatin'."

"And when you-all didn't come to-day. I was so sick thet Mrs. Jones brewed me some yarb tea, an' I had to drink it. Tell me thet you're goin' to let bygoness be bygoness, will you, Rissy? An' will you let me keep company with you? There's the corn huskin' over to Thompsons'—"

"No, I won't, Boaz Tobyn, an' what's more, I ain't comin' to your old school no more. I 'low I've hed enough larnin' for one while!"

There was, nevertheless, a flash of gratification in her face. Boaz Tobyn had never been known to take a girl anywhere. He was a very shy, serious young man, who engaged in learned discourse with his elders, and seemed proof against the

blandishments of the fair daughters of the houses where he "boarded 'round."

"Thet's so, Rissy, you are gettin' tol'ably old; 'most old enough to think of gettin' merried instid of—"

"Why, how you talk, Boaz Tobyn! You go right 'along now, an' lemme past!" Her voice sank to a cooing murmur. "Don't, Bo!"

"Don't what?" asked the innocent young man; then, a sudden light breaking upon him, he clasped her in his arms.

III.

"PAHTNAHS fer de Vaginny reel!"

Boaz made a bow to Rissy, squeezing her hand as he led her to her place at the head of the line. At the first screech of the fiddle, she went down the middle, cheeks aflame, pink skirt flying; and Boaz followed, prancing bravely, coat-tails flapping, until all their little world wondered, and Mrs. Briggs feared Pap had plied him with the jug of apple brandy from the still hidden in the ravine.

When the dance was over, and the guests had gone, Rissy had some news for her mother.

"Mam, me an' Boaz 'low we'll ride over to the court to-morrow an' get merried."

Mrs. Briggs reached down for a coal for her pipe.

"Waal, I've no objections, Rissy. I hain't nothin' agin Boaz. I hope he'll keep the upper han'." She began to chuckle, her preternaturally grave face breaking up into a thousand wrinkles. "Oh, I hearn all 'bout it, though I hain't let on—gals is ornery, an' brides apt to be spoiled rotten. I hope an' pray Boaz'll keep on like he's started out, an' not spare the rod!"

Mary Stockbridge.

A Chapter of Chances.

"No," declared Miss Neilson with the soft hurried emphasis which gave her conversation half its charm, "I don't think it was true art. An interesting play, yes—for passing an evening—but not to be seriously discussed."

"But why?" persisted Roderick, his eyes on the straight profile, with the feathery fluff of pale hair above the eager eyes. "There was tragedy enough, surely—"

"Ah, but it was accidental tragedy, don't you see?—not tragedy bound up in the nature of the characters! Incident alone doesn't suffice. It's incident inseparable from the natures of the actors, it's the complications their—what do you

call them?—dispositions, souls, something—create, not the street corner jams any of us may get into indiscriminately.”

Roderick leaned back and laughed. Olive turned her eyes, dark, gray, shining with inner excitements, upon him.

“‘Man is man and master of his fate,’ is your notion resolved into copybook quotation, isn’t it, Miss Neilson? I suppose that if”—he looked at her half boldly, half questioningly, beneath his heavy lids—“if this ride of ours on this February morning, which by mere chance feels like spring, which by mere chance makes us look for daffodils instead of early spring millinery behind the plate glass windows, which by mere chance makes our blood move to spring’s time in our veins—if this ride of ours, sprung of a chance meeting at the corner, after we had both chanced to see ‘The Incomprehensibilities of Matilda’ at the theater last night—”

“Don’t!” laughed the girl. “I have been holding my breath waiting for the end of that chain of chances, and I’m gasping.”

“The end of it”—he leaned forward and spoke in a lower tone, but more emphatically—“was this: if it should chance that this morning—this meeting—was the beginning of the things I hoped for last summer—you remember?”

The girl grew a little pale.

“Do we need to go all over that again?” she protested. She remembered the feeling of distrust that had made her answer so positive at Manchester, in spite of a certain insistence of her own heart that it was not the right answer. He ignored the interruption.

“You would still say that not chance, but our own natures, had helped us to our own happiness, Olive?”

She nervously laughed down the compelling earnestness in his tones. It was her one weapon against the power he exerted over her, the power against which she shrank inexplicably, distrustfully.

“Oh, let’s be reasonable,” she said. “If I should be seen by some dragon of propriety who knows me careering down Fifth Avenue with you in a hansom on a pleasant February morning, and should be reported to Aunt Emeline or to dear confiding mamma in Baltimore, and should be locked in my room and dieted on bread and water for conduct so unbecoming, I should say that my own impulse in driving down to see your new club house, rather than anything else, had landed me in my dungeon. Aren’t we nearly there, by the way?”

“We are turning in towards it now.

It’s on the next block. I merely did it over, you know—it isn’t new; but you’ll say it’s a neat job, I think.”

The hansom slowed up, and Olive looked out. She admired enthusiastically. “It’s dear—so bright, and dignified at once—so different,” she said.

“I am glad you like it.” Roderick himself looked approvingly at the bit of Colonial restoration which certainly did differentiate the modest home of the Book-plate Club from its neighbors. “I’ll be only a second inside. I must have just a word with my contractor. But before I go, Olive—”

“Perhaps you’d better not call me that,” she suggested gently.

“Why did you fight against—against the inevitable—down at Manchester last summer? Why did you fight against me?”

She turned her honest eyes towards him, as if to appeal to his wider knowledge and experience.

“I don’t trust the emotion in me,” she said a little laboriously. “And somehow—forgive me—I don’t trust you. I’m not sure of the quality of your love.”

Roderick’s face was of the square jawed, rather heavy type. A flush mounted it now. His dull eyes glowed.

“It’s the best in me,” he said eagerly.

“If you will let my lifetime—”

“Don’t, please,” said the girl a little coldly. “At least, I know enough to recognize the commonplaces of courtship when I hear them, and I don’t like them. Please go in, and hurry out!”

The heavy jaws closed determinedly. It was as if he would compel her to acknowledge a love for him then and there. Then the look softened, grew almost a little sad, and he nodded.

“I won’t be three minutes,” he declared.

He strode up the path with less of buoyancy than was usual in his square set figure. He had the tread of the conscientious rather than of the spontaneous athlete. Olive was conscious of a little pain at her heart that he should look weary; and surely he seemed unnecessarily older than he was last summer.

She leaned back, lapped in the delusive warmth of the late winter morning. Some daffodils he had bought for her on the street lay across her lap, and she touched them lightly, with a smile. She felt surer of him to-day than she ever had before; she wanted to love him. It almost seemed to her that she might forget the leafy road of Manchester and the look she had surprised upon the face of the girl who rode there beside him—the girl from the horse

training farm—a look of surprised gratitude and adoration.

What induced Brogan, hansom driver, to dismount from his perch at this juncture no one will ever know. The deceptive mildness of May, amazingly set back into February, which had prompted Olive Neil-

lost in the vague excitement she half feared, and to which she nevertheless half longed to yield, was oblivious alike to the driver's desertion and the horse's unrest. Suddenly a noonday blast from the tunnel shook the air. The thunders crashed for a second. The horse arched his neck and



WHEN THE HORSE WAS NEARLY ABREAST OF HER SHE HURLED HERSELF TOWARDS HIM.

son to drive gaily down Fifth Avenue with James Roderick, architect, to see a new club house instead of going to the tailor's to keep her appointment with that potentate, was doubtless an influence with Brogan also. At any rate, having stepped down from his heights, he quietly sped towards Fourth Avenue, where a discreet side-door hid him temporarily from view.

Brogan's steed, inured though he was to much standing, became the prey of a sudden feeling of restlessness. He champed a little. Olive, leaning back,

quivered; then, with a lurch, he was off. Towards the opposite curb he dashed, trying to shake off the heavy incubus that burdened him and kept him back. Finding that impossible, he made for the middle of the roadway and ran straight forward.

By a miracle there was a cleared space at the crossing. The street seemed still shaking with the thunder of the blast, and the clangor of the cars about to resume their interrupted journeys was just beginning to sound again. But at the time when Brogan's horse reached the tracks

they were clear, and he crossed them in a breathless second. The daffodils lay on the floor, and Olive, clutching the sides of the carriage, tried to steady herself.

Men and boys began to rush along the sidewalk, planning to come up alongside of the animal, who was now entangling himself in the loose reins. Brogan, bursting from the discreet side door, was in hot pursuit of his property. He was shouting in common with the rest of the street: "Stop him, stop him!"

Out of Lexington Avenue there walked a tall, stalwart young woman. Her swinging step was free, her shoulders straight and strong. Reaching the cross street, she heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs, the rattle of the wheels, the shrieks, the shouts, the running steps. She looked up and saw. Her face lighted. She ran into the street, and waited the approach of Brogan's horse with braced body. Her coat had been open to the warmth. She tore it off, and held it in her hands. When the horse was nearly abreast of her she hurled herself towards him, the coat blinding him, her strong fingers holding it close against his nostrils, choking him. He reared violently; but the cruel hold did not relax, and the second's interruption gave others a chance to reach his head also. The runaway was stopped.

Olive, white and trembling, was helped out. She made her unnerved way to the sidewalk. The other girl followed, after a horsey word or two with Brogan. The two women looked at each other.

"Miss Neilson!"

"Miss—Miss, I forget your name—pardon me—but it's surely Mr. Wickens' niece?"

"Yes—Alma Martin."

The blood rushed back into Olive's face. She saw the big horse boarding farm in the country near Manchester, the civil, rough farmer, the tall, powerful, half-sullen girl who taught the children of the summer colony to ride, who exercised the women's horses, who—oh, why could she not forget the day she had met this girl and Jim Roderick riding down a leafy road? All her doubts of him had dated from that sight.

"You are in New York?" she said.

"Yes."

All the reserves, all the delicacies, of Olive's inheritance and training struggled with the primeval impulse of jealousy for a second. She had been shaken to the depths this morning; she had hoped for love, she had feared for her life. All her accustomed habits were lost.

"What are you doing here?" she said,

and was surprised at the harshness of her voice. She forgot the men surrounding Brogan and his horse and learnedly examining straps and buckles.

Alma eyed her a little haughtily. "I'm teaching riding to children at an academy up town," she said.

"How—how did you—happen to come? Oh, forgive me if I am rude," she blurted out, "but I must know! Did—who obtained the position for you?"

Alma looked at her bewildered.

"Why, Mr. Roderick," she said. "All the city folks whose horses we tended were going to do—oh, worlds for us, but he was the only one who did anything. He's a real friend, Mr. Roderick, for all he's got that way of seeming not to care. He got Walt a fine place, too."

"Walt?"

"Yes, Walt, my cousin Walter Wickens, you know. Oh, I forgot, you didn't know we were married two months ago."

How Olive thrust her card upon Mrs. Walter Wickens and incoherently begged a visit from her, how she tumbled into the hansom and peremptorily bade Brogan drive back to the Bookplate Club, how she sat before its modest quarters thinking them the most magnificent architectural sight in New York, her eyes shining, her lips parted, her heart beating joyously—all these things she could never have told. But a few minutes later, when Jim sprang down the path, frowning portentously over his delay and apologizing for it, she half dragged the amazed man into the carriage, over the wreck of the daffodils.

"Oh, Jim, Jim," she cried, thrusting her two hands upon him in the broad noon-day glare, "you're right, you're right! Chance—oh, blessed be chance! It's much better to us than we deserve!"

And Jim found himself excitedly yelling "Home!" through the trap door in the roof to Brogan—as if they already had a home to go to and a driver who had the faintest idea where it was.

Anne O'Hagan.

The Strike of the John Kelly Local.

ANNIE raised her hand menacingly, but the quick duck and upward, fending swing of Johnny's arm failed to follow. Instead of this usual maneuver, her son caught the hand and held it, looking angrily and fearlessly into her eyes. Annie gasped in bewilderment and struggled weakly. The significance of the resistance became suddenly clear, and she cast herself into the low chair beside the window.

"Wurra!" she sobbed. "Wurra! Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny boy!"

She rocked her body to and fro, and the wails lost nothing in volume by reason of the apron over her head. Her son eyed her in disfavor.

"Aw, cut it out," he muttered uneasily. "I'm thirteen, and big enough to be me own boss, I guess!"

"Kapin' company wid a cross-eyed girl in Oliver Street!" interjected Annie sharply.

"She ain't cross-eyed!"

"You'd ought to be glad of th' good home I've give ye since your father died. God have mercy on his soul! It's not afther cross-eyed girls he'd be goin', neither," wailed Annie.

"She ain't cross-eyed!" snarled Johnny, stung by the repetition. "If I likes a girl I likes her, and it's not even me mother's business, understand?"

"Me wid my rheumatismatics! Many's th' time I've stood in th' snow earnin' a living to support you! If I was many th' mother, I'd bat you acrost th' face for talking back t' me," reproached Annie.

"You'd only bat me once, then," retorted Johnny stoutly.

Mrs. Kelly's grief broke forth afresh. Her son surveyed her sullenly and reached for his hat.

"I'm goin' out," he remarked.

Mrs. Kelly gave no sign of having heard.

"I'm goin' down to Oliver Street," he added tauntingly.

Then Mrs. Kelly removed the apron. "You go down to Oliver Street and you can stay there," she said, trembling.

"All right," replied Johnny. "I'll stay there! And you can be getting some one else to help sell your papers," he added shrilly. "I won't!"

The slam of the door closed the discussion, and Mrs. Kelly sat by the window alone. The fountain of tears evaporated swiftly in the heat of her gathering wrath.

"Shtruck, has he?" she muttered aloud to the silent room. "Readin' thim coal mine stories, it's like. And he'd be lavin' me f'r a red-headed hussy—th' devil sind her joy of him! All right, let 'm! I'll not take 'm back, not f'r President O'Roosevelt and th' whole crowd of arbitraries. I know me business!"

With the final sentence Mrs. Kelly rose and set about her evening's work. The vigor with which she banged the iron fryin-pan upon the table beside the kitchen sink spoke volumes for the earnestness of her resolve.

"Me wurrkin' me hands to th' bone an' him lettin' me! It's on a grating he can sleep this night," she said savagely, at the end of two hours of unassisted toil.

As she flounced from the kitchen, outraged motherhood caused her to lock the door viciously, and to indulge in the hope that the autumn night might be cold.

During all the following day Annie stood at her post in front of one of the newspaper buildings on Park Row. Annie had been selling papers at this particular stand for more than ten years, and in the crowds streaming to and from the bridge there were dozens whose days would not have been fully begun or ended without a cheery word and a hurried purchase as they paused before her. And usually as cheery a word had been tossed back to them. On but one occasion—when Johnny, as a baby, lay very ill with diphtheria—could her customers recall such depression.

It chanced that one of the oldest, who remembered, and who now noticed Johnny's absence, made inquiries.

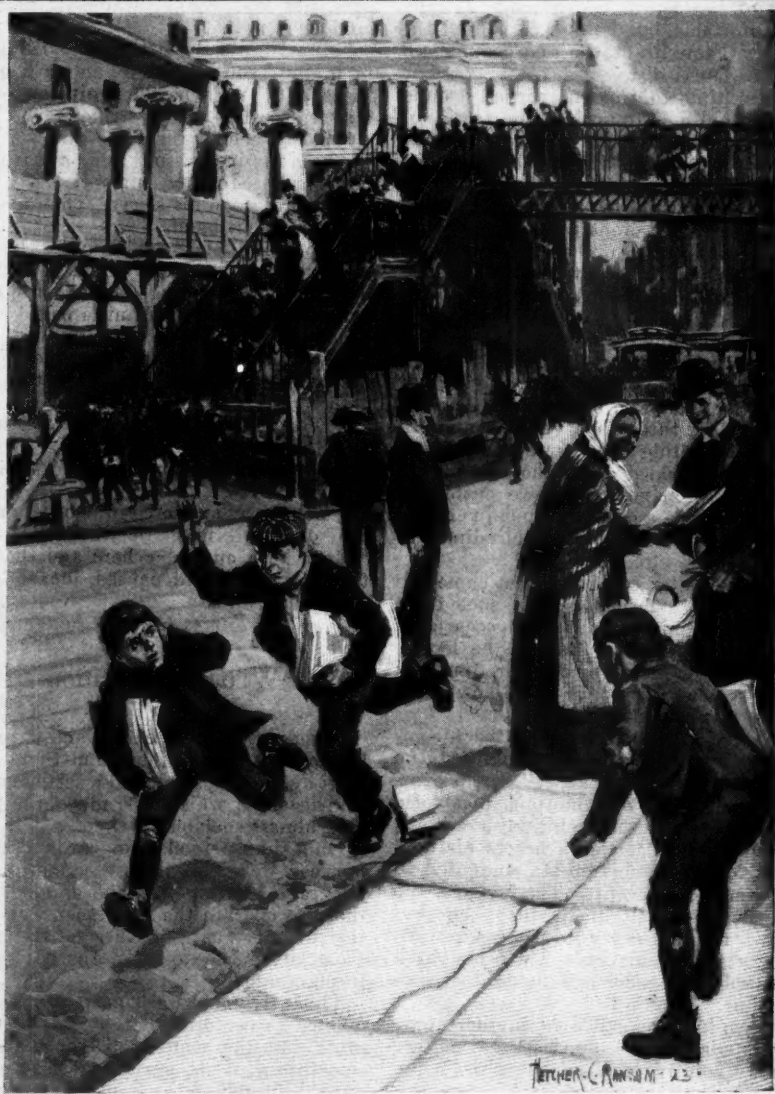
Annie told her woe volubly. The man shook his head.

"Better arbitrate it," he said gravely. "Seems the only way to do business nowadays." Then he dashed around the corner for a trolley car.

Johnny remained obdurate, and in the tenement on Cherry Hill dust gathered for three days upon his bed. Mrs. Kelly ate desolate breakfasts and did all the work. At dusk on the third day she followed an insistent impulse and went for a little walk. Totally oblivious footsteps carried her stout and rotund figure down into Oliver Street. She happened to notice the cross-eyed girl sitting on her doorstep in close and unabashed converse with a boy who was not Johnny. Shortly afterwards she returned home, and the haste with which she opened the door meant hope as plainly as the subsequent look in her old eyes meant disappointment. The room was still empty.

At the moment in which she plodded uneasily to her work on the next morning, Johnny crawled forlornly from a packing-box in a Thirty-First Street area, and denounced upper Broadway vigorously. He was hungry and business was bad.

Towards four in the afternoon he shifted his bundle of unsold papers under his arm and despairingly caught on behind a truck that was rattling towards the Battery. As he swung off at the City Hall his heart grew suddenly light, and he ran across the Park in elation. At the



JOHNNY CUFFED ONE OF THE INTRUDERS SOUNDLY.

foot of the City Hall steps he sprang with a joyous whoop upon the back of an acquaintance who, in company with a group of other newsboys, was beguiling the tedium of the afternoon's slack hours by pitching pennies. The acquaintance leaped to his feet and mixed things until a policeman scattered the ring.

On native soil the lifeless insipidity of upper Broadway fell rapidly into the dim recesses of memory, and Johnny heaved a sigh of relief.

By six o'clock he had dodged guiltily into Park Row to get the extras, catching a glimpse, on his way, of his mother's back as she stood in her regular place and cried

her wares. There was something about the lines of her figure which made Johnny uncomfortable, but he ducked behind the near-by Franklin statue and commenced business hurriedly.

From time to time he peeped around Ben Franklin. He noticed the tactics of the piratical outsiders as they boarded Annie's customers, and his blood boiled over. When restraint ceased to be a possibility, and while his mother's attention was engaged, he crept up behind the intruders and cuffed one of them soundly. The others fled, and it was noised swiftly abroad that Johnny had returned to his own.

Mrs. Kelly got the news at last, and an absurd wave of something shot from her ankles to the top of her head, leaving her trembling and weak, but happier than she had been for three days. A wisp of iron-gray hair falling over her eyes caught a drop that trickled down the side of her weather-beaten nose, and two customers each bore away a cent too much in change before she discovered its blinding influence.

When greater self-possession came she hastened asthmatically to a spot from which she might catch an occasional glimpse of Johnny. Because he looked dejected, her heart smote her, and she sent out newsgirl scouts to see how many papers he was getting rid of.

Johnny, after cuffing his mother's competitors, went back to the Franklin statue and tried to shout "Extra!" In an overwhelming rush of emotion his voice choked. He counted up his day's receipts, and drew his coat sleeve across his nose as he found that his profits amounted to but twenty-seven cents. The image of the half dollar which his mother had presented to him every night rose swimmingly before his eyes when he gazed miserably into space and thought of supper time.

"Hey, kid," he called to another newsboy in wistful bravado, "ask me mother if she's goin' t' lock me outer the house to-night."

"I don't want to ax her," replied the boy. "She might soak me. Dere's me sister talkin' to her; w'en dey breaks away I'll ax her to ax her."

Meanwhile Annie was grimly requesting the little newsgirl to ask her Johnny how long he intended to stay on strike.

"I don't want to ax 'im. He might swat me. I'll ax me brudder to ax 'im," said the girl.

The two negotiators met, and, leaning on the subway fence, talked for a moment

or two in whispers, while two pairs of eyes, old and young, watched them in anxious suspense.

"Sure!" said the little boy. "I'll bring up him an' you get Annie, an' we'll make 'em shake. We'll be the argitators' commissariat, what settles strikes."

"Sure," echoed the little girl.

Annie furtively wiped away a tear upon her apron. Johnny surreptitiously fell back again upon his sleeve. Then mother and son shook hands.

"You fool you!" said Annie.

"As much as that?" asked Johnny, ducking and fending, as a matter of course, the swing of Annie's palm which followed.

Then they backed up to Annie's place beside the wall and threw their stocks together.

"D'ye need any Wall Street *Newses*?" asked Johnny.

"D'ye want yer supper money?" asked Annie.

"Yeh," they answered in chorus; and at the cheerful note in their cries of "Extra!" a customer here and there in the hurrying crowd paused, looked backward, and smiled.

James Gardner Sanderson.

Wilderness Station.

I.

THERE was a yucca in sight, and a bunch of stunted piñon, and there were caeti by the thousand, and a settlement of prairie dogs; which last made the place look almost sociable at times.

On a siding stood a box car, and in the box car were two things—a man and a telegraph instrument. The man was put there to operate the instrument, and the instrument was put there—fifty miles from anywhere—to make the desert less incommunicable.

The instrument was a good one, and calculated to perform all that was required of it, but the man—well, the man was something of a curiosity. When he offered himself to the Sante Fe company, he was asked for credentials, and got them, without delay, from another road.

"Why have you set your heart on going out to the desert?" asked the superintendent. "We usually reserve such places for—for men who need to live in the dry, warm climate. To tell the truth, few others are willing to go. If I had anything else to offer you, I would."

"It suits me," said the man.

So the superintendent sent him out fifty miles beyond anywhere.

"It beats me," said the superintendent to the engineer, the day Paul rode out to his place. "He's young, and healthy, and seems bright enough—and a man likely to make his way, if he had any inclination for getting on. He's lucky if he doesn't end in the mad-house. I would, I know, if I once got out of sight of land." By land he meant the populous group of adobes, the large depot and eating station, and the comfortable reservoirs of the company, where the precious water of the waste was hoarded.

The new telegrapher must have been naturally sociable, for sometimes he couldn't keep from talking. Dave Matthews, who operated the wire at Billow's Bluff, got a message from him one day when there was nothing official doing. It ran thus:

"Any one in sight?"

"Yes," answered Dave, uncertain as to his meaning. "Why?"

"Man or woman?"

"Man."

"Got two legs?"

"Yes."

"How many arms?"

"What are you drying at?"

"I'm refreshing my memory. Will be pleased to tell you anything you wish to know about jack rabbits."

From that day they were friendly, and once in a while they exchanged confidences.

"Grub low. Don't forget tomatoes. Fine day—rainbows around everything. Very curious; wish you could see it. Everything looks iridescent, but isn't. I'm not. Send a book with the grub."

One day Dave grew inquisitive. He wired:

"I say, are you a bachelor?"

The answer was evasive.

"Are you?"

Dave didn't mind the evasion, because the inquiry propounded was what he desired.

"Yes, to-day. But I'm going to fix all that to-morrow. Wish you could come down to my wedding, old man."

For the first time the man at Wilderness Station grew profane. He rapped back swiftly: "Damn your wedding!"

"Well," said Dave, aghast, "so he's a married man after all. Now, what the dickens?"

But he could get no light on the subject. Not but that there was light enough for almost any purpose out there. It was a wonderful light, sometimes white, sometimes gold, sometimes rosy, sometimes silver. Night seemed reluctant to visit

it, but fell velvet-black when it did come—so silent, so vast, that the man in the box car, peering out of his door, drew back appalled. He hid himself away from mere darkness; he took refuge in his whistling against the appalling silence; he cowered in his cot away from space.

II.

PAUL had been out there about four months when David Matthews got this message the first thing one morning when he opened his wire.

"I'm sick. Can you send——" the instrument responded to some meaningless fumbling, and was still.

"What's the matter?" sent back Dave.

There was no answer. Dave wired a message to his superior and explained the situation.

"Give me a sub," he begged, "and let me go out to Kittredge."

He went out on the Overland, which dropped him at the box car. There was nothing in sight except some red lava rock, shaped like a grotesque castle—a sort of ogre's stronghold.

"Great God!" said Dave, not irreverently. He went into the box car. There, on his cot, lay Paul—lank, sun-dried, saddle-hued, his eyes of terrible brightness, his hands twitching and convulsive. It was pretty much as Dave expected. He had brought some fever remedies, and he got some fresh water from the spring and doused the sick man with it till his temperature went down. It is a treatment in which men in the sun-stricken countries grow expert. Finally sleep came. It lasted for ten hours. Then Paul awoke, and gave a stifled cry when he saw Dave.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"The fool from Billow's Bluff."

"Why, you old sweep!" cried Paul with affection, and stared with watering eyes.

Dave stayed there for a week, and tried to persuade Paul to give up Wilderness Station.

"It's a good place for a man far gone with consumption or something like that," he said; "but you're a fellow who could get a move on you if you would."

"I've stopped moving," said Paul significantly.

It was at the fall of darkness, which in the desert is most singular and impressive. The two sat together on their camp-stools and watched the curtain drop over their yellow world.

"You see," said Paul, "I'm better off here than anywhere. I don't wish to see any one who ever knew me."

"What did you do?" asked Dave sympathetically. "Kill a man?"

"No," said Paul slowly. "I have not killed anybody. It is only that—that I am killed!"

"Oh, a woman!" cried Dave, relieved.

"Yes. My wife."

"I'll be drilled!" murmured Dave, profoundly sympathetic, and thinking of his Anna.

"I grew up with her in the same house. She was my adopted sister. At least, that is how others thought of her; but from the first time I saw her, when I was only a little boy of ten, I loved her. You wouldn't hardly believe that, would you?"

"Yes, I would," said Dave under his breath.

"Well, when she was nineteen I made her my wife. It came about as a matter of course. I saw she wasn't over interested, but I thought it was only her modest way. The company heard of my marriage, and did the handsome thing by me. I was sent up to the city. She was pleased at that. She went in for everything—the theater, wheeling, singing, making friends, everything. It seemed as if she'd been penned up so long in that stupid little town that she wanted to scoop up life in her hands as fast as she could."

"I see," said Dave.

"She met other people—other men—and she was pretty and had a wonderful way with her. One day I went into a florist's to take her home some violets for her birthday, and—and she was in there with a man. They stood at the end of one of the greenhouses, looking straight at each other. She was looking at him as she never looked at me." He stopped, and there was a curious dry click in his throat.

"Dum it all!" cried Dave, as if in pain.

"I went home," continued Paul after a time, "and waited for her. Then I told her what I had seen—I made her understand me and herself. I turned over my savings to her, all we had, and I told her I would never bother her again."

"What did she say?" asked Dave.

"She hung on to my arm and said: 'Poor old Paul! Poor Paul!'"

"What did she mean by that?"

"I don't know," said Paul.

The two sat talking till almost dawn. At last Paul arose.

"I've come out here and buried myself in this sandy grave," he said.

"Well," said Dave, quivering with sympathy, "I'll shoo the vultures away—that's all I can do."

Dave went back to his Anna and his station the next day, and Paul took up the round of life once more. He had thought himself reconciled to his pain; but after that night the old torment of longing and jealousy returned to him. Visions of the home which he had once called his own haunted him in his sleep. Sometimes he dreamed that Nan's soft cheek was laid against his own; again, in that horrible stillness, he heard her unforgettable laugh, which had in it a cadence peculiar to itself. There had been an uncertain trick of her lips, too, which had always provoked a desire in him to kiss her. Ah!

III.

HAVE you ever heard the cry of the coyote? Do you know how the sage-brush smells? Do you know how tantalizingly the long yellow road winds away among the cacti, luring one out of a hell of solitude? Perhaps you do not—and may you never know!

Paul arose one morning after a night of disturbing dreams, almost spent.

"I think I'll wire them to send a sub," he soliloquized. "I'll go back and kill that man. I may as well."

He stood on the sands watching for the west bound limited. It came—a speck in the waste, a dull roar, a hurricane of sound! But nearing Wilderness Station it slackened, and the express agent leaned out of his doorway with a message. When the great train got under way again, Paul looked up, watching, with an ache of longing, the human faces peering out at him.

Then, in one incomprehensibly swift, electric moment he saw what was for him the face of faces—Nan's! They looked straight at each other, gave full recognition in that startled glance, and the train lashed down the yellow waste like an angry serpent.

Some invisible Afrit of the desert seemed to come up and put iron fingers about Paul's throat. He felt these terrible hands pressing him down upon the sand. And after that there seemed only dust—the meaningless grin of the desert, the senseless passage of the hours. He forgot to prepare his meals that day, and went to bed almost as soon as the darkness fell. He lay there, not sleeping, the old, terrible thirst of his sickness once more torturing him.

In the middle of the night he heard the east bound Overland speeding along noisily, and felt comforted a little by the mere thought of the proximity of human beings.

There was, quite unaccountably, a slackening of speed. Paul heard the brakes squeal, and got up and dashed into his clothes. He lit his lantern and leaped out of his shelter, but, to his amazement, the train was already under way. Lifting his lantern to pierce the soft gloom, he saw a human being moving towards him out of the darkness.

The sense of the newcomer's identity came upon him in one swift rush.

"Nan!" he cried out sharply. "Nan!"

"Paul," said the woman, "I've been looking for you ever since you left me!"

"Why, in God's name?"

"Because for one silly hour I did not deserve to lose my happiness! I suppose you never did anything wrong, Paul——"

"Oh!" groaned the man in sudden self-abasement.

"But I'm not so good as you, Paul. I—I had a disloyal hour. But you saw the worst of it—the very worst, I tell you. And I won't give up my husband for that! I won't be wretched all my life. You've got to forgive me."

"Forgive you!" gasped Paul.

He had often lain on "the floor of the world" prone and weeping, but now his head was cushioned, and his tears were dried.

Elia W. Peattie.

Woven of Many Threads.

YES, my dear, it is perfectly true, and we are to be married in six weeks. You will like Billy, he is such a dear, gay, good-looking big thing—though he is absurdly young. We are just the same age in years, but twenty-eight in a man! I have moments of feeling convicted of child stealing. Just now I am encouraging him to raise a mustache. It's frightfully unbecoming, but it makes him look less like my son. You will come to the wedding, of course. Billy is wild to know you. He is a dear, truly, Laura. And wait till you see some of my clothes! I am having a * * * *

With love, always the same,

PAT.

DEAR AUNT FLORA:

I dare say you have heard rumors, but I want to tell you myself of my great happiness. I am going to be married on the 27th of next month to Mr. William Courtney Blake, a young lawyer who has already made himself felt here in New York. I hope your health will let you come to the wedding, for Will is so anxious to know you all as soon as possible. I am sure you will like him—he is very

strong and upright and manly. After all, it is character that counts, isn't it? We shall begin life very modestly, but, I believe, very happily.

With love to everybody,

Affectionately your niece,

PATRICIA DEWITT.

DEAR ARTHUR:

I am sorry, very sorry, but it is true. I am not going to answer your letter. Some day you will see it differently, and will write me another. Meanwhile I am what I have always been,

Your sincere friend,

P. DEW.

I am not angry, my dear boy—only very much grieved over it all.

DEAREST ANNA:

I want you to be one of the first to know the beautiful news. Mr. Blake and I are going to be married next month. With your own happiness so very new, you will appreciate what this means to me. You will like Will, he has such delicate perceptions, and is so thoroughly an artist, in spite of being a thriving young lawyer. I understand now why you would not have a large trousseau, dear Anna. I do not see how a girl can spend this time, of all others, in running to the dressmaker's. I am getting only a few simple things, and am trying to keep my mind and spirit unfagged. You must let me bring Will to see you some evening, and you must promise to sing for him. He is so impatient to hear you. With love,

Devotedly,

PATRICIA.

DEAR UNCLE MARK:

I am going to be married—to the Mr. Blake you met here one day. He is one of the St. Louis Blakes, and his mother was a Courtney, so you see I am not disgracing the family. We have taken a very decent apartment—it is just three doors from the Van Hornes'—and you will always find a warm welcome and a good glass of claret when you are moved to dine with us. You will like Will—he is a violent protectionist, and plays excellent whist.

Affectionately your niece,

PATRICIA DEWITT.

DEAR MISS POMEROY:

Your sweet little note has just come. I cannot tell you how much it means to me that Will's friends are pleased—and you especially, his very best friend of all. I am sorry to hear that you are not well, and that you are going away to stay indefinitely. Will will be deeply disappointed not to have you at our wedding. He

has talked of you so much that I was looking forward to knowing you better, for my own sake as well as for his.

Hoping to see you back soon,

Cordially yours,

PATRICIA DEWITT.

DEAR JEROME:

I have often wondered which of us would write this news to the other first. And now, of course, you know what has happened—or rather, what is about to happen next month. Do you remember our promise to keep at least our perfect frankness? Well, then, I am offered love under very pleasant conditions, and I am taking it gratefully and gladly. I think we shall make a true success of it. I have put away certain childish things in the way of illusions, and I like the realities better. Give me your blessing, dear Jerome! I am endlessly glad we came out of it friends. You would like Will—he is very simple and generous and big hearted. Come to the wedding if you want to—not otherwise.

Faithfully,

PATRICIA.

BILLY BELOVED:

I have written five billion notes, and I will not tell another soul. They can read it in the papers. Oh, dear, it is such a bore to pretend to be interested in any one but you! Who cares whether they know or not—stupid things! Every one will want to meet you, but we will get out of all we can. There is no one in the world but you and me—and aren't you glad of it?

Coming tonight?

Your

P.

This is an invitation to dine with us at seven. I forgot to mention it.

Marian West.

Her Victory.

I.

"BEAUTIFUL?" said George Wilcox to his sister Elisabeth. "It doesn't even begin to do her justice!"

"Oh, we who know her well forget about her good looks, you know," said Elisabeth airily. "She is a great deal more than pretty. She has brains. Yes, indeed, Hello has brains."

"Why in the world do you apply such a diabolical name to so angelic a person?" he asked.

"That's easy," she explained. "Her name is Heloise, but that was too long for her classmates; so after a due consideration we took the first part of it and

called her Hello. Sometimes, for short, we hailed her as the Telephone Girl."

"You'll keep her the whole summer, won't you?"

"If I can; but she says she is going after two weeks."

For several years Elisabeth Wilcox had been telling her family of the beauty and charm of her classmate, Heloise Warding, but she had never been able to get her to the Wilcox home for a visit. Both graduated, and then both took the post graduate course, so that now they were quite in society and very much up in the affairs of the world.

II.

WHEN Heloise Warding entered the Wilcox home, within a day she had captivated everybody in it with her loveliness and her liveliness. The inevitable came with a rush. George Wilcox, staid young business man though he was, and the working member of his father's rich firm, did not allow two weeks to elapse before he spoke. He did it in a blunt, manly fashion that should have won any ordinary woman's heart; but Heloise Warding was an extraordinary one.

She told him how she appreciated his compliment, how much honored she felt, and how deeply she regretted that she could not say yes.

"You have been very open and honest with me," she went on, "and I think I ought to be as candid with you, although I fear you will not understand me."

They were out driving. Heloise paused a moment until the horses had crossed a bridge and entered upon a stretch of smooth road. "You have millions. All about you is wealth until I fairly gasp at the abundance of it. My family—well, a church mouse would be an elephant compared with our fatted calf. I got my education through the kindness of a rich relative. Everything I have in the way of dress and costly pleasure is from the same excellent uncle—everything, until I feel as though I were a breathing exhibit of faith, hope, and charity, the greatest of these being charity."

George Wilcox tried to say something, but somehow the words would not get into proper shape.

"Now I have my education," she continued calmly, "and I want to do something with it. If I should become your wife, all these debts of honor which rest upon me might be paid; but don't you see that it would be merely transferring the consciousness that haunts me day

and night? You would get a charity wife."

"Money is the very smallest question in this matter," he said.

"For you it is. For me it is so big that it fills all space. But really we must not quarrel about it. The facts are as I have said, and at present I am immovable. And," she added quickly, "I've told you things that your sister does not know. I think she considers me rich. Probably all the other girls at the university had the same idea. It's the habit of our tribe to act as millionaires even when the cupboard is empty; so I'm sure I need not ask you to keep what I have told you in confidence."

"It will be sacred, and I shall love you all the more. And another thing, you have not said that you will say no. Your reply, you remember, was that you regretted you could not say yes. Please let the proposition stay as it is. As we say in business, let it remain open for a month or so."

"Oh, you have my answer, my explanation, and my thanks," she said.

III.

WHEN Heloise reached home, Robert Day drove her from the station, but he did not seem to interest her as he once did. Their old place seemed more run down than before, but it interested her more than ever.

Robert Day was the local lawyer and real estate man. He was always going to do big things with the Warding estate, including the marrying of Heloise. Meanwhile he posed as the leading light of the neighborhood, and was satisfied with his greatness.

"What have you done for the place?" asked Heloise.

"What can you do? You can't take it to town and put it up like butter or a cow, can you?" Day always resented this question of Miss Warding's, and answered it about the same way each time.

"Yes, I think you can," she replied. He stood open-mouthed as she proceeded: "Until further notice I wish to take the place out of your hands and to manage it myself. I have consulted with the family, and they have agreed to let me try to see if I cannot do better with the property."

"But, Heloise—"

"If I fail, as I may, it will come back into your hands. You agree, do you? Thank you very much."

She went to Birmingham, the wonderful new city of Alabama, and laid cer-

tain information and plans before a few influential gentlemen, who in due time sent their experts to examine the Warding property and the country roundabout. The result was that iron ore of excellent quality was found, and other valuable minerals. The rest? Well, she won out, she paid her uncle, and the others prospered along with her.

George Wilcox went South early in September, and read the story of the "Southern Beauty Who Promises to be a Second Morgan" in a newspaper as he crossed the line of the Carolinas. He laughed gaily at the idea, but deep in his heart was unspeakable joy. The train seemed slow. Hundreds of miles intervened between his car and Birmingham; so he hired a special train, and felt better.

It did not take him long to find her, and when they were together he pulled out the sensational paper and showed her the head-lines.

"Isn't it the most frightful thing you ever saw?" she exclaimed.

"It all depends," he said. "If she joins our firm, it is beautiful. If not, it is all the other adjectives. But," he added, "I've waited long enough. You have paid all your debts and have something over. Now that they want to make a sensation out of you, the easiest thing is to quietly become Mrs. Wilcox and slip over the ocean on a honeymoon; and by the time we return it will all be over."

He said a good deal more, which she did not interrupt.

IV.

On the fourth day out, Heloise Wilcox came to her husband with a solemn face.

"George," she said, "something warns me that you have not told me everything. I have been candor itself to you, but I know you have a secret, and it haunts me."

"How do you know it?"

"Because I find you smiling so much to yourself. It's a fatal sign that a secret is within."

George tried to escape. He had sworn to keep the secret all his life. He still struggled. But that face! That voice! He gradually gave way, and at last he told all. The office she visited in Birmingham was a branch of their own establishment run under a different name, and when the proposition was received by telegraph he had sent the answer:

Buy it, if it costs a million.

Lynn Roby Meekins.

• • PARK ROW • •

BY WALTER L. HAWLEY.

A FAMOUS NEW YORK STREET WHICH SHOWS WITHIN ITS HALF MILE OF LENGTH AN EPITOME OF LIFE, FROM THE MOST STRENUOUS ACTIVITY OF JOURNALISM AND BUSINESS TO THE DARKNESS AND SQUALOR OF FAILURE, POVERTY, AND DEGRADATION.

LOOKING down upon it from the towers of the Syndicate Building, three hundred feet from earth, men and the inventions of men seem the puny, crawling things that they are. The scene is a panorama of a world, restless, discontented, ever moving, always progressing, marching on and on—to what fate, to what possibilities, it is not our privilege to know. But here it is, in miniature, this restless, ever moving, ever changing world, selfish, cold, heartless, and heedless in bulk, but always with the redeeming touches of love, faith, and charity. Here we find true sample of the world in which we live—here pass every type of those who people this great revolving sphere, all crowded into a little space, one hundred feet of width, a scant half mile of length. Here, at close range, we may study men—the nature of men in the sunlight of success and in the shadow of despair. Men wear flimsy masks in Park Row.

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

At one end of the Row all that is above the earth is of magnitude and magnificence. There stands the highest building in the metropolis of the New World, a monster pile of steel and stone, a monument to its builders' skill, a city and a world within four towering walls. It is a footprint of the twentieth-century. Towards the other end are buildings that antedate the Revolution.

The living architecture of three centuries here yields profit to the generation of today. Here are brick and stone, which form the tomb, the monument, and the sustenance of the human atoms of the world, all standing sentinel so close that a whisper might pass along the line bearing the sound of a challenge or a countersign.

At one end of this comparatively short and narrow thoroughfare, hope and con-

fidence dominate the restless human tide that overflows the surface, where shadow ever falls. Here the strongest workers in all the channels of human endeavor seek the tortuous way that leads to fame and fortune, and the flagpoles on the skyward towers cannot mark the limit of their aims or measure their hopes.

But towards the other end of Park Row the human tide, ebbing to the gutter, the river, and the Potter's Field, is dense with the atoms of humanity who walk only in the darkness of dead hopes, and look up with the side glance of vanished self respect. Between the extremes rages a restless sea of men and wrecks of men, swaying to and fro, until fortune carries them through the breakers to success or drives them to the outer sea, flotsam on the tide of fate.

It is such a human street, this odd thoroughfare, from Broadway to Chatham Square, that its types would post a boulevard from Baffin's Bay to Port Said. Its chief interest lies not in structures where architect and builder have taken the problem of ground space and rent from the earth and solved it in the clouds, nor yet in the quaint old walls moldy of age and redolent of history, but in the great waves of humanity beating upon its stones, breaking against its walls, and revealing to the watcher the froth and the substance of human nature.

Park Row once bore another name, but that is a detail for the local historian or the map maker. It has long been a chief channel of passage from the East Side where population is packed, to the lower end of Manhattan Island, the financial district, and to the Hudson River ferries. Since the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge the lower end of it has been one of the great arteries through which flows in restless and resistless stream the human flood that makes the great business district a teeming hive of industry by day,

and, receding with the sun, leaves it at night a place of walls and shadows.

To the modern surveyer or engineer the street is an abomination, or a study. An important artery of a great city, other streets open into it or out of it at all sorts of odd curves and angles. Streets cross it with sweeping curves, changing widths, or confusing turns; none at right angles, as well planned routes of passage should.

AN EPITOME OF HUMAN LIFE.

From the bridge entrance to Broadway it is a street of light, of life, of industry, of hope, of great buildings and great ambitions. That is the modernized end; that is Newspaper Row, Printing House Square—a trifling triangle with its rusty, weather beaten statue of Ben Franklin—and City Hall Park on the other side. Passing the bridge entrance, which is covered over and darkened by the station of the elevated railroad, the man who walks Park Row enters the shadow and walks down hill to that part of it where the human flotsam is massed by the receding waves of success, as they break upon the shoals of poverty and despair. It seems so fitting, so suggestive, that the dividing line should be dark. So long as the men of the Row can keep a grip somewhere on the side of light they may hope and struggle on; but once that hold is loosened and lost, and they pass over the line of shadow, the wide open groggery of stale beer, the pawnshop, and the lodging house mark the way to the swamp at the foot of the hill.

In no other street in the world is there a change so sudden, so complete, as the change in Park Row at the shadow line by the entrance to the bridge. Physically, the short end of the Row, southwest of this line, is all modern and up to date. Mentally and morally, it presents a front of clean linen and conventionality. Beyond the dividing line, down the hill towards Chatham Square, the buildings are guide-posts to ancient history, and the morals are signboards to lost manhood. On one side of the line men borrow a dollar, or perhaps ten thousand dollars, in a tone of brazen assurance; on the other side they plead for charity in the whine of despair.

Park Row extends from Broadway to Chatham Square, half a mile, or a little less. Opening on this short and narrow street there are thirty three saloons and sixteen pawnshops. They are the true index to the character of the thoroughfare. In one block there are five saloons; in the next one, four pawnshops. The

number of gambling rooms cannot be recorded with accuracy, because the number fluctuates with the activity of the police, but in the length of the Row the stranger with an experienced guide may find every game from roulette to policy. At one end of the street there are saloons whose fixtures cost small fortunes, and whose customers may recline on luxurious couches while they are served. Beyond the shadow line by the bridge there are saloons whose floors are covered with dirty sawdust, where a large glass of whisky may be had for five cents, and a schooner of beer for three, with the privilege of a grab at the free lunch.

SEEN AND HEARD IN THE POST-OFFICE.

The Post-Office building, at the south end of Park Row, is the magnet that draws the homeless, the waiting, and the hopeful from all sections of the city and from all classes of the population. Here gather the men and women who came to New York seeking fame or fortune, and who, failing at the outset, wait hopefully or patiently as they can for cheering letters and remittances from home. Many of them have no permanent abiding place, therefore no local address, and they turn to the general delivery of the post office as their gateway of hope or despair.

At the registered letter and money order windows the student of human expressions may find a rich field for original study. At these there is a thin line in the early morning, a crowd by noon, a straggling, disappointed, half despairing assemblage when the windows close for the day. Here may be heard the babble of many tongues and the heartrending sighs of disappointment. Mingling with this throng of men and women, to whom a remittance or a cheering letter may mean so much, may always be found bold adventurers in various degrees of crime, men who dare not have a permanent address, but who are willing to take their chances of fooling or escaping the postal authorities by using the general delivery for all manner of schemes to rob or swindle the unwary. No stage in all the world presents in a day so many comedies and tragedies as may be seen in the corridors of the post-office.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF JOURNALISM.

South of the Brooklyn Bridge, the dividing line of Park Row, are the offices of seven of the great daily newspapers of the metropolis. Journalism is the first or last resort of multitudes of men and women who have not attempted any other occu-

pation, or have failed in all attempts. Along that part of the Row one may meet, at any hour of the day or night, graduates of almost every great college and university in the world, touching elbows with men who have failed in business or the professions, and who in desperation have turned to journalism to find a stop-gap between mediocrity and professional begging.

More than a thousand men a year come to Park Row seeking employment in journalism. Perhaps one hundred of them obtain it, at a liberal estimate. Of the hundred who find a chance not more than ten will succeed. What becomes of the nine hundred and ninety? A few, very few, go back whence they came to try, where the struggle is less strenuous. The others drift into the flotsam of the Row, exist for a time as best they can, then cross the shadow line by the bridge and go down with the tide of failure to the gutter, the hospital, the Morgue, and the Potter's Field.

Printing House Square, the triangular eddy in Park Row, is the free library of the men and women who read the daily history of the world as they walk or run. The newspaper bulletin boards are the books, brief outlines of passing events the text. Every atom in the swollen stream of humanity that flows down town in the morning and uptown in the afternoon is in a hurry. Time is money, and they who would pause to think may be trampled by those who hasten to act. But the great chalk lines of current history written on the bulletin boards, the fall of a kingdom, the rise of a republic, told in a sentence, slacken each passing footstep for a second, and keen eyes and active minds grasp the daily record of the world as it is made.

The night following a national or State election the scenes along Park Row cannot be adequately described. The newspaper bulletins show the election returns as fast as they are received. The crowd in the street and in City Hall Park is limited only by the space from which the result in bulletined figures may be read. The noise of cheers, of curses and laughter, is more than Babel; it is the savagery of the crowd, the bedlam of unchecked human emotions. But the bulletins from a great prize-fight will draw to the street a larger crowd, and one that makes more noise. Park Row in action seems to possess some local influence that arouses all the savage and animal passions in the human breast. The police lines are formed in close order on election nights;

they are doubled when there is a big prize-fight going on.

A STREET THAT NEVER SLEEPS.

The calendar of day and night in Park Row is the switchboard of the electric lights. The street never sleeps. By day it is crowded from end to end with men and women who work, or seek a chance to work. At night the workers are jostled at every step or turn by those who beg or rob as occasion offers. Men who work at night see so much of the trials and misery of life in the shadow that they are ever sympathetic with those who have failed. This may seem merely a phrase to those who have not toiled in darkness or walked in the shadow; but to the whining beggars, the failures of Park Row, it is a well known fact which is capital in their miserable trade. Well spoken pleas for the price of a drink, a meal, or a bed rarely fail at either end of the street between midnight and dawn.

In the shadow of the dividing line of the Row, by the entrance to the bridge, the failures who beg reap rich harvests in the dark hours after midnight. Their stock plea, old, but ever successful, is a threat to go out on the bridge and jump into the river if refused the price of food, drink, or a bed. Every man who hears that threat and plea, spoken in the shadow of the dividing line between hope and despair, would be inhuman if he did not, or could not, conjure up visions of thrilling stories on the morrow, of a bridge suicide to which he would feel himself an accessory before the fact if he failed to give the dime that was to save a life. There are no medals for saving lives in the shadow line by the bridge, but thousands of men have there purchased peaceful sleep for five or ten cents.

Park Row is a scene of life and action at all hours of the night. The great newspaper offices at one end of the street are never closed. At the other end there are places where the flotsam of this miniature world may spend the gains of their lost self respect at any hour. Eating, drinking, working, and begging never end in the Row. Rest and sleep are for other parts of the city.

This street is a little world that checks time by a cash register that never runs down. At the twentieth century end of it men succeed or fail in a day, a week, or a month. When they cross the dividing line to the shadow end, they walk in the gutter to the rippling music of the river's ebbing tide, with the Potter's Field rising fast on their gloomy horizon.

LITERARY CHAT

BALLADE OF THE LITERARY LOVER.

Where are the longings they inspired?
Where are the hopes they bade me know?

Where the ambitions that they fired,
The swift-born joy, the swift-flown woe?
Upon what wind do such things blow,
And unto what far, world-end nook?
Where are the loves of long ago?
Well, each of mine lives in a book.

The epigrams that I acquired
The season when I followed Flo;
The *bon mots* clever Jane admired;
May's subtle nothings, sweet and slow;
Belinda's tea-time chat, the glow
That lay in Daphne's laugh and look;
Hearts cold and hearts that flamed like
tow—
Ah, each of these lives in a book.

There are they all, my loves retired,
In tale or essay, ode, rondeau—
The girls I strenuously squired
Through many seasons' bloom and snow.
Some men such memories outgrow,
Forget the joys that they forsook;
Mine is a thriftier way, I trow—
Each love of mine lives in a book!

L'ENVOI.

Ah, count not vain the hours that flow
Like idle sunbeams down the brook.
A good investment, as things go,
To put each old love in a book!

FICTION AND REFORM—Is the novelist to undertake no more crusades for the benefit of humanity?

Professor Harry Thurston Peck, who keeps on hand an assortment of opinions on questions of literary and social ethics, informs us that the novel of the future is to be a means to amusement only, never the vehicle of a crusade.

The novelists of the past century admittedly made notable changes in the map of humanity. Dickens let an appalling stream of light fall on the workhouses of his day, on the Yorkshire schools and the debtors' prisons. Charles Reade brought

humane intelligence into the management of insane asylums. Mrs. Stowe helped to prepare the way for the Emancipation Proclamation. Bellamy gained a wider consideration for socialism. The list goes on eloquently. But have these burning writers reformed us so effectually that there is no picturesque evil left for the novelist of this century to attack? Have we no more crying abuses, to serve as setting for stirring human drama that will wring hearts and call for committees of investigation?

The twentieth century may have many modern improvements, but we doubt if it will withhold all call for literary crusades. Indeed, we could mention half a dozen—but why give away good ideas for novels?

THE REAL JULIE LE BRETON—

The original of Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest heroine a famous French woman of the salons.

It has sometimes been objected to Mrs. Humphry Ward's characters that however well they have gone through the motions of their types, the breath of life was lacking in them. It will be interesting to see if the same criticism will be passed upon the personages in "Lady Rose's Daughter"; for in her latest book Mrs. Ward has transferred to nineteenth century English fiction a page from eighteenth century French history.

Readers of French memoirs recognized early in *Julie Le Breton* Mlle. Julie de Lespinasse. Like Mrs. Ward's heroine, the French girl was the illegitimate daughter of a well-born woman. Like Mrs. Ward's heroine, she became at an early age the companion of a brilliant, tyrannical leader of society—one of the most renowned of the women of the French salons—Mme. du Deffand, the friend of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Horace Walpole, and a host of others among the most famous of her time. Like Mrs. Ward's heroine, Mlle. de Lespinasse won her way easily into the hearts of her patroness' circle, and, like *Lady Rose's* daughter, she lost her job, to speak vulgarly, when her employer discovered that she was in the habit of receiving the circle alone for an hour or two before the

older woman was ready to make her appearance.

Mlle. de Lespinasse's quarrel with her protectress divided French society painfully for a time. D'Alembert, secretary of the Academy, was one who went over entirely to the younger woman's court. The Maréchal de Luxembourg furnished an apartment for her; the Duc de Choiseul, whose wife was one of her devoted friends, secured her a pension. She had charm rather than beauty, like Mrs. Ward's reincarnation of her. She had gaiety and rather more of sentiment than was customary in that age. D'Alembert, there is little reason to doubt, was deeply attached to her, though her feeling for him seems to have been rather a tranquil regard than an ardent affection. At the age of thirty-five she fell in love with a son of the Spanish ambassador, whose family promptly removed him from her neighborhood. As he was on the eve of returning to Paris he died, and a very unfortunate affair with a conceited, second-rate person named Guibert occupied the rest of her days, as far as the affections were concerned. Guibert was no doubt the original of that chief of cads, *Warkworth*, of "*Lady Rose's Daughter*." He made a marriage of advantage, after having deliberately used the enormous influence of Mlle. de Lespinasse to help him in his undertakings.

Naturally the friend of D'Alembert exerted a great deal of influence in the Academy circles. The French original of Mrs. Ward's heroine elected men to that body, and obtained for them philosophical and literary distinctions rather than political preferences.

To bring her troubled ghost—for there was little happiness in her life—out of the past, and to make her live again in her fascination, her heart hungriness, and her gentle sway, was a great undertaking, and opinions may differ as to Mrs. Ward's success in it.

JOHN BURROUGHS, GAME WARDEN—He assails an unlicensed intruder in the literary woods.

John Burroughs is after the nature writers with a club. Some he attacks with a measure of respect—for instance, Mr. Thompson Seton, with whom he might be said to cross clubs. But when he comes to the Rev. Mr. Long and his "*School of the Woods*," the venerable naturalist simply seizes his victim by the collar and belabors him without mercy or apology, in the cause of truth. Mr. Long's claim—which

also figures in Mr. Seton's work—that wild animals deliberately and intentionally teach their young the ways of the woods, Mr. Burroughs calls, at mildest, "deliberate trifling with natural history." He explains—correctly, no doubt—by the force of instinct what the sentimental observer loves to believe direct parental instruction.

Who taught her [the partridge] to play her confidence game on you, to feign lameness, a broken wing, or utter paralysis? Her parents before her? How interesting it would have been to have surprised them in their rehearsal!

So he reduces the kindergarten of the wilds to absurdity.

Mr. Long's book reads like that of a man who has really never been to the woods, but who sits in his study and cooks up these yarns from things he has read in *Forest and Stream*. I discredit them as I do any other glaring counterfeit. Of the real secrets of wild life, I do not find a trace in his volume.

Mr. Burroughs admits an author's right to do anything he pleases with the animal kingdom in the course of fiction; but what is specifically labeled true he insists should be true, and from that standpoint he has done a good day's work with his cudgel. The integrity of natural history is too important for indulgence toward those who would travesty it in order to reap profit from a popular enthusiasm.

BOOKS THAT TALK TOO MUCH—

There are few things more fatiguing than laboriously brilliant conversation.

Some books, like some people, talk too much. Many of them, like the people they resemble, are bright; the talk is good, the theories advanced are interesting, the dinner-table babble is better than one hears in real life; but the only emotion they arouse in the reader is a love of silence. They are like some clever women who deafen their acquaintances with epigrams and leave them dizzy from watching so much balancing on the conversational tight-rope.

"The Intrusions of Peggy" is one of the recent novels that pour out from between their pages the disquieting rumble of much conversation. An extreme example is Alexander Black's "*Richard Gordon*." Much of the talk in this book is amusing; but after a few chapters, one gets the hopeless feeling that is caused by a severe course of afternoon teas. After some more chapters, one finds oneself in a state of mind reckless enough to read

Marie Corelli, Laura Jean Libbey—anything to get away from the pleasant but loquacious people in Mr. Black's book.

There are books, of course, whose dialogues are plentiful, but whose people speak in softer tones. Their talk does not spring out of the pages at one, as seems to be the case in "Richard Gordon." Perhaps the unfortunate effect of Mr. Black's conversationalists is due to their well-meant but too palpable effort to be bright. Both talkative novels and talkative people try conscientiously to amuse their audiences, and they would probably contend that conversation either in or out of books cannot be composed of silences, however well timed. Yet their efforts only weary the tired man or woman who turns to books or people for recreation, and encounters the strenuous life in another form.

ETIQUETTE AND VULGARITY—Reflections induced by the perusal of a volume on the proper way to manage a wedding.

Etiquette books are merely funny when they confine themselves to the recital of those rules of conduct which civilized people know from infancy, and which others acquire by assimilating them as needed. They are likely to be offensive when they presume to leave the artificialities of existence and to touch upon deeper things.

There is a "Book of Weddings" at present enjoying popularity in provincial districts among those who hope to be Easter or June brides. Like all of its kind, it is amusing when it deals in such social truths as "every effort should be made to have the hot food served hot," and "an ingenious device to hide anything is a clothes-horse painted green." But when it leaves these safe regions, and begins to introduce sentiment, it is vulgar. It advises the girl who is to have a quiet home wedding, for instance, to send out such invitations as this:

Will you make happy the happiest day of my life by coming to my wedding? Jack and I are to be supremely blessed on Tuesday, the 10th of June, at noon, in my own dear home, with only those whom we love about us.

No well-bred woman, no woman of the delicacy and the reserve which are an essential part of good breeding, is guilty of such mawkish stuff as this. Moreover, the bride who is married in "her own dear home" has generally a mother, step-mother, grandmother, or aunt to give the wedding party and to send out the wed-

ding invitations. That is a wise provision of custom, probably intended to keep mushy, gushy young persons from penning such screeds as the model laid down in "The Book of Weddings."

THE SEAMY SIDE OF SUCCESS—

Did the brilliant career of M. de Blowitz end in bitterness and disappointment?

Asked to pick out the world's most brilliantly successful journalists, one would undoubtedly name the late M. de Blowitz among the first. For thirty years correspondent at Paris for the London *Times*, he not only recorded passing history, but occasionally helped to make it. Yet it is said that his last year of life was embittered by trials which are usually considered the heritage of unsuccess. He is reported to have complained to a friend that after thirty years of notable service, the *Times* had turned him off like an old horse that had outlived its usefulness. He did not "go down to the grave with a shout," but crept there, saddened and humiliated.

No doubt the *Times* has its side of the case; but at best the veteran's ending gives a disillusioning glimpse behind the curtain of success. Triumph can look startlingly like failure, seen from within.

VALUES AND THE COLLECTOR—

The strange ups and downs that befall books and relics when they become the treasures of faddists.

Mr. Andrew Lang, the always versatile and generally amusing, has been considering the case of the bibliophile. He finds him not altogether a depraved character, in spite of the eminently unliterary nature of his passion, and the bewildering uncertainty of his standards. "It is a harmless hobby," says Mr. Lang, "like gardening, and can be ridden in towns where many better forms of enjoyment are out of the question. It is not so bad as collecting postage stamps, or book plates, or autographs of the living."

There are times, however, when it does not seem to the impartial observer to be so sane and harmless a hobby as gardening. At a sale not long ago, for instance, one of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy's first editions brought more than a hundred and twenty-five dollars, while an early *Guliver* went for less than a quarter of that sum. Surely there was something more radically wrong in that set of book-auc-

tion hunters than could be explained away as merely faddish.

Sometimes the collectors' sales show a pleasant swinging of the pendulum, a reassuring redistribution of rewards. For instance, the other day an autograph letter of John Keats sold for nearly two hundred dollars, while that of the gentleman who wrote a scathing review of "Endymion" for the *Quarterly*, Mr. John Wilson Crocker, is worth about as many cents. This, however, is not to be taken as showing the punishment of the short-sighted critic. Probably Mr. Crocker's autograph would be even less valuable had he not gained, by that very review, a certain sort of renown as a notably poor prophet.

A pretty little tale from the world of the collector is that of the taper stand which Walter Scott gave his mother, a trifle purchased with his first fee as an advocate. The fee was five guineas—about twenty-six dollars—and the stand is now valued at fully fifteen times as much. It brought seventy-five pounds at its last sale.

JANE AUSTEN REDIVIVA—Some of the absurdities that mark her heralded return to popular favor.

If Jane Austen, that most gently humorous of women, that most sanely modest of writers, should be forced, for any tiny sins of her existence in Hampshire, to return to this world, how she would exclaim with the Psalmist against her friends! She would find that each of the publishers who are vying with one another in announcing new editions of her matchless tales of English country life in a day when English country life was very dull indeed, had some old or new praise to quote. This one she would discover crying aloud Macaulay's tribute to her, "Shakespearian"—a singularly inept bit of praise—and that one, with Mr. Howells, proclaiming her "divine."

But these and the many "appreciations" which she would probably read with bewilderment would seem less ridiculous to her than the project of one publisher who furnishes with his edition a map of Highbury; of Highbury as it was in the days when the match-making *Emma* sent her messenger to Mrs. Bates' lodgings, and carried Harriet Smith shopping to its emporium, when Mrs. Weston took Frank Churchill to hear Jane Fairfax' mysterious new "instrument."

Those were unexciting days, and of all

the unexciting little towns on the face of the earth, Highbury must have stood near the head. To make a map of it, to indicate by a cross where Hartfield House stood, and by a circle the post-office from which Jane Fairfax was so bent upon fetching her own letters, and by a dot the poultry-house for which old Mr. Woodhouse was willing to accept a protector, though he had balked at a son-in-law—if all this "yellow journal" mapping of the utterly unimportant, the perfectly plain, would not appeal to Jane Austen's sense of humor, then that most desirable quality has deserted her since she changed Hampshire for the Elysian Fields.

ANOTHER LIFE OF STEVENSON—

Sidney Colvin to undertake the task he formerly turned over to Graham Balfour.

We are moved to ask how many biographies and memoirs one brief life will support—we will not say, in a base and mercenary spirit, how many biographers and memoirists? The question forces itself upon those who have just finished reading Graham Balfour's "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson"—a work monumental in size, at least—and who now learn that Sidney Colvin is about to write another life of his friend.

It was to Mr. Colvin, as the intimate companion of Stevenson, that the public looked for the biography of that greatly and endearingly gifted man. Mr. Colvin was also the choice of the novelist's family and heirs for the task; but he gave it over to Stevenson's cousin, Mr. Balfour, to whom, as accredited biographer, it was naturally to be supposed that all documents, letters, and reminiscences had been assigned.

But the Vailima scrap-bag seemed inexhaustible in providing odds and ends of anecdote and recollection to which the magic name of the dead romancer gave a semblance of value. Occasionally a carper has been heard demanding why all worthy material was not turned over to the authorized biographer, and why all other was not allowed to die forgotten. But with the reader, Stevenson's name outweighed any theories of literary ethics; and with the writers the amiable avidity of the public was excuse for anything.

Of course, a biography is more than a collection of facts and documents. There are many who will be glad to learn that the task of writing Stevenson's life has been undertaken by the man long regard-

ed as the best fitted for it, because of the quality of his mind and taste as well as his sympathetic intimacy with his subject. But surely, when this work has been given to the public—assuming that the biographer will be treated sincerely in the matter of material by those friends of Stevenson who have recollections or documents worthy of preservation—there will be no need of any further sketches or compilations until another generation demands the story again in its own language, provided that his fame survives so long.

THE NEW "ACADEMY"—The Goncourt school of letters established.

That the school of which the Goncourt brothers and Flaubert were such distinguished members, if not the founders, should have waxed in strength until it has established its own Academy, daring to defy the old institution and aspiring to rival its prestige, is something which the Anglo-Saxon mind shudders a little to contemplate. The naturalistic fiction which is the chief output of that school is regarded darkly by the nations which take their literary relaxation at Barmecidal feasts of epigram provided by Mrs. Craigie and Miss Thorneycroft Fowler, or at war tournaments of prancing steeds and dauntless riders.

Nevertheless, the Goncourt Academy is established. It snaps its fingers at grammarians, dictionary makers, reformers of taste, poets, and critics. Its ten members will dine once a month, and will draw twelve hundred dollars a year for the labor. Once a year they will crown some work of merit with a prize of a thousand dollars.

The thought of the increased influence thus to be wielded by the latter-day French school of fiction is painful to those who like only the heroine of the English or American type—a pleasing young person given to a harmless and graceful coquetry before marriage, and promptly subsiding into the mending-basket and the preserving-kettle after marriage. It is especially bitter to one Dr. John Mooney, a doughty opponent of the whole realistic band, who somewhat weakens the force of his attack by including in it, as comrades in iniquity, Hall Caine and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

There is one respect in which both opponents and admirers of the writers whom the Goncourt Academy represents might well imitate the founders of the school. That is in the ruthless cutting,

the toilsome searching for the right word, the true word, which alone would serve to convey the scene or idea which the writers had conceived. Some recently discovered papers of Mme. Flaubert show that portions of "*Madame Bovary*" were written and rewritten repeatedly. No less than five drafts were made of one scene. This sort of morality, the morality of the artist who wishes to convey accurately what he conceives to be the fact or the truth, even if it be not so fragrant a plant as that of home growth, is an admirable thing.

If the critic aforementioned, for instance, possessed it, he would never fall into such absurd and false classifications as that which groups Mrs. Humphry Ward with Hall Caine, or either of them with the French school.

A NEW HUMORIST—The first appearance of one J. Storer Clouston, and may it also be the last!

A pitiful specimen of cockney humor called "*The Adventures of M. d'Haricot*" has recently been offered to the American public—which has really done nothing to deserve such an affront—as a "screamingly funny" book. All the screaming, however, seems to be done by the publishers, who have the effrontery to advertise it to the world as being a new "*Innocents Abroad*."

"*The Adventures of M. d'Haricot*" purports to describe a Frenchman's experiences in England, where he meets with a number of comic disasters of the sort that figures so plentifully in those old-fashioned French farces that used to be warmed over into English for the edification of our forebears. This particular son of Gaul, who is a malicious libel on a witty and gallant people, wears clothing with large checks; hires a servant whom he calls "Halfred," and who is a miserably weak imitation of *Sam Weller*; rides a horse in a manner that recalls a well-known incident in "*Pickwick*"; visits Oxford, which, it will be remembered, was the scene of *Verdant Green's* adventures; and assumes the deliciously comical name of *Juggins* for almost criminally farcical purposes.

Judging from his own account, his life in England seems to have been an unbroken record of disasters, unrelieved by anything that could possibly possess any interest for an intelligent person. The humorous sense to which he appeals is that of the bumpkin who knows nothing funnier than the clown overtaken by his Nemesis in the shape of a red-hot poker

and string of sausages. His comments on English life and customs are merely the wretchedly trite and silly observations of a penny-a-liner who fancies himself a wit because he has read a little of Max O'Rell.

That such a book should be offered to the American public simply shows that certain publishers have found out that not all Americans possess that true sense of humor which is our loudest national boast.

The authorship of this "book of rollicking fun" is attributed to a Mr. J. Storer Clouston. Is there really such a man? The pictures, which are not quite as bad as the text, are by an Albert Levering. What fate holds in store for these two men it would be difficult to predict, but Mr. Clouston, being the principal offender, has his name printed in large letters on the cover, and that is disgrace enough for any man.

"ARTHUR STIRLING"—Is he a dead poet or a live author with a keen eye to business?

It is to Marie Bashkirtseff that we owe what may be called the "inside out" style of writing. When that gifted but erratic young woman wrote her journal, she produced an interesting but somewhat unwholesome work. Her successors have faithfully reproduced the unwholesomeness, though frequently failing in the quality of interest. The redeeming points of the Russian artist's book were, first, the fact that it was genuine, a "human document," as the trite phrase goes, and second, that it was written by a woman of great talent; but what are we to say of a book which has all the egotism of a real journal without the excuse of veracity?

It seems impossible that any one could believe "The Journal of Arthur Stirling" to be genuine, although its ingenious author began to "lay pipe" for its appearance by an elaborate death notice in the newspapers of last June. According to the preface and the "Journal" itself, *Arthur Stirling* was an unappreciated genius who amidst incredible hardships produced a poem in blank verse called "The Captive." He submitted it in turn to nine publishers, but these obdurate persons refused to produce the work, although recognizing the genius displayed in it. The luckless poet then sent the manuscript, together with his journal, to a friend, and committed suicide by drowning himself in the Hudson River.

Three hundred and fifty pages are filled with accounts of *Stirling's* hardships, with his cries and lamentations, his revivings of his landlady, of the man who practised on the 'cello in the room next his, of the publishers, of the public, of everybody. The miscreant with the 'cello gives up his room, and the poet is jubilant; but his joy is soon changed to mourning, for the vacant apartment is occupied by the landlady's sister, and she, the landlady, and a friend gather there and talk about clothes until the luckless *Stirling* is driven into the street.

How long is this to continue, I want to know? Here it is afternoon, and they are still chattering. . . . But what can you expect? Have they not a right to talk? Yes, all the world has a right to be as hideous as it can. And I have no right but to suffer and choke in my rage.

The noise of the city proves too much for him, and he flies to the woods of New Jersey, where he hires a little cabin. There, amid untold throes, he finishes "The Captive," and then begin his trials with the publishers. The theme of the rest of the book is the painful one of hope deferred. Among his hysterical outbursts are some fragments of slap-dash literary criticism:

I will read Motley, and Parkman, and Prescott, and Gibbon, and Macaulay. Macaulay will not afflict me with wild yearnings, I guess. Is there any author in the world more vulgar than Macaulay?—unless it be Gibbon.

Books are better made now than they ever were before—I mean in the way of literary craftsmanship. As far as form goes, there is no author living who would put together such a hodgepodge as "Wilhelm Meister" or "La Nouvelle Héloïse."

An apparent slip is noticeable in the preface. The so-called editor says that he first met *Arthur Stirling* shortly after that remarkable youth's graduation from college. In the next paragraph he informs us that *Stirling* was entirely a self-educated man.

An ominous fact is mentioned in the introduction. Together with his journal, *Arthur Stirling* sent to the editor the manuscript of "The Captive," with instructions to wait for two years and then offer it to some publisher other than the guilty nine who have already refused it. Taking this in connection with the death notice of last June, it would seem as if some one had "looked before and after," and that if "The Journal of Arthur Stirling" causes even the feeblest kind of stir we shall be favored with a sight of that alleged work of transcendent genius, "The Captive."

Mandy's Raid.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TRUEBLOOD FAMILY ON TURKEY TRACK MOUNTAIN.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

I.

M ANDY clung to the lintel and looked in at the door. She had been running; her cheeks were red and her eyes glowed.

"Robert Trueblood," she began unsteadily, and her breath came short, "air you a goin' up on Turkey Track a raidin'?"

The man inside the door, big, slow, honest-looking, sat with a dismantled rifle across his knees; he was cleaning it. As he looked up at the excited woman who clung desperately to the door jamb, the scene was an exact repetition of one which had occurred two years since, when a raid of Robert's up on Turkey Track had come near parting the pair. Yet the years that followed had been a time of gradually increasing peace and contentment.

Daughter of one moonshiner, and sister to another, kin to half the lawless element of the Big and Little Turkey Track districts, Mandy, as Aunt Nancy Pruitt said, knew every still and hide-out from Little Turkey Track to the Cove. After the first raid, when her sixteen-year-old brother, Budd Pruitt, was taken by Trueblood and his party, she had left her husband and gone afoot back to the mountain cabin which had sheltered her girlhood. She taunted him, before she left, that she would return when Buddy was out of jail. How the Pruitt boys and the Fuson gang took Buddy out of jail, and then, attempting to assassinate Robert Trueblood, were frustrated in their plans by this same Mandy, is still part of the story and legend of Big and Little Turkey Track hearthstones.

She came back, did Mandy, the girl who had been daughter, sister, cousin, sweetheart, and friend of moonshiners, came back to be honest wife to a revenue officer. Aunt Nancy had said that Mandy was no half and half, and that when she went back she'd go to stay. She added the prophecy that Mandy might yet be seen leading the "revenuers" up Turkey Track Mountain.

Now Mandy glared at her husband with an enigmatical gaze.

"Before I step my foot in your house, Robert Trueblood," she began, in almost the exact words she had used two years ago, on a similar occasion.

"Your own house," Trueblood corrected her gently, just as he had then done.

She had repudiated the house then; now she accepted it briefly.

"Before I step my foot in my own house, then, I want you to tell me ef you are a goin' up on Turkey Track this day to raid the stills."

Robert had learned wisdom in his two years of contented companionship with this strong, impulsive nature. He came forward and laid a detaining hand upon her shoulder before he spoke at all.

"Honey," he deprecated, "you know, and I know, that it ain't the stills. They's been two men killed in feuds within two months on Turkey Track. Bring it home to the parties the judge cannot; for while we all know 'twas done, they's evidence to prove whatever needful, even up to makin' Angel Gabriels out o' them that done the killin', and testifyin' that they was in Heaven—or the settlement—when sich was done. So now I have my orders from headquarters for to raid on Turkey Track. The stillin' we can prove. The stills air there."

Mandy stirred uneasily and looked around at him. She knew but too well that the stills were there, and could have led you to them on the darkest night.

"Now, come in, an' let us speak freely of this matter," Robert concluded.

Robert Samuel, an addition of nearly a year's standing to the Trueblood household, now raised his voice from the cradle and seconded his father's petition. Mandy flew to the cradle-side, picking up the child which had just awakened, and mumbling over its neck with inarticulate tenderness.

"Mammy's boy, mammy's big man! Listen to your good-fer-nothin' daddy," she said finally, "goin' to take my man up on Turkey Track, where they's twenty men sworn to kill him ef so be he sets foot thar! Robert Trueblood, you know mighty well an' good, ef you go on Turkey Track, I go, too."

"Mandy," remonstrated Bob, "I am not wishful of havin' you go a raidin' agin your kin."

"The Fusons ain't no kin of mine!" objected Mandy.

"But Buddy is, and so air the Pruitt boys."

"Buddy Pruitt ain't no brother o' mine!" cried Mandy. "Oh, honey," and she turned to where Robert had seated himself once more near his gun, dropped on her knees before him, and laid the baby in his lap, "oh, honey, you an' Robert Samuel is all the kin I got in this world—and I thank God I got the sense now to know it! Yes, Bob, me an' Robert Samuel is both a goin' with you—when you go on Turkey Track to raid."

II.

CLAD in the mountain woman's calico riding skirt and flapping slat sunbonnet, and mounted on the identical sorry sorrel nag which Uncle Josh Swafford had ridden two years before, and which he had most willingly loaned for this purpose, Mandy rode so well ahead of Trueblood's posse as to appear indeed its leader. She was heading for Fuson's still—another one from that which Robert Trueblood had broken up two years before. She judged that the scouts whom mountain moonshiners invariably station along routes leading to their hide-out would have informed those at the still by this time. She looked for a fight—looked for it with pleasurable anticipation; for Mandy, in spite of the taming of true love, was a mountain Amazon, and had her own pleasure in a fracas.

Robert Samuel, however, was nothing less than an embarrassment in a case of this sort. Sam Pruitt, after his disappointment in regard to Mandy, and her marriage with Robert Trueblood, had taken him a small, meek wife from among the mountain women. This helpmeet being, as he eloquently phrased it, "too pizen pore-sperited to git up when she was knocked down," he had deserted her after six months or so of wedded bliss. Her cabin lay in their line of march, and there Mandy decided to leave Robert Samuel, depending for the child's safety upon Lou Ann's hostility to her husband.

"Lord A'mighty!" remonstrated Uncle Josh when this intention was communicated to him. He had been sworn in as a deputy, and accompanied the party. "Lord A'mighty! I call that a mighty resky arrangement. She'll pike out, hot foot, and warn her husband——"

"Her husband! Why, Uncle Josh, he—she——"

"Oh, yer granny! Don't tell me? I know 'bout womern—pore dawncy, down-lookin' critters like Lou Ann. She ain't like you, Mandy; she's the sort what's a heap more apt to run a bellerin' to warn him than's if they was livin' together in peace. Ye say he knocked her down an' left her fer dead when he lit out? Well, then, she's plumb shore to kite out and warn him."

Mandy heeded these strictures upon her sex so little that the precious Robert Samuel was turned over to Lou Ann's care, with the briefest statement as to what would be required. Lou Ann, big-eyed, timid, faded, and looking an old woman at seventeen, received the child eagerly, promised to do her best, and protested voluble ill-will against Sam Pruitt and all who went with him.

Down in a deep little glen, where the sunlight barely filtered through the tree tops that leaned across from either side as if they would bridge the small chasm, Pruitt's still was found, deserted. There was no sign of life about, except the fire under the boiler and the scattered utensils of the business. However, when Mandy sprang from her horse and ran into the shed, anxious, if there were an ambush, to be first to find it, a boyish face looked out at her for a moment from the tiny cave opening at the back, which led to the Little Turkey Track hide-out. It was Buddy; and he glared at his sister with dropped jaw, then turned and yelled after some one in advance of him in the cave:

"Hit's Mandy—you-all come back!"

Mandy heard a rumbling down the cave as some one called in response:

"You doggoned fool, she's got the revenueers with her! Shet up that door an' come on!"

The big stone which closed the cave opening was rolled into place before her eyes. Outside the revenue officers were cutting, slashing, breaking right and left among the distilling machinery. She knew that whoever had been in the still, and was going by this cave route to the hide-out, had more than a mile to travel, and that over a very rough way. She ran back to the men and described what she had seen, adding directions for reaching the hide-out by an open air route. The posse was soon mounted and started.

"Mandy," remonstrated Robert, riding up beside her and laying a restraining hand upon her bridle, "you know, now, that Buddy and Sam air in this gang

which we're a tryin' to take. Say what you will, and say what you please, Bud is your brother and Sam is your cousin. You turn back now, and let us go forrard. You've told us how to reach the cave openin', and we're not apt fer to miss it."

But Mandy's fighting blood was up. Turn back at this delightful moment? Not she. She looked over her shoulder with the daredevil laugh in her black eyes which had made her famous all over both Big and Little Turkey Track as a girl.

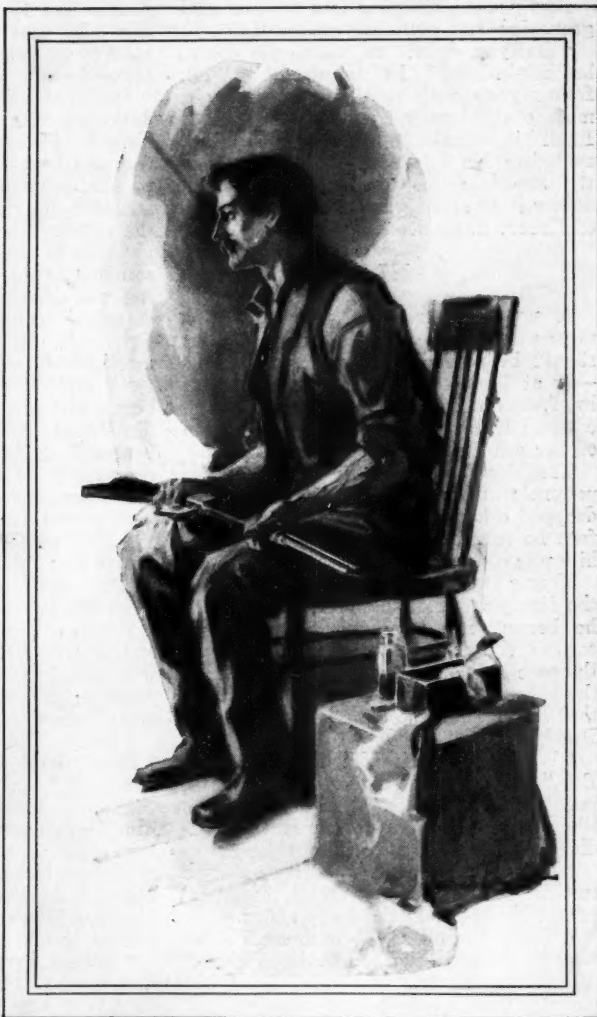
"There's a goin' to be a Trueblood in this raid," she said, "and a man an' his wife air said by the preachers to be one. Ain't that so, Uncle Josh?"

Uncle Josh aired the ancient witticism about its being questionable which one they were.

"Well, an' I 'low," Mandy pursued laughingly, "that I am the Trueblood that's a goin' on this raid. Robert, honey, you go back to Robert Samuel—he'll be proud to see you. These here men jes' as soon have me to lead 'em as you. I bet they ain't one that won't trust me to go straight."

These remonstrances and retorts had occupied some time. The party was descending now into a circular dell upon the wide, plateau-like mountain top. One side of this odd little dingle was walled by a steep ledge of brown sandstone some fifty feet high. Mandy took her bearings by the spring and a great boulder at the base of the natural parapet, and announced that a purple Judas-tree in full flower was directly in front of the second opening to the cave.

As the raiders drew up in a group below, there appeared, as if in answer to Mandy's pointing finger, the figure of a man working his way slowly down along



ROBERT TRUEBLOOD, REVENUE OFFICER.

the face of the rock to this same Judas-tree. He was encumbered with a bundle slung about his neck in a square of white cloth, and he swung himself with difficulty from one foothold to another.

The party watched him curiously. There was no certainty, of course, that he was connected with the moonshiners. Trueblood put his hands on either side of his mouth and sent out a long "Hello!" The descending man turned a startled face over his shoulder—the face of Buddy Pruitt.

"Halt!" called Trueblood, bringing his rifle to shoulder.

Bud paused, clinging to a rope of wild grapevine and grinning exultantly.

"Do you want to shoot me down, brother-in-law?" he inquired. "Well, follow your ruthers about it; I've got more o' the family hyer with me, and if I fall hit mought be bad fer him." And, swinging his left arm free, he turned the bundle so as to disclose the bald, downy head and big, wondering blue eyes of Robert Samuel.

III.

A MOONSHINE raid in the mountains means business. Infants under a year should be barred from such expeditions—or at least so Mandy decided in that brief, agonized instant when she discovered Robert Samuel in the possession of her graceless and alienated brother.

Trueblood's rifle sank to his saddle pommel; and with the motion, the blood dropped out of his bronzed cheeks. The face he turned up toward the man above him was set and white.

Young Pruitt hung a moment enjoying the discomfiture of those below him; then he began once more working his way toward the cave mouth. Something in the care and delicacy of his handling of the babe suggested to the mother a doubt that harm would be done it—at least, by Buddy Pruitt.

"Wait till he gits down in the cave, Bob," she cried, "and then I'll show you how to smoke 'em out! They's a hole jest like a chimney runs right up in the middle of it from the spring down here."

"Don't be forgettin' that you'll be smokin' this yere young un all the time," jeered Buddy from the ledge above.

"You-all hain't sech plumb fools as to stay in there till you're killed, I reckon," Mandy retorted. "Robert Samuel kin stand a little smoke, same ez any o' the rest of you."

"Mandy," roared and rumbled old man Fuson's voice from the depths of the cave. "Hit's yo' brother—hit's yo' only brother, Buddy, that yo're a tryin' to take this a way. Nobody won't blame him ef he dropped that young'n o' yo'n over the aidge thar, an' busted hit—an' you an actin' so scandalous mean to him."

"Bud Pruitt ain't no brother of mine," retorted Mandy. "He's a mighty constant brother to a full meal-sack—when I've got one in the house. He's plumb lovin' kin to a dollar—ef so be he thinks they's sich in my pocket. But brother or kin o' mine he is no more. Pore triffin' snipe—round stealin'

young uns to threaten folks with! Let him take that pistol he tried to kill my man with two years ago, and fight for himself—he's no brother of mine!"

Up on the cliff-edge, Bud Pruitt's face darkened with rage; down below, Robert Trueblood's countenance paled with terror; and between them Mandy, gone back to her early days of wild, vixenish ter-maganthood, regarded neither the one nor the other. She had given some brief directions to Uncle Josh Swafford and his son Jim as she watched Buddy approaching the edge with Robert Samuel, now detached from his neck and swung lightly in one hand by the cotton ham-mock which had carried him.

"I ain't talkin' to no woman," Buddy began sullenly. "I'm askin' you, Robert Trueblood—will you turn back and go peaceable down this mountain, or shall I drop the young un over?"

He dangled the child suggestively but gently over the ledge.

"We'll go—we'll go, Buddy! My Lord! Draw him up!" came Trueblood's voice with an agony of apprehension in it.

Mandy had watched her brother's face, her own set savagely, and something on it that was strangely like a sneer. Her wild blood was up, and she took desperate chances: She knew her own people better than Robert Trueblood could.

"Drap him!" she cried fiercely. "Drap your nephew down—that's the way you fight," she taunted.

It seemed as if she desired to excite in him enough rage to madden the boy into complying with her demand.

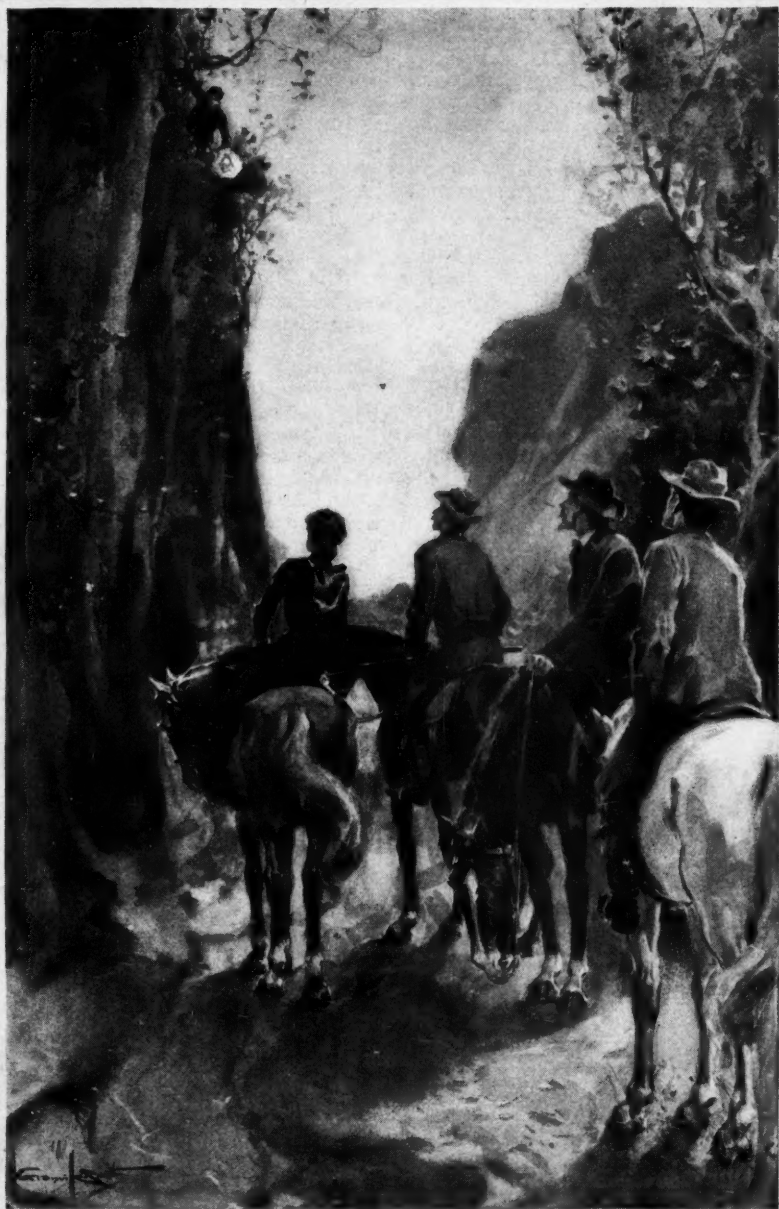
Buddy looked at her darkly, desperately. If he were not willing to carry out his ferocious threat, his position became one of simple absurdity.

"Robert Trueblood," he called, "can't you manage that she-devil o' yours? She'll git your young un killed fer you!"

Mandy's hand was behind her. She saw the trembling of Buddy's boyish lip, she heard in the quaver of his young voice that he was on the verge of tears. That might mean the very worst—or it might argue a failing nerve. Robert Trueblood, accepting the darker inference, cried out:

"Oh, Mandy, for God's sake, Mandy!"

Several of the others, with pale faces, besought first the reckless mother, then the desperate Buddy. Mandy, meanwhile, silently watched her brother's face—and his right arm. At a moment when he swung the smiling Robert Samuel out over the ledge, with a sheer fall of fifty feet below, she flashed out that concealed hand of hers with a shining revolver in it,



"WAIT TILL HE GITS DOWN IN THE CAVE, BOB, AND THEN I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO SMOKE 'EM OUT!"

took aim, and sent a pistol ball through
Buddy's forearm.

and crouched writhing upon the ledge,
while Robert Samuel dropped from sight.
And a strange sound—mingled of groans

and strangled cries of horror—went up from the lips of those below.

One ran to Trueblood, who sank white and silent upon his knees, his hands over his face. Two others quietly climbed up and took possession of Buddy, and then, with almost no resistance, of two Fusons who came, pale and scared, from the cave's opening.

Mandy hurried to her husband. He lifted a strange face upon her, and, with a look half bewilderment, half anguish, made to push her away.

"Oh, Bob, honey, darlin', don't take on so! Don't you know I wouldn't harm Robert Sam? Here he is, honey—he's jest a laughin'!"

For, up a narrow little path which ran down athwart the face of the pali-sade came Uncle Josh Swafford with Robert Samuel on his arm; and behind them followed, grinning, the slew-foot Jim Swafford, with a blanket on his shoulder—the blanket upon which he and his father had received the baby scarcely ten feet below the cliff edge.

There was a wild roar of triumph and thanksgiving, as Mandy laid the smiling Robert Samuel in his father's arms. The revenue men turned to go with their prisoners. This capture would put an end to

the disgraceful lawlessness of the Turkey Track region "for one while," as Uncle Josh observed.

Robert Trueblood rode home happy but tremulous, the baby in his arms, and a hand on the militant Mandy's swift-swinging bridle rein. His slow mind was still adjusting itself to the rapid transitions of his fiery mate, who had seemed first a fury—an unnatural fury—and then a sort of omniscient being.

"Well, honey?" queried the still laughing Mandy, as he swung her down at their own door.

"Oh, hit's all right, Mandy, hit's all right. I got it all sorted out in my mind now, I reckon. I jest p'intedly outmarried myself when I got you. Only——"

"Only what?"

"Only, Mandy, my mind works slow. Hit's not a limber jumper same as yourn; an' ef you do not let me see which way you're aimin', sometimes, you're mighty apt to tarrify me outen a year's growth."

And Mandy, receiving Robert Samuel in her arms, looked at his six feet of ponderous, kindly manhood, and echoed with a laugh:

"A year's growth! Well, suh"—with a friendly shove at the big shoulder—"you can spare hit!"

REDWOOD BOUGHS.

Oh, be my beadsmen, redwood boughs

Uplifted to the sun,

When through your trembling finger-sprays

Dewdrops like rosaries run;

Oh, be my beadsmen, pray for me

The prayer best understood,

The prayer vouchsafed most surely by

The spirit of the wood.

Oh, be my acolytes, fair boughs,

When swayed by noontide breeze;

When all the air is rife with psalms

And soulful ecstasies;

Oh, be my acolytes, and swing

Your censers to the sky,

And let your incense waft this praise:

"My soul doth magnify!"

Oh, be my gentle nuns when eve

Steals over hill and dale

And decks the grove within, without,

With sunset's violet veil;

Oh, be my gentle nuns, and chant

A soft, sweet vesper hymn,

And sleep shall hither float across

The day's low purple rim!

Clarence Urmey.

Multiplying on the Fingers.

BY C. FRANCIS JENKINS.

HOW EVEN THE POOREST MATHEMATICIAN MAY READILY MULTIPLY TOGETHER NUMBERS UP TO TWENTY-FIVE WITHOUT PENCIL OR PAPER.

THE human hand is the basis of arithmetic. Primitive man counted on his fingers. When he reached ten, he had to begin over again; and that is the reason of our having a decimal system of notation—that is, a system in which the moving of a figure one place to the left signifies its multiplication by ten.

A DUODECIMAL NOTATION.

Scientists tell us that it would be more convenient to have a duodecimal notation, in which each move of a figure would denote multiplication by twelve. Such a thing can be constructed by adding two additional symbols to the ten we already possess—"t" for ten and "e" for eleven. Our units would then be 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, t, e, and we should begin our two-digit numbers with twelve, which would be written 10. Thirteen would be written 11; twenty 18; twenty-two, 1t; twenty-three, 1e; twenty-four, 20, and so on. The advantage of the duodecimal notation lies in the fact that while ten has only two factors, two and five, twelve is divisible by four smaller numbers—two, three, four, and six—a fact that would facilitate many calculations.

But the decimal system is probably too firmly established to be in any danger of losing its vogue. The child—who in many ways is a reincarnation of primitive man—takes to it instinctively. Many a time

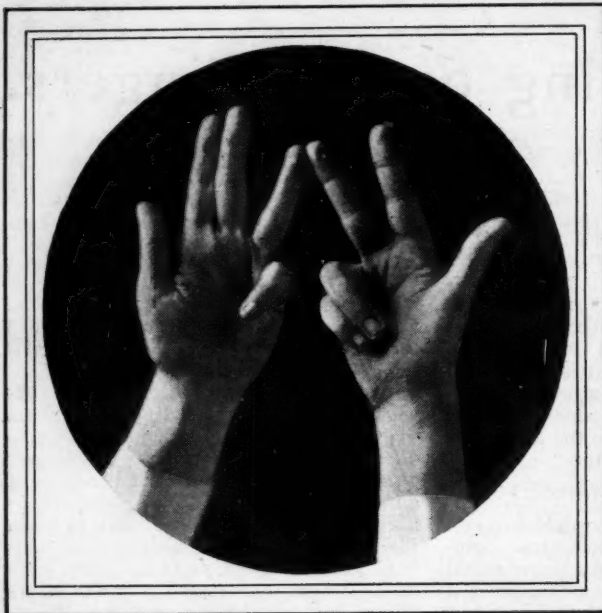
will the plump little fist be opened and the finger-tips be tapped in succession with the index finger of the other hand, while the young mathematician's mother or nurse holds the soft wrists. The numbers learned, the process of adding two of them together is the next step, and seldom a difficult one. Multiplication is much more puzzling than addition. The products of any two of the first five numbers are, as a rule, readily memorized; but to learn the latter half of the multiplication table is to many a laborious task. Some children are born mathematicians; others are almost incurably "slow at figures."

As an aid to the latter, and as a matter of interest and of possible service to the



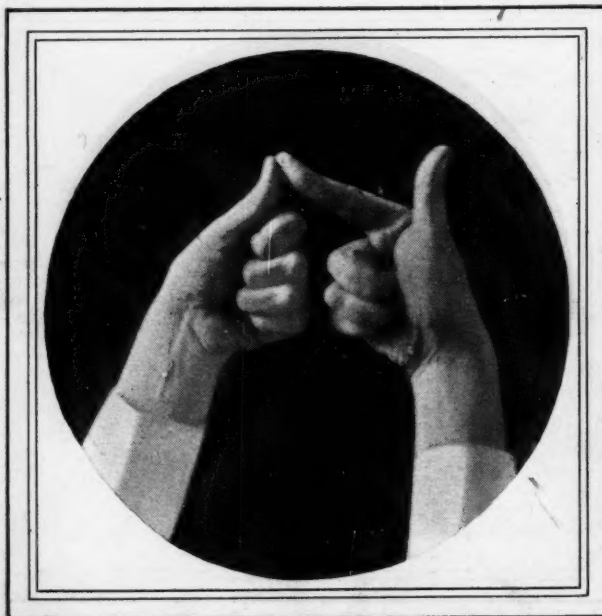
"SEVEN TIMES SEVEN ARE FORTY-NINE."

The digits of each hand being numbered from six to ten, put the two forefingers together; multiply the number of open fingers (four) by ten, and you get forty; multiply the number of closed fingers on one hand (three) by the number on the other hand (three), and you get nine; total, forty-nine.



"NINE TIMES EIGHT ARE SEVENTY-TWO."

When the digits numbered nine and eight are touched together, ten times the number of open fingers (seven) will be seventy; the product of the numbers of closed fingers (one and two) will be two; total, seventy-two.



"ELEVEN TIMES TWELVE ARE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO."

Here the digits are numbered from eleven to sixteen. Ten times the total number of open fingers (three), thirty; the product of the numbers of open fingers (one and two), two; add one hundred, and the result is correct.

average reader, it may be worth while to explain a simple *memoria technica* which forms a key to the product of pairs of numbers up to twenty, or even beyond that. It is available to any one who has the usual complement of hands, and is almost as easy as addition on the fingers.

FINGER MULTIPLICATION.

The only requirement is that the fingers of each hand be mentally numbered. For finding the product of any two numbers from six to ten, let each thumb represent six, each index finger seven, each middle finger eight, each third finger nine, and each little finger ten. Let the multiplier be represented by the corresponding finger of one hand and the multiplicand by the proper finger on the other. It makes no difference, of course, which hand is chosen for the multiplier and which for the multiplicand, nine times seven, for instance, being the same as seven times nine. Touch the two fingers together, and close those below—that is, the remaining fingers in the direction of the little finger, as shown in the engravings. Now take the total number of open fingers on both hands—counting each thumb as a finger—multiply it by ten, and you will get the tens of the product. Take the number of closed fingers on one hand, multiply it by the number of closed fin-

gers on the other hand and you will get the units of the product. This may sound somewhat intricate, but a little practise will make it almost an instantaneous process.

To make the modus operandi clearer, let us take a concrete instance. The index fingers being numbered seven, to multiply seven by seven we must place the two of them together, as shown in the engraving on page 293. We then have four open fingers—the thumb is always to be counted as a finger; and we have three closed fingers on each hand. Multiply the number of open fingers—four—by ten, and we have forty; multiply three—the number of closed fingers on one hand—by the same number for the other hand, and we have nine. The total is forty-nine, which is of course the correct product.

MULTIPLYING HIGHER NUMBERS.

Even mature minds sometimes find difficulty in multiplying figures beyond the "twelve times twelve" of the memorized table. A similar *memoria technica* may be extended to them. Number the fingers, again including the thumbs, from eleven to fifteen inclusive. Bring together the two representing the multiplicand and the multiplier, as shown in the engraving on pages 294 and 295. Multiply the total number of open fin-



"THIRTEEN TIMES TWELVE ARE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX."

Here again the digits are numbered from eleven to sixteen. Ten times the total number of open fingers (five), fifty; the product of the numbers of open fingers (three and two), six; add one hundred, and the result is correct.



"FOURTEEN TIMES FOURTEEN ARE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX."

Ten times the total number of open fingers, eighty; four (the number of open fingers on one hand) times four (the number on the other hand), sixteen; add one hundred, and the total is one hundred and ninety-six.

gers by ten, for the tens; multiply the number of open fingers on one hand—note the difference from the previous operation—by the number of open fingers on the other hand, for the units; add one hundred, and you will have the correct result.

For higher numbers, mentally label the fingers as sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty. For the tens, multiply the total number of open fingers by twenty; for the units, multiply the number of closed fingers on one hand by the number of closed fingers on the other. Add two hundred, and you will again have the correct product.

The formula may be applied to the numbers from twenty-one to twenty-five in exactly the same way as to those between eleven and fifteen, with the qualification that four hundred must be added to the result. Indeed, the same idea can be extended almost indefinitely by those mathematically inclined.

The process that I have described is, of course, not available for the multiplication of all sorts of figures and quanti-

ties. It directly applies only to cases in which both multiplier and multiplicand belong to the same set of five consecutive numbers—six to ten, eleven to fifteen, sixteen to twenty, and so on. But with a little extra mental work it can be used for many other sums. For instance, if we have to multiply thirteen by twenty-eight, the fact that fourteen is half of twenty-eight readily suggests itself. Multiply, then, thirteen and fourteen together, and when you have their product—one hundred and eighty-two—multiply by two to get the final result.

Travelers who have observed the life of the Indians inhabiting the peninsula of Lower California, one of the most out-of-the-way corners of the American continent, have said that these primitive natives have a way of multiplying and dividing with their fingers, and can do sums involving quite large figures. No one, so far as I am aware, has brought away the secret of their process, but it seems possible, if not probable, that it may have some connection with the *memoria technica* which I have described.

A PRAYER.

I do not pray for peace,
Nor ask that on my path
The sounds of war shall shrill no more,
The way be clear of wrath.
But this I beg Thee, Lord :
Steel Thou my will with might,
And in the ring of battling
Grant me the strength to fight !

I do not pray for arms,
Nor shield to cover me.
What though I stand with empty hand,
So it be valiantly ?
Spare me the coward's fear,
Questioning wrong or right.
Lord, among these mine enemies
Grant me the strength to fight !

I do not pray that Thou
Keep me from any wound,
Though I fall low from thrust and blow,
Forced, fighting, to the ground ;
But give me wit to hide
My hurt from all men's sight,
And for my need the while I bleed,
Lord, grant me strength to fight !

I do not pray that Thou
Should grant me victory ;
Enough to know that from my foe
I had no will to flee.
Beaten and bruised and banned,
Flung like a broken sword,
Grant me this thing for conquering—
Let me die fighting, Lord !

Theodosia Garrison.

THE STAGE

MARIE CAHILL ON HER HIT.

"Of course I am immensely pleased at my success, but I hope I have not shown any signs of the enlarged cranium one hears so much about in the case of newly launched stars who haven't fallen when they hoped to soar."

So said Marie Cahill to the writer the week following her hit in "Nancy Brown," the musical comedy which was one of the dozen that claimed the attention of Broadway in the late winter.

"After all," she continued, "why should any one get the big head because he or she happens to please people on the stage? I say to myself that it is a gift, and one that may be taken from me very suddenly. I might lose an eye, or my voice, or stub my toe and cripple myself for life. Then I should be done for in a twinkling, and people would say: 'Marie Cahill? Yes, the name is in some way familiar. Let me see, what did she ever do?'"

"How did I begin? Well, there weren't

any dramatic schools in those days to help stage-struck girls along, but I had a fondness for recitations, and found somebody in Brooklyn who could teach me how to use my voice and what gestures to make. Although my people were by no means of theatrical tendencies, I owe it to my father that I procured my first engagement, for it was he who suggested that I should learn to dance. This accomplishment got me the chance to do a small part in a road piece called 'C. O. D.'

"Through a stroke of luck, the troupe secured a week's booking in New York, at what was then Poole's Theater, lately the Germania, on Eighth Street, fronting Astor Place. Charles H. Hoyt, always on the lookout for new people, saw me there and offered me *Patsy* in 'A Tin Soldier.' It didn't take me long to decide whether I wanted it or not."

Miss Cahill's second part was another soubrette character—in Hanlon's "Superba"—and later on she understudied Fay Templeton in "Excelsior, Jr.,"



ANGELA RUSSELL, LEADING WOMAN WITH BRANDON TYNAN IN "ROBERT EMMETT."

From a photograph by Jansen, Buffalo.



DOROTHY HUNTING, WHO IS APPEARING WITH "THE STROLLERS."

From a photograph.

eventually succeeding her in the title rôle. She went to London for a while, and appeared there in the comic opera "Morocco Bound." After her return and an engagement with the melodrama "Sporting Life," she was first *Alice* and then the Cockney *Carmenita* in "A Runaway Girl." Next came her pronounced hit as one of the three leaders in "Three Little Lambs," the American musical comedy purchased by Augustin Daly as a successor to "A Runaway Girl." Daly's death sent it into the hands of the late Edwin Knowles, who brought it out in the latter part of 1899 at the Fifth Avenue Theater. Although the piece failed to draw, Miss Cahill's work pleased immensely, and she might have been made



AMY RICARD, AS "VI THOMPSON," THE GIRL FROM BUTTE, IN "THE STUBBORNESS OF GERALDINE."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



PHILIP H. RYLEY, WHO IS "TWEEDLEPUNCH" IN "FLORODORA."

From a photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.

a star then and there had the proper vehicle been forthcoming. As it was, she went into "The Star and Garter," another failure, and the metropolis lost sight of her until she burst upon it afresh last spring in "The Wild Rose." Broadway went wild about her singing of Clifton Crawford's song, "Nancy Brown," and in the autumn she captured the town again with "Under the Bamboo Tree" in "Sally in Our Alley." Her song hits in "Nancy Brown"—no relation to the "Nancy" of the "Wild Rose"—are "You Can't Fool All the People All the Time" and "On the Congo," the latter by two colored men, Cole and Johnson.

The new piece suits Miss Cahill nicely. It gives her a chance to talk easily to her associates on the stage, and to the audience. It is these confidential little asides that put the average spectator on good terms with himself.

She is surrounded by a competent company, which includes Judith Berolde—wife of the Spanish war correspondent, Edward Marshall—and Edwin Stevens, the great seesaw artist of the stage. Sometimes you find Stevens in comic opera—he was the *Emperor* in "A Chinese Honey-moon"; anon in tragedy—in the French curtain raiser, "At the Telephone";

again as the villain in the Empire play "Brother Officers," and now as the *Bey of Ballyhoo* in musical comedy.

The male chorus in "Nancy Brown"

whose only previous stage experience was with the William G. Stewart Opera Company in New England last summer. It is rare luck for a newcomer to receive



CHARLOTTE WALKER, LEADING WOMAN WITH JAMES K. HACKETT IN "THE CRISIS."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

possesses some unusually good voices. Miss Cahill saw to it that one of them had a chance for a solo at the opening of the second act, and it has proved one of the hits of the piece. The song is called "Two Eyes," and is sung by Madison Smith, a young man from Bridgeport,

three encores every night on his first metropolitan appearance.

The catchy music of "Nancy Brown" is also by a man whose name is new on the bills—Henry K. Hadley, a young American whose work is perhaps better known abroad than here. In one of the



MARIE CAHILL, WHO IS STARRING IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "NANCY BROWN."

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York.

best numbers, "The Glowworm and the Moth," the stage management has called in photography to its aid, and a striking view of soaring butterflies in color is produced against a darkened background as a chorus effect. The book of the play was written by George H. Broadhurst, with Frederic Ranken's help in the lyrics. This is Mr. Broadhurst's first venture into the realm of musical comedy, and it has been so successful that he has already contracted to write Miss Cahill's second piece, although it will not be needed until season after next. The Broad-



MAUD LILLIAN BERRI, PRIMA DONNA IN "THE SULTAN OF SULU."

From her latest photograph by Chickering, Boston.

hurst name is well known on both sides of the Atlantic, being attached as maker to those sterling laugh provokers, "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home." A new comedy has the rather alluring title, "A Fool and His Money."

A MÉLANGE OF MUSICAL MUMMERY.

As has already been said, New York went musical-comedy-mad this season. During the last week in February there were no fewer than twelve pieces of this stamp offered in the city's theaters; in fact, there were only two Broadway houses.



AURORA PIATT.



CHARLOTTE GROVES.

TWO OF THE PRETTY SCHOOLMA'AMS FROM BOSTON IN "THE SULTAN OF SULU."

From photographs by La Marche, Chicago.



JULIA MARLOWE AS SHE APPEARS IN "THE CAVALIER."

From her latest photograph by Byron, New York.

that presented anything else. And as these two were by no means doing a land-office business, the prospect for the legitimate next season looks slim indeed. It

dreams of beauty, and the flight into space over the heads of the audience a breath-taking event. This trip is made by one of the young women of the Grigo-



ELIZABETH TYREE, FEATURED WITH LAWRENCE DORSAY IN THE GREAT COMEDY HIT "THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

is even rumored that Otis Skinner is going into musical comedy in the autumn.

The most sensational of all the musical offerings is the extravaganza from Drury Lane, "Mr. Blue Beard," at the Knickerbocker. The humor is a much diluted quantity, and the music very ordinary, with the exception of a charming octet number, "In the Pale Moonlight," by Cole and Johnson, but the costumes are

lati troupe, and of itself is enough to insure crowded houses until Blanche Ring's arrival at the Knickerbocker as star for the summer season.

At the handsome new theater, the Majestic, on Columbus Circle and Central Park, big houses have been drawn by another extravaganza, "The Wizard of Oz." The piece, which is Chicago-made, is poor in itself, but has one or two stri-



MARGUERITE CLARK, WHO IS "POLLY" WITH DE WOLF HOPPER IN
"MR. PICKWICK."

From a photograph by McLan, New York.

king features. Montgomery and Stone, whilom vaudeville artists, as the tin woodman and scarecrow respectively, are both new and clever in what they do, and the poppy ballet is even more beautiful than anything in "Blue Beard."

At the Herald Square it was neither scenery, costumes, nor sensational effects that brought favor to Dickens, for the first time set to music. The public's curiosity to see the lean De Wolf Hopper as the fat *Mr. Pickwick* kept the piece on the boards for some three months. The soubrette, Marguerite Clark, of whom we

give a portrait, also did her share in livening up the proceedings.

Great things were expected of James T. Powers when the Criterion Theater was thrown open to a musical show of which he was the king pin. But "The Jewel of Asia" did not respond readily to the elbow grease of the indefatigable Jimmy, tireless though he was in his efforts to polish it into as big a go as the "Circus" or "Runaway Girl." Nevertheless, there was plenty of fun in the piece, and some pretty music. Blanche Ring, too, who was the "Jewel," proved a host in herself. Next door, at the big New York, a colored troupe headed by Williams and Walker drew big houses at half prices for "In Dahomey," of which the critics spoke favorably, but to appreciate which one must have an acquired taste like that for olives or tripe.

Meantime, the oldest inhabitant in the shape of musical shows, "A Chinese Honeymoon," continues on at the Casino, where it started on the 2d of last June. "The Silver Slipper," the "Florodora" successor, just managed to last the winter out at the Broadway, while down at the Academy of Music "Florodora" itself took on a fresh lease of life with a company that was far and away better than the one which played it for more than a year at the Casino.

We print a portrait of the present *Tweedlepunch*, Philip H. Ryley, a brother of Thomas W. Ryley, the manager. He began his career as one of the *Tigers* with Dixey in "Adonis," when that extravaganza had its long run at the Bijou. After that he played Charles E. Evans' part, *I. M. A. Corker*, in "A Parlor

Match," for three years. Next he was seen with Matthews and Bulger in "By the Sad Sea Waves," and then for a time went to the Pacific Coast, where he did a round of characters in the Hoyt farces.

Like "The Sultan of Sulu," another Chicago-made musical comedy, "The Prince of Pilsen," seems to have captured the fancy of New York. A chorus of Heidelberg students, sung without accompaniment, made a great hit. Unaccompanied airs do this almost invariably, by the way, and it is a wonder composers do not introduce them more frequently. Herewith three portraits of people in "The Sultan" are presented—two of the schoolma'ams imported into Sulu from New England, and the prima donna, Maud Lillian Berri, who is *Henrietta*, daughter of the colonel. Like countless other young women who have risen in the profession, Miss Berri hails from California, where she was once in the choir of the Presbyterian church at Oakland. When Sousa's Band visited the place, Sousa asked for a soloist for a particular occasion, and Miss Berri was selected. The bandmaster was so much pleased with her voice that he offered her an engagement to travel with the organization, and in this way the young California girl began her professional career.

It was in Boston that she prepared to go into opera, and in that city she made her debut in the leading rôle of an opera now forgotten—"The Maid of Marbledhead." After that she appeared for a brief season in a repertoire company, making a hit as *Siebel* in "Faust." In 1899 she sang *Adèle* in "The Little Corporal" with Francis Wilson, and the following season joined the Castle Square Opera Company at the American Theater in New York. Here she met her husband, Frank Moulan, the clever comedian who is the king-pin in "The Sultan." He is a native New Yorker, and as a boy he sang in the choir at Trinity Chapel. When he first went on the stage he was so ignorant of its requirements that he neglected to provide himself with a make-up box, and owed it to the friendly offices of his associates that he was enabled to go on.

A POPULAR WOMAN STAR.

Although Julia Marlowe is popularly supposed to be an American, she was born in England. She was brought to this country, however, when less than five years old. Her stage debut was made as one of the little sailors in a juvenile "Pinafore" troupe at Ironton, Ohio.

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Very soon her ability promoted her to be *Sir Joseph Porter*. The organization was managed by a woman, Miss Ada Dow, to whom Miss Marlowe owes all that she has become. For it was Miss Dow who saw the possibilities in the child, and, after the "Pinafore" period was over, settled down to a thorough training of the talent she felt sure was there.

Those were hard days for the young girl, days of unceasing toil at declamation and the rehearsing of parts from famous plays of the classic repertory. The scene of this martyrdom—as the girl then regarded it—was the unromantic town of Bayonne, New Jersey, and the outcome, after four years, the derision of managers to whom Miss Dow suggested her pupil as a star in Shakespeare. But a friend was found at last who was ready to risk some money in seeing what the young woman could do, and at New London, Connecticut, on the 26th of April, 1887, Julia Marlowe (whose real name is Brough) appeared as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar."

At first those managers who laughed at the idea of presenting her in the legitimate seemed to have had right on their side. She made only a mild ripple in the theatrical world, even after New York had seen her *Parthenia*. But she kept at it, and found strong adherents in Philadelphia, where after a while she added *Rosalind* to her impersonations. But she did not become one of the big paying attractions like Maude Adams and Viola Allen until some time after she consented to desert Shakespeare and appear in modern plays. This defection took place in the winter of 1899 at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, and her first essay was a play from the German called "The Countess Valeska."

Four years previous to this she had married her leading man, Robert Taber, and for a season or so thereafter starred jointly with him as Julia Marlowe Taber. But certain managers brought suit because the name Taber did not draw as big audiences as had that of Marlowe. This and other things are said to have awakened Mr. Taber's professional jealousy, and it was not long before the two separated. For some years now, Mr. Taber has played in England, where last winter he was *David Rossi* in Beerbohm Tree's production of "The Eternal City."

Following "The Countess Valeska," Miss Marlowe appeared in a play from the French, "Colinette," but it was not until the third in the series—"Barbara Frietchie," by Clyde Fitch—that she became a twenty-two carat success. The

standard was maintained the following season with "When Knighthood Was in Flower," which lasted her for two years; then, last autumn, came a break in the luck. Miss Marlowe had purchased in Paris the American rights to "Queen Fiametta," a poetic drama by Catulle Mendes. This was dramatized by Paul Kester, who had done the same work for "Knighthood," and Mildred Aldrich, and was produced in Boston on the 5th of October. The piece contained a risky convent scene, in which the nuns were taught to dance. One of the reports stated that it stunned Boston. However that may be, the play was soon withdrawn, and it was announced that Miss Marlowe had fallen desperately ill. Her engagement at the New York Criterion was postponed, and the actress went South to recuperate. Thus was the onus of the play's failure covered up and almost obliterated in sympathy with the player.

Miss Marlowe's biggest hits had been made with American material, and in the emergency recourse was had to another American novel, "The Cavalier," by George W. Cable. The dramatization, in which Paul Kester was again concerned, was hurried through, and the piece was presented in New York only a few weeks after the date set for the original opening there. The outcome was fairly satisfactory, although there is no extraordinary success to record. The situations are theatric rather than convincing, and the last act limps badly.

Having tried Germany, France, and America as the source of her plays, Miss Marlowe will next season go to England, having selected Henry V. Esmond, author of "When We Were Twenty-One" and "The Wilderness," as the man who will be primarily responsible for her success or failure next autumn. For say what you will about the drawing power of a star, the play's the thing after all.

A CALL FOR COMEDY.

It may be poor consolation to Miss Tyree herself, but she is much more advantageously placed as co-star with Lawrance D'Orsay in "The Earl of Pawtucket" than she was as the sole stellar light in "Captain Molly" and "Gretna Green," in which she essayed to soar earlier in the season.

Miss Tyree is a Southerner, and used to be a favorite in the Lyceum stock. Most of the newspaper men seem to remember her best as the most mannish of the male-attired girls in Pinero's rol-

licking comedy, "The Amazons." When she left the Lyceum she went to London with the idea of setting up as a drawing-room entertainer in Park Lane houses. This is the way Fay Davis (now in "Imprudence") began, and she quickly rose to be leading woman for George Alexander at the St. James'; but Miss Tyree did not remain on the other side of the Atlantic long. The winter before last she was *Selma White*, the strong-minded young woman of "Unleavened Bread." Last season she acted but little, save for a short term in a curtain raiser from the French called "The Fantastics." Now it seems likely that she is settled for some time with "The Earl of Pawtucket."

This genuine comedy, from the pen of Augustus Thomas, has made one of the strongest hits of the current season, a season in which hits, especially of plays, were hard to find. The scene is laid in the Waldorf-Astoria, but there is not a dress suit to be seen from start to finish, as the play opens with a breakfast scene, goes on to luncheon-time, and ends in the afternoon in the palm room. Lawrance D'Orsay, an Englishman who came over here to play the *King* with Annie Russell in "A Royal Family," seems to be the real thing as, the earl. In fact, it has been whispered that he does not act, simply walks through the play in his own proper person. Be this as it may, he sustains a consistent characterization of a clean-minded English nobleman who has a strong desire to put everybody at his ease. There is something really refreshing about the whole comedy, and at the same time it keeps one laughing as much as did Mr. Thomas' other play of farcical trend, "On the Quiet," in which William Collier scored so heavily.

Comedies are undoubtedly in demand with the American theatergoer. Managers claim that not nearly enough are written to supply the market, and that this is the reason why they keep on producing society plays, problem dramas, and French farces. A new writer of comedy, however, has just come to the fore in the person of Hubert Henry Davies, a young Englishman for some time resident in America. A play of his called "Cynthia," with Elsie de Wolfe as star, followed "The Earl of Pawtucket" at the Madison Square, and made a very favorable impression. It is clean, clear-cut, and studied with clever bits of repartee. Mr. Davies has already had two other plays accepted for London production, and is a personage on whom it would be well for managers to keep an eye.

A Bit of the Sod.

HOW CAPTAIN JOHN MILLIKEN RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM THE OLD COUNTRY.

BY KATHRYN JARBOE.

THERE was nothing official in the appearance of the small building, nor did the diminutive woman sitting on the porch seem a worthy representative of a great and powerful government. Yet the building was the United States post-office, the woman was the postmistress. From the little trellised window under the narrow, rose-covered porch, Mrs. Drake had been handing out letters and papers for ten years and more. Her position, never an onerous one, was in its least laborious period during the early spring, before the campers had dotted themselves along the banks of the creek, and after the loggers had come down from the hillsides.

The lady felt that she could dispense gossip, one of the duties of her place, quite as well from the unofficial steps of her residence as from the official window. So few were the items in her daily mail bag that she could easily remember the list without having to enter the room behind the window to examine the letters and papers.

The sound of approaching footsteps made her raise her head from her work, a faded pink shirt belonging to her eldest son, into which she was putting new sleeves of bright pink.

"It's no use, whoever it is," she announced to her daughter, who was also at work on some domestic repairs. "There's no letters to-day for any one—nothing at all in the office but that old paper for John Milliken."

Lifting her eyes still further, however, they reached the rugged, weather-beaten face of John Milliken himself.

"Oi've come for me monthly mail, Mrs. Drake," he said, a broad grin widening his mouth, "and Oi'll be thankin' you for givin' me somethin' besides that same nothin' ye've handed me out all these years."

And indeed it was something of a joke for John Milliken to come for his mail at all, because he never received anything. But the post-office was on the trail from the highway to his mountain cabin, and a word in passing with Mrs. Drake or her daughter was not to be despised by a man

who lived quite alone from year's end to year's end.

Milliken's visits to the outside world were few and far between, chiefly dependent, indeed, on nothing more romantic than his supply of fine-cut. When he tramped into the nearest village for tobacco and other less important necessities, he sold the wood he had chopped, and arranged for its transportation down the mountain. While in the settlement he acquired information of passing events, giving in exchange sarcastic and witty comment. Although the world was unmindful of his applause or censure, he was chary neither of the one or of the other, and John Milliken's opinions were quoted far and wide in the hillside district. Some there were who thought he might have been a man of position, if he would only have consented to live among men. But he loved his hill-top cabin, and his section of forest land, where the giant trees stood as in a park, so well had the underbrush and tangled vine been cleared away.

Captain John Milliken he was called, because there was a rumor that he had once served the government, where or how no one knew. He answered to the title, and wore an old army hat, its upturned brim held in place by a huge safety pin. These two facts may have been the only origin and the only authentication of the rumor.

The old hat he held in his hand as he waited to hear from Mrs. Drake's lips the oft repeated information that there was no mail for him. His honest Irish eyes rested on Molly, his humorous Irish mouth smiled at her. He was a favorite crony of hers, as well as of every one else in the district. But she had had no dreams of being asked to share the tiny cabin and the vast solitude surrounding it. There was some indefinable quality in the man that made him seem as remote, as isolated, as his own forest home.

"But what would you say if I told you that I had something for you?" the postmistress asked.

"Why, that Molly or some of the boys had been playin' a trick on me, that's all. They'd better be savin' their money."

"But it's not a trick, and it is a paper from Ireland," interrupted Molly.

"You'd better get the paper for the captain, and not keep him waiting for his news, whatever it is," said Mrs. Drake.

"An' indade there's no news in Oireland for me. The last time I heard from there 'twas tin years back, and then it was only the praist wantin' money for buryin' my sister. I never had but the wan, so this can't be more of that same kind."

"We've been hoping that it had no *bad* news for you. It's been here a week, and——"

"Yes, it came on St. Patrick's day, and we wanted to take it up to you; but mother said no, you must come for it yourself, for the news had kept so long it could keep until you came."

"And it can kape now until I have time to read it."

It was a dirty old paper that the captain shoved into the outer pocket of his ancient corduroy coat. The original address was nearly illegible. The paper itself had passed through many hands before it had been confided to the king's post, and in the new country it had been forwarded from office to office. John Milliken exhibited not the slightest curiosity as to its contents, and that of the two women had to be suppressed, hard as the task seemed.

"But won't you look at it, captain? You may want to send an answer."

"There'll be no answer, Mrs. Drake, and—and—well, it's a bit of the ould cuntry. Oi've a mind to kape it and enjoy it over me poipe."

And that was perhaps the secret of the remoteness of the man. He was an alien in spite of the old army hat, the problematic government service, the government grant that was his homestead. Some portion of him was still in the old country, although he had not thought of the missing part for fifteen years, and the old country had become little more than a name.

"Well, you'll let me know if I can do anything, won't you?"

Mrs. Drake offered her sympathy in a perfunctory way, in view of a possible bereavement. For this, too, was part of her official duty at the little window through which bereavements were often handed, folded in envelopes or newspaper wrappers. But John Milliken did not ask for sympathy or consolation, although his conversation with the little widow and her daughter was undoubtedly shortened by the paper in his side pocket.

The sun was just setting when the man

sat down outside his door and drew the paper from its wrappings. A few long shadows trailed a *benedicite* from the giant redwoods to the cabin they sheltered, and then faded away, while in the west flaming streamers shot to the zenith. For an instant Milliken's eyes followed the winding aisles of his forest out to the crimson horizon; for an instant his hand played with the ears of his red setter dog. Then he shook the paper free and looked at it.

It was a Dublin sheet, some six or eight pages; but on each and every one of them were advertisements, nothing else, not a word of news, not a word of comment or impression. Up one column and down the next he looked, but no familiar name met his eyes, nothing of interest to any one outside the Irish capital itself. To the last page he went, patiently and carefully. Nothing, absolutely nothing, was his reward. The paper fluttered down to the ground by his side.

"Well, they do say that the Irish are all fools at last, and this would be provin' it. Surely the man who sent this must be the biggest of the lot!" he said to the dog. "Now what would I be wantin' with advertisements of shops and trades? A notorious lot I care where their shoe-shops and tobacconists are! And who was the fool who sint it to me, anny way?"

He spread the wrapper out on his knee, but the ill formed letters told him nothing. It was growing dark now, and only the red light in Milliken's short pipe could be seen. After an hour had passed, however, a dawning light grew in the east, a little arc of brilliant fire rose over the far-away hills, and then the great round moon crept up into the night. She looked down upon the man, who was asleep, and into his dreams, which were in Ireland. Back to his last days at home they had taken him, and he was standing again with his arms around little Corma McCray. Her head was on his breast, and her voice was low and soft.

"And it's sure ye are ye're not lavin' me foriver, John?"

"It's foine sure I am," he answered.

"An' ye're sure it's sure! that knows it wouldn't do to lave the ould man?"

He had paused there, for the old grandfather was not so important to him. He wanted his love to go with him. But the light in her eyes drew his answer at last.

"Indade, darlin', it's sure I am of that too."

"I'll come whin Oi can, John darlin'."

"Ye'll wroite whin ye're free to come?"

"No, I'll not be afther tellin' no praist

to write my love-letters for me. The shamrock 'll do that. It's a bit o' the sod I'll find ye when Oi'm ready. Ye'll just know yersel' what it manes."

So it had been arranged between them that the girl would let a bit of the land itself tell her lover that she was ready to leave it. And John Milliken in his adopted home across the sea had waited and waited for the bit of green to come. Then he had heard that Corma had married. Now he had practically forgotten the girl's sweetheart, forgotten that his heart was still in Ireland.

He woke with a start. The night was cold and he was chilled and stiff. He stretched his arms over his head and looked out across the lonely land. A great black night-bird swung out from her nest on a high-branching tree and floated off into the moonlight, accentuating the emptiness of the scene. The little Irish sweetheart, the old Irish days, were far away—so far away, indeed, that they held no place in Milliken's waking thoughts; but for the first time he turned away from the desolation of his home.

He drew the air between his teeth, thinking that his pipe was still there, but it had fallen to the ground while he slept. Looking down, he saw it close by his chair lying in a clear patch of light. Beside it was a little wad of something soft and dark. This he lifted up in his fingers. So bright were the moon's rays that he could distinguish the underlying dull brown of the sod, the overlapping soft green of the shamrock.

But where had it come from? How had it come? From whom had it come? And then, all at once, he remembered, he understood. In the old newspaper Corma had sent him her message of love.

"And Oi'm the fool for not thinkin' of it at first!" he exclaimed.

Back to the old days his mind rushed, to the old compact between him and his sweetheart. So Corma was free to come! At first in his thoughts she was the same little Irish girl that he had left, with the blue-black hair and the red blood that lay so close under the white skin. But as the minutes passed he led her on through all the years that had intervened between that promise and its fulfilment.

Was old McCray just dead? Had she been nursing him and tending him all this time? Sweet and womanly she must be now! And mindful of him and her promise to him through it all, with never a word to remind her of him!

His thoughts ran on and on. The gleaming ashes in his pipe shone like a

tiny star in the darkness, and sometimes as he blew the fragrant clouds up toward the fragrant firs he spoke.

Once he said: "It's faithful she is, faithful and true, and I'm not so sure I'm deservin' of that! But it's true enough I've been to her, afther all, although I mayn't have been knowin' it all the time."

And again: "It's a good home I can bring her to, anny way."

And yet again: "It's nearer a thousand, I'll be thinkin', and I'll go for her myself. It's cold comfort gettin' money when it's love ye're afther, and whin ye've been waitin' for it for fifteen years."

And then, hours later: "And it's love ye'll find, Corma McCray, and it'll not be so long before ye'll have it, either!"

The dog rose, shivered, stretched himself, looked longingly at the door of the house, then laid his head on his master's knee, whining softly. The man was roused from his reverie.

"It's fond of ye the missus 'll be, Barry, me boy, for ye're Irish, too, as Irish as she'll be hersel'. Ye've kept more of the old blood than yer master has, I'm thinkin'. But she'll be fond of him, too."

The next morning Mrs. Drake heard Captain Milliken's voice at her window before she was officially presentable.

"Oh, then you have an answer to send?" she called.

"No, or rather it's meself I'm sendin', and when I come back it'll be Missus Milliken that comes wid me."

By this time Mrs. Drake had opened her door. The captain stood before her, his old brown corduroy jacket discarded for a funeral black coat that hung to his heels, the gray army beaver replaced by a shining silk hat so much too wide that it rested on his outstanding ears. In one hand was a green carpet bag; the other was resting on Barry's collar.

"It's to Oireland I'm going, Mrs. Drake. I'll be afther askin' you and Molly to kape Barry for me, and if Molly'll go up the hill and wather the roses wanst or twist, why, the missus 'll be obliged to her."

"But, John," cried the postmistress, "won't you tell me? Was the paper—"

"Sure I've no toime to be tellin' anny wan about it! It's this mornin's train I must get."

The captain was already half way down to the road, and all Mrs. Drake's strength was required to hold the dog, who seemed to feel that he was being deserted. Barry was clever enough to know that he no longer held first place in his master's heart, and just not human enough to understand the rest of the story.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

BARBE, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Pierre Carcassone, keeper of the Grand Bayou lighthouse on the Breton coast, is in love with Alain Carbonec, a young fisherman of the neighboring village, and he with her, but the old light-keeper is bitterly opposed to their union. If his girl must marry, he reasons, let her marry George Cadoual, who has money, whereas Alain has none. Finding his efforts to separate the young lovers futile, Pierre finally tells them that there is an insuperable barrier to their union, for they are really brother and sister, having been separated in their infancy. In reality Alain is the son of Paul Kervec, whom Pierre slew seventeen years before, in company with his own wife, Barbe's mother, who had left him for Kervec. The young lovers refuse to believe that they are thus related, and the scene culminates in Alain's declaring that if Barbe is his sister, it is his place to take care of her, so he takes her to Mère Pleuret's, where he has been boarding, and leaves her there while he returns with Pierre's boat to the light. When he reaches the mainland again Cadoual strikes him on the head with a stone, and then, thinking him dead or dying, throws him into a mysterious cave which he has found near by. Before he can get go of the body, however, Alain spasmodically clutches Cadoual's feet, and both are precipitated into the cave. When Alain comes to himself he vainly seeks for a way out.

Through an opening in the rock Alain can see the sea and the lighthouse, and even at that distance he can make out a figure on the balcony which he knows must be Barbe. He finds a pool of fresh water, and this, together with fish and the flesh and the eggs of rock doves, enables him to sustain life in himself and for a time in Cadoual, though the latter is terribly injured, and finally commits suicide, after an ineffectual attempt to slay Alain Carbonec. After two months of futile endeavor, Alain conceives the idea of burning flares in an aperture of the rock, thinking thus to attract attention. With this end, he gathers dry birds' nests and obtains oil from fish. Meantime the absence of the two young men has caused great excitement in Plenevee.

XIX (Continued).

ALAIN flung down from aloft a great quantity of fuel, carefully picked out the most combustible portions, and laid them on one side. Out of the refuse, which consisted chiefly of dried bird droppings and short twigs and grasses, he made a small experimental cake, kneading it up with oil and flattening it out on the rock with his hands. Then, sprinkling a roll of the longer stuff with oil, he rolled it up inside the cake like a long sausage, bound it carefully with tiny strips torn from Cadoual's clothes, and set it by the fire to dry, while he went on with his fishing and grinding and the tearing of garments into strips.

When the roll was dry he lighted it, and watched it burn with a bright, crackling flare that fulfilled all his hopes and made his heart beat high. If he could make enough torches like that to push through the hole when lighted, it seemed to him impossible that so unusual a sight should fail to attract attention sooner or later.

His only fear was lest the superstitions of the countryside should set the light down to spirits, and cause Cap Réhel to be avoided even more than it was now. If Barbe saw it, he believed she would

understand, or at all events would be so exercised in her mind that she would not rest till she found out what it meant. For she had known those rocks all her life, and he was quite sure they had never before winked back at Grand Bayou Light.

Every day Alain saw her come out on the gallery and stand looking wistfully at the head, as though she knew it held him prisoner and prayed it to release him. And he counted on Barbe more than on all the rest.

He worked harder now than he had ever worked before, for the wage he worked for was his life. The pool of oil grew deeper each day. The sea cave swarmed with fish, for he flung all the pounded remains back into it, and the uncaught lived in clover till their own time came. Then, when they had yielded their precious oil, they in their turn went to feed their comrades.

As soon as he had enough oil to make a proper start, he set to work on his torches. Each one was two feet long, for their frailty permitted of no more, and the end of each he narrowed so that it fitted into the hollowed top of the next one, like the joints of a fishing rod. Each as it burned out was intended to light the next, and so to keep up an unbroken flare

so long as Alain continued to fit torch to torch and push them through the hole.

Beyond the time he needed for eating and sleeping and watching for Barbe, he did nothing but fish, grind oil, and make torches. He made and dried about ten a day, and stacked them in a dry archway ready for use.

By the time his stock of torches had grown to close on one hundred and fifty, he had been, as nearly as he could calculate, two months in the cavern, though indeed it seemed to him little short of two years; and he decided to make the grand experiment.

It was with a jumping heart that he carried up a score of the frail things to the top of his platform, for if this attempt failed he had nothing to fall back upon. Barbe, he knew, took first watch as a rule, from lighting up till twelve. One hour, therefore, after he saw the first flash of the lantern, he would light his first torch and go on burning them till the twenty were finished. If Barbe came out into the gallery any time within that hour, and looked towards the dark headland, she would hardly fail to see the unaccustomed spark upon it.

He told himself many times that it might not be the first night that she would see it, nor the second, nor the third; but surely in time it would catch her eye and set her wondering. In the mean time, as he had torches for only seven nights, he went on with his work steadily, and no minute of his time was wasted.

He was at the lookout at sundown, and his heart was gladdened with the sight of Barbe, standing in the gallery and gazing earnestly at Cap Réhel, as she always did. He was tempted to light up at once, but prudence told him that the red sun rays on the whitened cliff would hide any flare he could make, and that he must wait till all was dark.

Barbe went inside as the sun dipped, and presently the lantern shot forth its first beams. Alain sat watching it. The vivid reds and golds faded slowly in the west, till sea and sky donned the color of dead ashes, and the light blazed bravely against its somber background. He thought he could see Barbe moving to and fro in front of the lantern, and he gazed and gazed with his heart in his eyes, as if by the very intentness of his looking, and by the yearning that was in him, he could draw her eyes towards him.

Then at last, with a hand that shook with the thought of all that depended on it, he lighted his first torch at the fire, pushed it blazing merrily along the ledge

towards the hole, fitted the butt into the head of the next one, and that into the next, and the next, till the flare passed out of his sight and he heard it crackling outside.

A wild shriek of dismay went up from the birds roosting in the nooks and crannies of the cliff. It was music to Alain's ears, since it told him that his torch was burning. They screamed and wheeled, attracted yet fearful, and the mingling of their screams with the crackling of his torch filled his soul with hope.

XX.

MME. CADOUAL'S outraged feelings demanded life for life and blood for blood, and would be satisfied with nothing less. Her son had been murdered; some one must die for it.

To a nature such as hers that was perhaps not an unnatural craving. What she really wanted was of course the forfeit of the life of the man who had taken the life of her son; but blind rage has no discriminations, and failing the right man any other man's life would have blunted the edge of her venom just as well. If she could have felt that some one had been made to suffer for this crime, her soul would have been comforted, or at all events her rage would have known some appeasement. As it was, however, no one had been brought to book, and her anger had nothing but itself to feed upon. The diet seemed to suit it without satisfying it. It only waxed the fiercer as the days passed and nothing was done.

She raved at Sergeant Gaudriol to the point of apoplexy, because he declined to arrest Pierre Carcassone unless she could show him more reasons for it than he could see himself. She journeyed to Plouarnec, and laid the matter before the authorities there. The authorities sent for Gaudriol, and, after hearing all he had to say, took his view of the case. Mme. Cadoual sent to Paris for detectives, and for many days Plenevec suffered their inquisition and resented it.

The detectives told her that there was no evidence sufficient to justify the arrest of Pierre, and that in their opinion the very gravest suspicions attached to one Alain Carbonec, who had disappeared on the same day as her son. She bade them find Alain Carbonec, and they spent much time and money in the attempt, and finally gave it up. She gave them the rough edge of her very sharp tongue, and they returned to Paris, very well satisfied with their holiday on the coasts of Bretagne.

But to Barbe this was a time of extreme bitterness and suffering. Nothing but death could account for Alain's absence and silence. If he were alive she felt sure he would have managed in some way to let her know it. She would sooner have known that he was alive, even if he had killed George Cadoual, as Pierre did not fail to inform her was the fact; but she did not believe it, unless indeed the two men had fought, which, after all, was not unlikely. If they had, she was quite sure that Alain fought honorably and that George Cadoual deserved all he got.

But it was Alain himself in the flesh that she craved with a yearning that made her sick, and the belief that she would never see him again wrung her, body and soul.

If it could speak, that great frowning headland could tell the story, she thought; and her eyes dwelt upon it, day after day, as she sat in the gallery, with a sorrowful intensity that would have wrested a response from anything less adamant.

How often she had held her breath at sight of him coming down those cliffs like a fly down a pane, and again when she watched him climb slowly up, with death at his heels and a cold hand gripping her heart, till he stood for a moment at the top, waved her another adieu, and disappeared over the crest!

Ah, if only the good God and the pitiful Virgin Mother would harken to her prayers and bless her with the sight of him coming once more! How she would reverence them, pray to them, thank them all her life long! She would make a special pilgrimage to Notre Dame du Folgoët. She would go all the way on her bare feet. She would burn candles innumerable before the shrine, if she had to sell her hair to do it. She would do anything that could be asked of her—if only Alain might come back!

He did not come; but she spent much time watching the way by which he used to come, and, all unknown to her, Alain sat watching her, as hungry for her as she for him. Only fifteen feet of rock and a mile of water between them, but for the time being they were separated as completely as by death itself. But death leaves no loopholes of escape; while Alain, as we know, had a loophole, and was working might and main to turn it to account.

The detectives from Paris came across to the lighthouse, and departed as wise as they came. Pierre put out as many spines and bristles as a sea porcupine, and Barbe's hollow-eyed sadness held them equally at arm's length.

Popular opinion in Plenevec favored the detectives' deductions, while resenting their methods of arriving at them. All that had passed between Cadoual and Alain and Barbe and Pierre was public property by this time, and even the bucolic mind could find therein no adequate reason why Pierre should have killed Cadoual. Very much the reverse, in fact. "One would not have called the poor George amiable, *par exemple*, but, all the same, he was rich, *voyez vous!* And that is what one looks for in a son-in-law."

So it was quite inconceivable that Pierre should have put Cadoual out of the way; while as regards Alain, in spite of their liking for him—"Two men to one girl always makes for trouble, you understand, and when one of them tries to injure the other, why—*voilà l'affaire!*"

And so, if Alain had their sympathy, not a man or woman among them but believed in his own mind that he had killed Cadoual, quite possibly in fair fight, and had fled the country.

The days passed sadly for Barbe, and the nights were long and hopeless of brighter mornings. All her duties about the light were performed with mechanical exactitude, but life had lost its flavor, as the sea and sky had lost their colors and the stars their friendliness.

She and Pierre spoke no more than was absolutely necessary. Alain was dead, and she set it all down to Pierre's account. She could never forgive him.

She knitted no more blue stockings now, but sat in the gallery with listless hands, thinking of Alain and recalling all his words and looks, and all the little details of his comings and goings through the Race. She could see the strong white arm whirling through the air and reaching through the water, the upturn of the eager face, and the impatient shake of the yellow curls. And there was the rock to which the brown hand clung at last while he panted below it, out of sight, but oh, so near to her throbbing heart!

He was gone, and she would never see him more, and she would live all her life alone—more alone than if she had never known him. And yet how sweet it was to have known and loved him, and to have known that he loved her! Better far to love the dead Alain all her life than never to have known him and to have married a George Cadoual!

She was sitting brooding thus one night after lighting up, with her eyes fixed vacantly on the shoreward darkness, when a glint of light caught the corner of her eye. She thought it was the flash of a be-

lated sea-bird's wing in the light that streamed from the lantern. But it remained—a tiny spark where she had never in all her life seen a spark before. She had known Cap Réhel for twelve years, but never had she seen a light half way up it before.

She watched it curiously, and crossed herself devoutly, and prayed for protection from all evil spirits. It remained a tiny, steady flicker, and it seemed to stop in one place all the time, though she could not be positive of that, for at times, when she watched it very intently, she was not quite sure that it did not swing gently to and fro. It disappeared at last as suddenly as it had come, and she waited for a long time, watching earnestly; but it came no more.

She wondered about it all night and all the next day. She put it down to spirits, and felt the lighthouse lonelier than ever before.

XXI.

WHEN Barbe Carcassone saw the mysterious speck of light on Cap Réhel, the thought came to her that it might be Alain's spirit wandering about the gloomy rock which he used to frequent when he was alive. She found a measure of comfort therein. If she could have been assured of it, she would have been solemnly happy. Better his spirit than nothing!

The following night she was watching for the light on the head. When it winked suddenly out of the darkness her heart leaped to it, and she sat eying it wistfully and wondering much.

She said nothing about it to Pierre; but when for seven consecutive nights the spark had never failed to appear, she felt she must speak about it with somebody. When Pierre tumbled into his bunk next morning she lowered the boat and pulled once more across to Plenevec.

She had been thinking of the strange light all night, as she thought about it every night, and she started out full of excitement. But her strokes grew slower as she neared the shore. She had run in as near to the head as she dared go, to see if there was any sign of anything unusual about it. But the sea-birds clustered and swung as thick as ever, and there was no slightest indication of their ever having been disturbed.

Could she possibly have deceived herself about the light? Would Sergeant Gaudriol believe her? Would he think it a matter of any consequence? She was half inclined to go back when she stood at

last on his doorstep; and when she screwed up her courage to knocking point, it was such a hesitating tap that the sergeant might well have been forgiven if he had slept through it.

But Sergeant Gaudriol was accustomed to half-hearted summonses of the kind, and sprang up at once to see what trouble stood on his doorstep now. Barbe caught a glimpse of the big silver-laced hat through the inch-opened door as he asked:

"Who is there?"

When he saw who it was, he begged her patience for two minutes, and when the door opened wide at the end of that time he was the Sergeant Gaudriol of our acquaintance, *en grande tenue* from head to foot.

"Hola, *petite!* What hast thou?" he asked with quick kindliness. "Anything wrong out there?"

He looked at her searchingly. He had not seen her for some weeks; the sadness of her face touched him sharply, and he knew that Grand Bayou Light held many possibilities.

"Nothing wrong, M. Gaudriol, but there is something I do not understand."

"How, then? What is it?"

"Each night for the last seven nights there has been a light on the side of Cap Réhel."

"How? A light on Cap Réhel?"

"And never in all my life have I seen a light there before," she said, much strengthened by the sergeant's genuine surprise.

"And what does Pierre say about it?" he asked.

"He has not seen it, and I have not told him. It comes each night about an hour after we light up. It stops for an hour, and then it goes."

"And you think——"

"*Mon dieu*, I know not what to think; but it is curious."

"And you have thought it might have something to do with Alain Carbonec, is it not so?"

"In fact, yes, I have wondered. You see—well, Alain must have gone up Cap Réhel the very last thing we know of him. And I have sat and watched the cliffs, and wished they could speak and tell me what became of him. And then—this!"

The sergeant nodded thoughtfully, with his eyes resting absently on her face. It was a far cry to Sergeant Gaudriol's own courting days, but his liking for Barbe and Alain made him understand, if dimly.

"You have not been to the head in the daytime?" he asked.

"I came past just now, but the birds

are as thick as ever, and I could see nothing out of the common."

He nodded thoughtfully again. He was turning over in his mind the possible causes of the phenomenon. There had been a time when a light on Cap Réhel would have had a very distinct meaning; but that time was very long ago, and the building of the lighthouse had swept it all away. Knowing the villagers as well as he did, he did not believe a man of them would go anywhere near Cap Réhel by night if he could help it. Why, some of them even believed that the sea-birds were the souls of mariners enticed ashore by those old false lights and drowned there, and that the shrill cries of the drowning men, as they clawed at the iron feet of the cliffs, lived again in the wild screaming of the birds. Undoubtedly a light on Cap Réhel was curious and worth looking into, in view of the curious things that had happened in the neighborhood of late.

"I will get Jan Godey to drop me at Grand Bayou Light to-night as he goes out," said the sergeant at last, "and he will pick me up in the morning as he comes in. Then we will see, *ma fille*. What time did you say it comes?"

"About an hour after I light the lamps."

"I will be there."

"I cannot thank you, *monsieur*—"

"Don't try, my child. We will find out what it means, never fear. Won't you have some coffee?"

But she thanked him again and sped down to her boat, lest Pierre should miss her.

Jan Godey's lugger crept up to the lighthouse along the path of the setting sun that night. Alain Carbonec saw it from his prison loophole, and his heart beat hopefully.

Jan tied his boat to the ladder with a long play of rope, bade his crew of one man and a boy wait for him, and followed Sergeant Gaudriol through the doorway. The sergeant had told him simply that he wanted to go to the lighthouse. After thinking the matter over on the way out, he asked him to come up-stairs with him. He was curious to hear what Jan would say about the strange light. There was always the bare possibility that something was going on behind the official back, though he did not think it likely. But, as we have seen, it was a part of Sergeant Gaudriol's creed that a man taken unawares sometimes spoke the truth by accident, and he believed himself quite capable of judging by Jan's conduct

whether he knew anything about the matter or not.

Pierre received the unexpected visitors with much surprise.

"How then, *monsieur le sergent*?" he said, through the stem of his pipe.

"Who's missing now?"

"It's all right, Pierre," said Gaudriol.

"It is Mlle. Barbe I wish to see this time."

"Ah, you have some news?"

"We shall see. Where is she?"

"Up above. You'd better go to her."

The two men climbed the ladders to the lantern, and found Barbe just lighting the lamps.

"One moment, *monsieur le sergent*, and I have finished. Won't you sit down here?" said she, as they bade her good evening, and she showed them where to sit with their feet through the rails and their backs against the lantern. Before placing himself beside Jan, who had never been up there before, and who was filled with wonder at all he saw, Gaudriol stepped back alongside Barbe and in a whisper bade her say no word of what he had come for.

Presently, Pierre's curiosity as to what was going on above his head in his own house and unknown to him brought him up into the gallery also. He stood looking at them with his pipe in his mouth, and then said gruffly:

"Well, may I be crucified! Have you two taken a notion to roost here all night?"

"Just for a while, my friend. Jan, here, has never been up the light before and it amuses him."

"H'mph!" growled Pierre, and decided to wait and see what was the meaning of it all. The silence was irksome to him, and presently he put out a feeler. "No news of the Carbonec yet?"

"No news," said the sergeant.

"You'll never see *him* hereabouts again," said Pierre. "He's in America by this time."

"That is always possible."

"There's no doubt he met Cadoual over there," he nodded toward Cap Réhel, "and put his knife into him and then bolted. Which was the most sensible thing he could do."

"That is always possible," said the sergeant once more; "but for me I do not believe it."

"How then? How do you explain matters?"

"I have not got that length yet, *mon beau*, but time may unravel the skein."

And just then Barbe, gazing out over the rail at the further side from Pierre,

started as the tiny spark flashed out on the black breast of Cap Réhel. She stood gripping the rail and waiting intently for the first sign that it had caught her companions' notice.

Gaudriol had already seen it, but, true to his principles, he waited to surprise Jan Godey's, and possibly Pierre's, first words on the subject.

Jan saw it first, since Pierre had his back to the rail.

"*Dieu de dieu de dieu!* What's that?" said Jan in a scared whisper, and drew his feet inside the railings.

"What then?" asked Gaudriol. "What is it?" and Pierre turned to look also.

"*Nom de dieu!*" he said softly, in very genuine surprise. "I never saw the like of that before."

"It's a light," said the sergeant.

"A light on Cap Réhel, and half way up!" said Pierre in a whisper which told its own tale. "Then it's the devil himself that's holding it. *Mon dieu!* What is it then?"

Jan Godey did not speak because his teeth were chattering so.

"Suppose we go and see what it is?" suggested Sergeant Gaudriol.

"I'm on duty. Can't leave the lighthouse," said Pierre promptly.

"I—I—I—must get on to the fishing," said Jan Godey.

"*Bien!*" said the sergeant. "Cut away then, Jan. I always thought you hadn't the courage of a mouse. Now I know it."

"But no, *monsieur le sergent!* Anything in reason, an you will; but devils' lights, and spirits, and such like things! No, I leave them to other people. I want none in mine, I thank you!"

"All right, Jan. Call for me in the morning. I'm going to stop here and think how the devil that light got there."

"I'm going to bed," said Pierre.

"Better show Jan down to his boat, or he'll break his neck," said the sergeant. "He's making the lighthouse shake as it is."

"*Eh b'en, bon soir, messieurs!*" said Jan, in a huff, and disappeared inside the lantern with Pierre at his heels.

"What can it be, M. Gaudriol?" asked Barbe in a whisper.

"I cannot tell, child, yet. But we will try and find out. It is no Plenevee man making that light—if it is any man at all. They will all be like friend Jan. But there is courage in numbers. To-morrow night I will be there with a dozen men, if I have to drive them with my sword. How long do you watch?"

"Till midnight."

"Then you will permit me to keep you company, *ma'm'selle*. You won't object to my smoking, and we will talk—we will talk of Alain Carbonec."

The following night found the sergeant, as good as his word, with a dozen men in two boats lying off Cap Réhel.

The story of the devil's light had not lost in its travels, and the sergeant had come near to having to live up to his threat of using his sword before he succeeded in getting the men to join. Curiosity on the subject was at fever heat, indeed, and suggestions as to the meaning of the mysterious light were as plentiful as stones on Plenevee beach. But their superstitious fears ran just a point or two ahead even of their curiosity, and not a man of them but was screwing his rusty memory for long-forgotten prayers and wishing himself well out of the adventure.

They lay like two darker shadows on the dark swell of the sea, whose waves slipped smoothly under the boats and made no sound till they broke in thunder on the feet of Cap Réhel. The silence and the darkness lay heavy on the men, their fears heavier still, and the waiting tried to the utmost that which Gaudriol's jeers and threats had with difficulty evoked in them. Now and again a growling whisper passed from one to another, and they sat with their eyes glued to the black cliffs and waited for the devil to light his lamp.

Sergeant Gaudriol's observance of them had more than satisfied him that not a man of them knew anything about the light, or was in any way responsible for it. Every man had his own opinion on the matter, but on one point they were all agreed, and that was that if the light was anything like what Jan Godey said it was, it was no human hand that lighted it. And of ghosts and spirits every man of them was as full as he was of cider, which at best is no great augment of courage.

They were beginning to feel as if it must be getting on toward daylight, and those who were not in the sergeant's boat were muttering audible curses and casting reasonable doubts on the whole matter, when the light suddenly thrust out through the solid black rock in front of them and held them all spellbound, while the wakened birds screamed and swooped round the flare like the evil spirits the bold mariners had been thinking of.

"*Voilà, mes amis!* Now what do you say?" said the sergeant. "Is that a light or is it not?"

"It is the devil," Jan Godey answered.

"*Si, si,* it is the devil without doubt," said the rest in whispers.

The flare burned quickly and wastefully, the flames forking up and the burning embers falling down.

"It burns," said the sergeant. "If it was the devil there would be no burnt chips. It is human, but what it is I can't make out. Can you take us in right under it, Jan?"

"*Mon dieu*, no, sergeant! We should be smashed into pieces."

"*Bien!* Can you put a mark exactly opposite to it?"

"I can anchor a float with a stone. It will be somewhere near the place at flood in the morning."

"Do so, then, *mon beau*, and in the morning we will go up to the top and see what we can do."

They watched the light till it disappeared as suddenly as it had come, and then rowed back home with ghosts and evil spirits and things that flap in the dark hovering thickly all about them.

There was much talk that night in Plenevec, and the lights in the windows were later of being put out than usual, and not a man of them went to the fishing, for the devil was abroad, or at all events on Cap Réhel, and till he was laid they would have no comfort. Some talked of sending to Plouarnec for a priest, but Sergeant Gaudriol bade them instead bring stout ropes in the morning, and they would find out what was the meaning of the sign.

"*Nom de dieu*," said one of them, "if Sergeant Gaudriol expects me to go down after his devil, why, he's very much mistaken! If he must poke into such things let him go down himself, with his sword and his cocked hat, and talk to the devil to his heart's content! For me, *ma foi*, I have no desire that way! A priest, now, and holy water——"

XXII.

BARBE had watched the light on the cliff that night with the keenest curiosity. She had abundant faith in Sergeant Gaudriol, and felt certain he would get to the bottom of the mystery in some way or other. She had seen the boats steal out in the twilight, and she waited eagerly for the light to appear. Suppose it should fail them this night? If it did, she would think it was some evil thing that feared detection. If, on the other hand, it burned as usual, she would be confirmed in the belief that it was endeavoring to attract attention.

And so she waited in great excitement, and the minutes seemed hours. She began to fear it was not coming, when it sud-

denly shot out, startling her as much as it did the men in the boats, and she drew a breath of relief.

Now what would they do? She heard nothing, saw nothing. The light burned its usual time and disappeared, and nothing whatever happened. She hardly slept a wink for thinking of it, and she startled Pierre into a bad temper by slipping silently through the lantern to the gallery before his watch was up.

She stood there searching the shadowy cliffs with anxious eyes. Had the men in the boats done anything? Was the mystery explained? She fairly ached to know.

A single soft pencil of rosy light stole up the gray curtain behind Cap Réhel, like a holy finger calling a sleeping world to life and worship. The eastern dimness fluttered, softened, melted at the touch of the unseen fires, and the new day came like the silent unfolding of a majestic flower, glory after glory, till the great golden heart of it blazed up behind the cliffs and Barbe was bathed in its splendors.

It was a perfectly still morning. The tide was running up to the flood, soundless and smooth as glass. The Boiling Pot seemed still asleep, the white cloud of birds on the head showed no sign of life, and where sea met land there was no fringe of foam.

As Barbe stood there in the morning glory, gazing earnestly toward the cliffs, there came along the breath of the dawn—or so it seemed to her, and so real was it that she gripped the rail with both hands and panted with the wonder of it—a muffled, tremulous whisper:

"Barbe! Barbe! Barbe!"

So real was it that she threw out her arms toward the sound and cried: "Alain! Alain!" and then stood wondering, at the sound and at herself.

Could it be real, or was it only the outcome of her own great longing? She could not tell, but it had seemed very real to her.

The moment she was free from the necessary household duties she dropped the boat while Pierre still slept, and pulled quickly across to Plenevec. She no longer acknowledged Pierre's right to control her actions. He had said she was not his daughter. Very well, then! It suited her to live at the lighthouse, since she had nowhere else to go, but she considered herself at liberty to leave it if she chose at any moment, so long as her leaving it did not interfere with the proper discharge of its duties.

She passed Jan Godey pulling out of the bay as she pulled in.

"Did you learn anything last night, Jan Godey?" she cried.

"No, nothing," said Jan, and pulled out to his float.

"The sergeant is not there," an old woman told her, as she knocked at Gaudriol's door. "He is gone with everybody else up the cliff to catch the devil;" and Barbe hurried after them.

She found all Plenevec on top of Cap Réhel, and a heated discussion in progress as to the fit and proper person to be let down by a rope to find out if anything was to be found out about the mysterious light.

Unanimous opinion indicated Sergeant Gaudriol himself as that person. The old man acknowledged the suitability of the choice, but confessed his doubts as to his fitness for the job, which indeed offered no inducements to any one. Even an expert cragsman would find it no pleasure trip, and one did not need to break one's neck to prove that there was a devil. If *monsieur le sergeant* was anxious to make his personal acquaintance, why, now was his chance! He might rail and storm and jeer, and call them every name under the sun, but there was nothing in the law that could compel them to go down there on any such fool's errand. No, *parbleu!* A thousand times no!

There was the cliff, and out there was Jan Godey in his boat hanging on to the float. The ropes were there, and the brave, strong men to hold them at the top, and slack and pull to order, but the leading rôle was still vacant.

Sergeant Gaudriol was beginning to think he would have to doff his plumage and go himself, though he felt very doubtful about ever coming up again, for the whirling clouds of birds and the seething gulf made his head swim as it was, when Barbe came panting up the slope behind.

"*Tiens! La Carcassonne!*" said one to another. "She'll go if you ask her!"

"Go where?" asked Barbe as she joined them. "I will go anywhere M. Gaudriol wants me to go."

"But I don't want you to go, *ma fille*. I want one of these hulking lumps to go, but they are all afraid. It seems I must go myself."

"Down there?" asked Barbe.

"But yes," chorused a dozen of them.

"Down there in a rope among the birds, to look for the devil that makes the light."

"And who will hold the ropes?"

They were all ready, willing, even anxious, to hold the ropes. They were bold

and gallant men enough at the right end of the ropes, but at the wrong end, and on such a questionable quest—*ma foi*, that was quite another affair!

"I will go, M. Gaudriol," said Barbe. "My head is steady with being up in the lighthouse, you see. If they will make me a loop big enough to sit in, and a thin cord for signals, I will go."

They would make her twenty loops if she wanted them, and give her all the signal cords she could hold.

"I was afraid I might not be in time," she said naïvely, as she watched them testing the loop. "I was afraid some one else would have gone."

They looked at her in great surprise, and saw that there was a red flush on the pallid tan of her face; her eyes were shining like jewels set in velvet cases, and her lips were almost smiling.

"But, *ma fille*—" began the sergeant.

"It is Alain, *monsieur le sergeant*. He called to me this morning," she said, and the old man shot a quick look of surprise at her.

"*Mon dieu*, she is mad!" said a woman, and that was the opinion of the rest.

"The good God will take care of her," said another, who was prepared to hang round her own man's neck as a dissuasive if he had offered to go, which he had not the slightest intention of doing.

"But yes, it is true, they are under His care," said another significantly.

"But, *ma fille*—" began Sergeant Gaudriol once more.

"There is no need, *monsieur le sergeant*," said Barbe. "It is for me, this;" and she caught up the thin line and bade one of them knot it round her right wrist. "*Voyons!*" she said. "What are the signals?"

"One for up, two for down, three for right, four for left," said the man who was knotting the line. "To stop her, shake the cord."

"*Bien!* Now, *messieurs*, I am ready!"

She stood inside the loop, gathered it up in her two hands, and stepped to the edge of the cliff. Those who saw her say that her face shone with a glory like the face of the Holy Mother in their childhood's dreams; but it may have been only the glory of the morning sun, and of the great hope that was in her.

She set her feet firmly against the slope with her back to the sea, and settled her weight down into the bight of the rope against the steady pull of twenty strong hands.

"*Allons!*"

The rope ran slowly from hand to hand,

and then all that the silent half circle of watchers saw was the groove it cut in the rough, close turf of the cliff edge, and beyond that the flawless blue of the sea, and between these the whirling cloud of birds that rose and circled and swooped, and screamed curses at the invader of their solitude.

The faces up there on the cliff were pale and anxious, and they whispered to one another that she had gone to her death, unless indeed the good God held her safe because she was mad. Sergeant Gaudriol's face was black. But if they could still have watched the face that swung there between sea and sky, they would have seen it glowing with a radiance as bright and steady as the lamp that swings before the altar and goes not out by day or night, and the light was not the light of the sun.

XXIII.

WHEN, for seven nights, Alain Carbonec had burned his toilsomely constructed flares and reaped no reward, his spirits sank somewhat. He went on doggedly making more, however, and burned twenty each night, telling himself that the continuance of the light was bound sooner or later to catch somebody's eye and suggest an investigation. Their superstitious fears, he knew, would stand in the way of that, but Gaudriol was a man, and when Gaudriol heard of the strange light on Cap Réhel Alain did not believe he would rest till he found out what it meant.

Every spare moment he could snatch from his torch-making he spent at the lookout, watching for the slightest indication of results. When the peephole was occupied by the torch, he could of course see nothing.

He scrambled up his platform in the early morning of the day after Gaudriol and his men had watched the light from their boats, and his eyes lighted on Barbe just as the first sun rays were playing on her and flashing back from the glass of the lantern behind her, so that she seemed bathed in the golden glory. In a passion of longing he burrowed into the funnel toward her and shouted! "Barbe! Barbe! Barbe!"

The cry rumbled up into the roof behind him in murmurous thunders. Some of it, fined to a point by the tenuity of its passage, escaped through the hole in front, traveled tremulously along the still morning air to Barbe, and reached her like a whisper from another world. He saw her throw out her arms toward him, as if she

had indeed heard, and his heart leaped with hope. He watched her drop the boat and row swiftly toward the shore out of his sight, and he sat at his lookout and waited.

XXIV.

As she swung in the rope between sea and sky, Barbe was nearer heaven than earth. All her thoughts were for Alain, and never a one for herself. Her love filled all her being, and shone out from her face. Fear had no place in her.

Alain was there—somewhere; where and in what case, she could not stop to think. He had called to her, and she had come.

The face of the cliff caved away just there, and her descent was smooth and easy. The guillemots and kittiwakes and skua gulls rose around her in shrieking clouds. They swooped and fluttered at her to knock her off her perch. She kicked at them playfully with her bare feet, and waved them off with her hand. How wonderful was their free, beautiful flight! How pitilessly cold the glassy stare of their inhuman eyes! If she fell they would swoop down and peck at her dead body, the soulless things!

Then she passed some long black rifts in the cliff, and a cloud of rock-doves swept past her and went up into the sky.

Could Alain be in there? At the top of her voice she cried: "Alain! Alain!" There was no response but the louder shrieking of the angry birds. She went lower and lower, and the rocks curved out to meet her. She must be half way down now, and still no sign of Alain.

The rope stopped running as they bent on another one up above. Then came a jerk and a shower of earth as the knot ground through the groove, and she was descending again. Her eyes swept every inch of the cliff face for a sign. From the lighthouse it had looked all smooth and white, but here, close at hand, she saw that the rocks were gray and black and old and scarred, and that it was only the birds that had whitened it, every level inch being covered with their droppings. She smiled, as she passed, at their tiny house-keepings, and at the stolid bravery of the little matrons who only glanced at her apprehensively and cuddled down the tighter on their eggs.

She looked down at the water. It was drawing very close, and so far there was not a sign of what she sought. Surely she had come too far. To cover all the ground she must move along to right or left.

Which? It did not matter, since both were equally unknown. One meant up, two meant down, three— She was not sure. She gave three tugs at the cord, and presently commenced to drag slowly along the cliff to the left. The rope caught now and again on rough points of rock, and freed itself with a jerk that nearly flung her out. It scoured the face of the cliff and swept it bare of birds; and away above her head her eye fastened on a scorched and blackened patch with a blacker round hole in the middle.

Her heart leaped into her throat, and for a moment her head swam, and the ragged cliff reeled and swung in front of her. She clung with both hands to the rope till things grew still again. That round black hole was where the light came from. She was sure of it. And that was the end of her quest. For a moment longer she hesitated. What would the scorched hole yield her? Everything or nothing?

She tugged sharply at the guide rope, and was drawn slowly up toward the hole.

Her head was level with it, and she shook the cord vigorously. She looked into the hole. It was black as a coal, and out of it there came a strange, hollow voice crying: "Barbe! Barbe!" as of one shut in behind the panels of a bed.

She could not speak for the fluttering of her heart in her throat again. She had to swallow it very many times before she could gasp:

"Alain! Alain! Is it thou?"

"God be thanked!" said the hollow voice. "Come closer, Barbe!"

"Is it indeed thou, Alain?"

"Truly, truly me, my beloved!"

"And where art thou?"

"Inside the cliff, in a cavern!"

"And how can I get thee out?"

"Wait!" he said. "Listen, my Barbe! Up above there are openings in the cliff—"

"I saw them!"

"Pass a rope through them with an axe at the end of it, and make the other end fast up above, and I will be with thee in an hour. You understand?"

"I understand. Can I not touch thy hand, Alain?"

"There are four meters of rock between us, dear one. Hasten with the rope, and I will be with thee."

"I go. Adieu, Alain! Come quickly, quickly!"

She pulled once at the cord, and the hole was below her. She saw the black rifts above her on the right. She was past them. Strong hands grasped her under

the shoulders and drew her up over the cliff, and she fell prostrate among them like one bereft of life.

The women were still slapping her hands when her eyes opened.

"Ah, *la voilà*," said one, and Sergeant Gaudriol bent over her, and she sat up.

"Can you tell us what you saw, *ma fille*?" he asked, as one tries to induce a child to tell its little story.

"It is Alain, *monsieur*—"

"Alain! Alain Carbonec!" said the sergeant, and eyed her keenly to see if she were in proper possession of her wits.

All the throng gathered round her with ejaculations of surprise and incredulity.

She stood up, somewhat shakily, for her nerves were lax after the too great strain.

"Alain is there, in a cavern in the rock. He spoke to me through a small opening."

"Could you see him, my dear?" asked one doubtfully.

"I could not see him. He said there were four meters of rock between us. There are some larger holes just under the cliff up here. He told me to send down a rope through those holes with an axe tied to it, and to make the end fast up above, and he would be up in an hour."

"*Allons, donc!*" cried Gaudriol, flaring to the work. "What in the name of God are you all gaping round here for? An axe, a rope! Who's got an axe? What a set of fools not to have an axe among you! Off you go—you, Jean Marie, go like the devil and bring an axe!" And Jean Marie started off down the slope at a fisherman's gallop.

"*Tiens!* Jean Marie!" shouted Gaudriol after him, "Bring also wine and bread and some cognac! *Mon dieu, mon dieu!* The poor fellow has been down there for two whole months, and God knows if he's had anything to eat in all that time."

The men busied themselves getting the fresh rope ready and making it fast. The women talked among themselves in murmurs. The children sat and gaped at it all. Gaudriol stood by Barbe.

"You are quite sure, my child?"

"So sure, *monsieur*, that I am ready to go again to bring him up."

"Nay, you have done enough. You have done well. They will all be ready to go so long as it is a man they are after and not a ghost or the devil."

Presently Jean Marie came toiling back with his load, and cast himself panting on the turf. He had not run so far and so fast since he was a very small boy.

"Now, who goes?" cried Gaudriol.

They were all eager to go, and the sergeant made his own selection.

"You, Loïc Breton, you are the strongest, and he may need help. Now, where are these holes? Can you show us, *ma chère?*"

Barbe thought back for a moment, and pointed midway between the grooves in the turf. "Just about midway between them," she said.

They dropped the rope with the axe tied to it, and Loïc Breton stepped into the loop of the other rope.

"Hold tight, you boys," he said, with a big grin. "I'm heavier than the little one," and down he went out of sight.

They had to swing him to the right in answer to his signals. Then the check came up the rope.

"He has found the holes," they said, and as the rope jerked to and fro in the groove—"He is swinging into them"—and when it hung taut and still—"He is there."

Then the other rope, to which the axe was tied, jerked lightly, and they said, "He is putting it through the hole."

Then above the screaming of the birds they heard the sound of hammering on the rock. Loïc was chopping away the granite slats of the window. Then came silence, and a breathless waiting that seemed endless.

Then, at last a shout from below, and in a moment a strong pull at the guide rope. With a cheery sing-song the men ran away up the slope, and a pallid face, a pair of half-closed, blinking eyes, and a tangle of pale yellow curls rose above the edge of the cliff. Alain Carbonec had come back to life and his fellows!

Barbe ran to him with a cry, half pity, half joy, and the rest hung back, for in truth he seemed half ghost and hardly human. But the way he kissed Barbe was human enough, and he laughed aloud for joy as he wrung the sergeant's hand. The others gathered round him.

"Eat, *mon gars!*" said Gaudriol, offering him bread and wine and cognac all at once.

"A mouthful of bread and a sip of wine!" said Alain. "I have not tasted bread for two months. *Mon dieu*, how good it is! *Merci, monsieur*, just a drink of wine. It is good also."

"You have had to eat down there?" asked Gaudriol.

"Surely, or I should not be here. I have had rock-doves and fish, and water to drink, but one tire of them. Who'll give me a pipe?" and a dozen were thrust

at him. "It's six weeks since I smoked the last of poor Cadoual's cigarettes."

"Ah, yes—Cadoual!" said the sergeant, and the mention of his name jarred on them all. "Will you tell us about it, *mon beau?* What does it all mean? How did you come down there?"

"But yes, I will tell you—as soon as I've tasted the smoke. *Mon dieu*, how good it is! And the sun and you all! It is good to be above the earth, my friends."

Alain was greatly changed. His bright face and yellow hair and merry eyes and voice had made one think of sunshine and breezes. Now they were like moonlight on a quiet night. His skin was pallid under the tan, his hair was visibly whitened, his eyes blinked at the light, his very voice had changed. He looked indeed like the ghost of the Alain Carbonec they had known.

And presently, sitting there in the midst of them, with his back to the sun, he told them all that had happened to him, from the time he found himself lying among the rock-doves, to the hearing of Barbe's voice outside his lookout. And when he told the story of the devil-worm they drew up closer one to another, and shivered in the sunshine, and the children's eyes held the shadows of many evil dreams to come.

"It is a very strange story," said Sergeant Gaudriol, when he had finished; "but I believe every word of it."

"It is all just as I have told you, *mon-sieur le sergent*," said Alain, who saw no reason why he should not believe it.

"I know," said the old man thoughtfully; "but we have others to convince."

"How then?" said Alain.

"Mme. Cadoual believes it was you that killed her son."

"What!" and he sprang up, blazing with wrath. "I killed him? I? And it was he did his best to kill me, and told me so! *Dieu de dieu*, that is too much!"

"Not a soul among us believes it, my boy," said the sergeant, and acquiescent murmurs ran round among them. "But we have to deal with a woman gone crazy with grief, and—well, you know what she is. First she tried to fix it on Pierre Carcassone. She got down detectives, and they rooted about all round and gave it as their opinion that it was not Pierre, but you. They thought, you see, that you had bolted, and—you know—it is always the absent one who is to blame."

It was a view of the case that had not suggested itself either to Alain Carbonec or to Barbe.

(To be continued.)